PROSE AND POETRY

NINTH YEAR

McGRAW-NAYLOR-WILBER

Joseph Carlos

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Jack Garside

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Jack Garside

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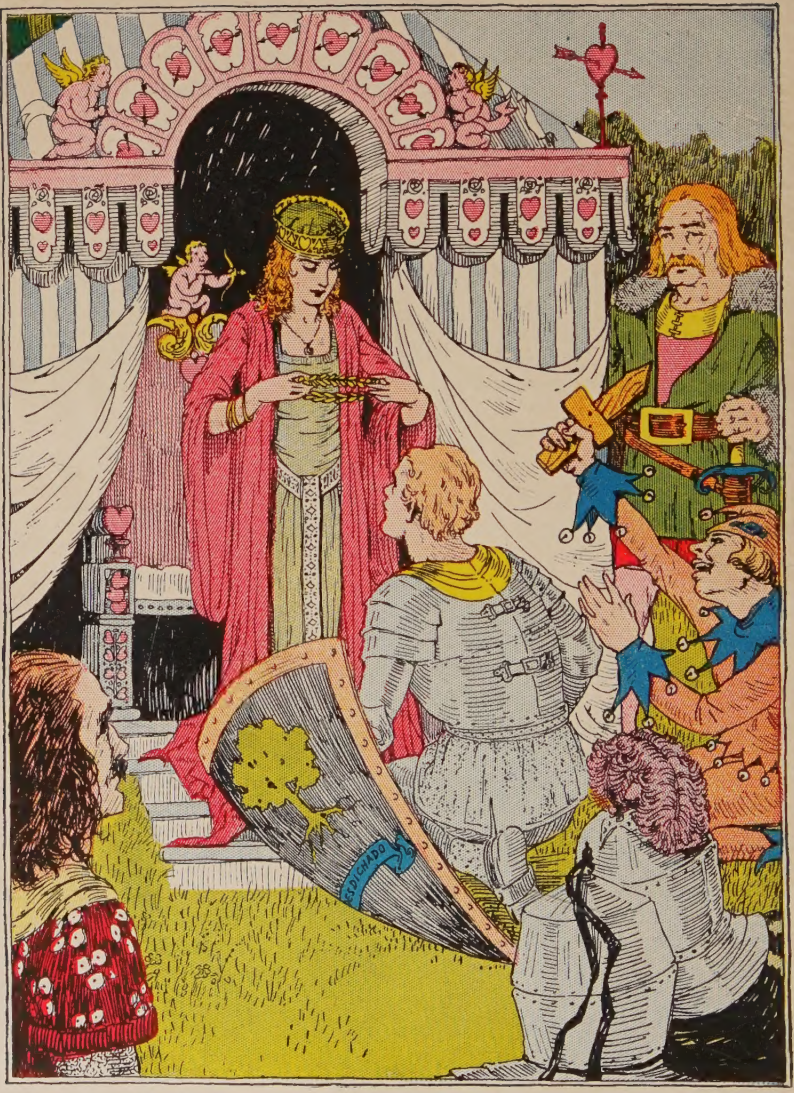

"I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the reward of valor assigned to this day's victor."

(*Ivanhoe*)

PROSE AND POETRY

FOR THE

NINTH YEAR

COLLEGE ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS IN ENGLISH

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PREFACE

GENERAL: Several attempts have been made to organize English literature in a series of books to meet the requirements of secondary schools. This book is one of another series, but worked out from another point of view which seems more adaptable to classroom practice.

It is obviously impossible to include in one book all of the masterpiece selections which might be desirable for use. If an attempt is made to include selections from too many sources for the purpose of linking up literature with all of the everyday experiences of boys and girls, the resulting book is far too bulky for use in pupils' hands. To obviate this difficulty two methods have been employed in other books—the first of which is to use only parts or single chapters from a large number of selections, and the second to use only short selections regardless of their literary value.

This book has been planned from quite a different point of view. Fewer selections have been used, but they are so arranged and supplemented with notes, appreciations, and study helps, that the book is truly unique. The contents include one ballad, one section of American poems, one section of short stories, one epic, one novel and one drama. A study of the tables of contents will show that there is an extremely wide range of literature, with the best writers represented, and with enough variety to provide an exceptionally comprehensive course of study for a year's work.

THE COURSE: The selections used have been chosen after comparing and examining courses of study of various states and cities. It was found that most of the courses followed rather closely the College Entrance Board requirements and therefore that general standard has been followed in this book.

THE ANCIENT MARINER: The one poem which is most universally used is Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. The text here

used is Mr. Coleridge's last edition—that of 1834. To it have been added notes, suggestions and annotations to make the study clear to the pupil. The poem itself is a play upon the imagination and the author's notes will serve as means to kindle and fire the imaginative powers of the pupil. There are few other editions, if any, which meet this plan as adequately as is done here.

SELECTED SHORT STORIES: The study of the short story has become increasingly popular within the past few years. This phase of literature can be attacked from two points of view—either from a study of the subject matter such as adventure, mystery, humor, realism, childhood, character portrayal, and the like, or from a study of the best-known short-story writers. In this collection an attempt has been made to meet both plans—in regard to subject matter, there is every kind—the sixteen different stories present sixteen different subjects; and as to authors, the most representative and outstanding American, English and French writers of both early and recent dates have been chosen. To still further accomplish this two-fold purpose, a biography of each author with a study of the type of his stories, together with library readings suggestive of other stories of similar subject matter, has been placed at the end of each story.

AMERICAN POEMS AND POETS: In working out this group sixty-five poems, representative of forty-six poets, embodying the entire scope of American poetry have been used. As in the short stories, an attempt has been made to include as great a variety of poems as possible and yet to represent the greatest possible number of the leading American poets. The first table of contents is an arrangement of the poems in chronological order of the poets from the earliest to the most recent, and includes the names of our best-known and best-loved American writers. The second arrangement indicates the wide variety and range of subject matter—in which poems of patriotism and battle, humor and pathos, nature and childhood, character building and

idealism. The result is a well-balanced collection as to both subject and writers.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY: In selecting an early classic for use in this book, it was found that Homer's *Odyssey* was most widely used. While *The Iliad* is perhaps as well suited for use in the Ninth Year, nevertheless the series of adventures, the constantly changing scenes, and the portrayal of Greek home life in *The Odyssey* seem to appeal more to the pupil than do the war scenes of *The Iliad.* Since *The Odyssey* cannnot be studied in its original form, it has seemed best to choose a prose translation which, without losing any of the spirit and beauty of the original, would yet be in such language as would make the reading enjoyable. The translation used is from the pen of H. L. Havell, Oxford scholar and former professor of English in the University of Halle. Notes, study helps and appreciations have been given which add to the interest in the reading. The many adventures of Odysseus from the time he left Troy until he expelled the suitors from his palace home have been kept in logical time order, which, though a departure from the original poem, adds much to a clear understanding of the story.

SCOTT'S IVANHOE: Scott, like Dickens and other early English writers, was prone to write page after page of detailed descriptions, long explanations and unfamiliar references to historical persons and events, all of which delayed the action of the story. To present-day readers the stories therefore drag, become monotonous, and interest is lost almost before it is gained. To make the reading of *Ivanhoe* more enjoyable to the twentieth century school child, it has been so arranged that the story, although shortened, retains its completeness of plot. The arrangement has consisted in eliminating uninteresting descriptive passages, obsolete words, paragraphs of historical insignificance, meaningless conversations, and subject matter not directly bearing upon the movement of the plot. No chapter as a whole has been omitted and hence the story is very complete and most usable and desirable for classroom work.

AS YOU LIKE IT: The choice of *As You Like It* for the play, which should be in every English course, is one which will delight the pupils. They will like the characters, the amusing situations, the disguises and the songs, and a play of this type serves as a happy means of introducing Shakespeare to them. The notes and explanations will overcome the strange words and constructions and yet not detract from the reading. The notes are not scholarly superfluities, worthless to immature pupils, but are practical explanations to give clear, concise meanings, and an appreciation of the play.

CONCLUSION: As a course of well-rounded literature selections, arranged for school use, with notes, biographies, appreciations, tests, library readings and the like, the present book of the PROSE AND POETRY series should meet every want and need for a year's work and study. It is commended to you.

THE PUBLISHERS.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

SECTION I

RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

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RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

PART I—"THE ANCIENT MARINER INHOSPITABLY KILLETH THE BIRD OF GOOD OMEN"

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An Ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

"Gl." means notes in the side glosses.

Gl. GALLANTS—Young men, probably dressed in all their finery.
4. WHEREFORE—Why.
6. NEXT OF KIN—A close relative: a brother, perhaps.
8. MAY'ST—You can.

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest is spellbound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

9. He Holds Him—The *he* refers to the Ancient Mariner.
11. Unhand Me—Take your hand from me, let me go.
12. Eftsoons—Immediately, at once.
Gl. Spellbound—Fascinated, held as if by a spell of enchantment.
Gl. Constrained—Held against his will, forced.
23. Kirk—Church.
32. Bassoon—A deep-toned musical instrument.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship was driven by a storm toward the south pole.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snow clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds where no living thing was to be seen.

36. MINSTRELSY—The entertainers.
46-47. Like one who is so closely followed by his foe that he cannot get ahead of the shadow thrown by his pursuer.
50. AYE—Continuously (pronounced like *a* in *mate*).
56. SHEEN—Light, glow.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

62. Noises in a Swound—To persons in a swound, or faint, sounds often seem like confused roarings.
Gl. Hospitality—Friendliness, welcome.
63. Albatross—A large sea-faring bird.
67. Eat—Americans would say "had eaten." The British say "had eat,"—pronounced ĕt.
67. Food it Ne'er Had Eat—The Mariners fed the bird biscuit worms.
69. Thunder-Fit—A great noise like thunder.
74. Hollo—Call.
75. Shroud—A set of ropes supporting the mast of a sailing vessel. The cross ropes give the shrouds the appearance of ladders.
76. Vespers Nine—The evening prayers at nine.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the ALBATROSS."

The Ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

PART II—"AND THE ALBATROSS BEGINS TO BE AVENGED"

"THE Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

His shipmates cry out against the Ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'T was right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

79–81. The Wedding-Guest speaks these lines. Note his interest.
80. FIENDS—Demons, evil spirits.
80. PLAGUE—Torment, harass.
81–82. The Mariner answers the question.
83. The ship is sailing northward after rounding Cape Horn.
92. WORK 'EM WOE—Bring them evil.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'T was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

103-106. Note the alliteration in the entire stanza.
104. FURROW—The wake behind the ship.
106. THAT SILENT SEA—The Pacific Ocean.
112. BLOODY—Blood-red.
Gl. JUSTIFY—Defend, excuse.
Gl. ACCOMPLICES—Associates, sharers of the guilt.
Gl. BECALMED—Became motionless because of lack of wind.
114. The sun when seen through a haze seems very small.
116. STUCK—Remained motionless.
122. Why was there no "drop to drink"?

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

"And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

The shipmates in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the Ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

123. Rot—This is a verb.
129. Oils—The oils in a witch's caldron.
131. Some—Some of the mariners.
134. Land of Mist and Snow—Regions around Cape Horn.
135. Drought—Thirst.
141. Cross—The holy cross as a medallion.
Gl. Would Fain—Would gladly.

Part III—"Life-in-Death Winneth the Ancient Mariner"

"There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The Ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, 'A sail; a sail!'

At its nearer approach, it seemeth to him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

144. Glazed—Glassy as in death.
152. I Wist—I saw.
155. Water-Sprite—Water spirit.
156. Tacked and Veered—Changed its course as it zigzagged back and forth.
Gl. Ransom—Cost.
157. Unslaked—Dry, parched.
157. Black Lips—Because of intense thirst.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy;

"'See! see!' (I cried) 'she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!'

And horror follows. For can it be a *ship* that comes onward without wind or tide?

"The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

"And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

It seemeth to him but the skeleton of a ship.

"'Alas!' (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
'How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

163. AGAPE—Mouths open with astonishment.
164. GRAMERCY—An expression of gratitude, literally *Great Thanks*.
168. WEAL—Happiness.
170. STEADIES—Sails straight without rolling or tossing.
177. STRAIGHT—At once, immediately.
184. GOSSAMERES—Like fine spiders' webs.

"'Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a DEATH? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?'

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The Spectre-Woman and her Death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship.

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew!

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the Ancient Mariner.

"The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

188. A DEATH—A skeleton.
190. HER—The woman on the skeleton ship.
Gl. SPECTRE—Ghost, spirit.
190. FREE—Repulsive.
192. LEPROSY—A dread disease which makes the skin very white.
194. The fright would congeal man's blood in his veins.
195. HULK—Ship.
Gl. COURTS OF THE SUN—The tropical regions.
200. AT ONE STRIDE—All at once, suddenly.

"We listened and looked sideways up! At the rising of the Moon.
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star-dogged Moon, One after another,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men, His shipmates drop down dead.
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

"The souls did from their bodies fly,— But Life-in-Death begins her work on the Ancient Mariner.
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

208. Note the alliteration again.
209. Eastern Bar—Eastern horizon.
210-211. This is called a star-dogged moon. Coleridge knew that this was an astronomical impossibility; but it was a superstition of the sea that such a phenomenon always appeared before some dire event. He assumed that his readers would know the superstition and read the passage with the eyes of the mariner, and not with the eyes of an astronomer. He uses this superstition to give local color to the poem.
221. To Bliss or Woe—To heaven or hell.

Part IV—"Life-in-Death Begins Her Work on the Ancient Mariner"

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropped not down.

But the Ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

224-229. The Wedding-Guest speaks these lines. Note that he fears the Mariner as a ghostly being.

Gl. Penance—Suffering for sin.

230. The Mariner thought the Wedding-Guest was personally anxious about his own safety.

237. Note the alliteration.

234-243. The Ancient Mariner "despiseth the creatures of the calm." He looks upon them with loathing and disgust; and he feels that it is an abomination that these creatures should live and be happy while "the many men, so beautiful" should all lie dead. It is this feeling which keeps him from being able to pray (see lines 244-247). He has not yet learned his lesson.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!"

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

But the curse liveth for him in the eyes of the dead men.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars.

246. A Wicked Whisper—The Mariner's envy that the slimy things should live.
249. Balls—Eye-balls.
254. Reek—Emit odors.
255. The Look—The curse.
261. Notice how numbers like three, seven, and nine are used. These were thought to have mystic properties.

"Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

"The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

The spell begins to break.

267. The moon beams made the hot sea appear as if it were covered with cool, white frost.
269. But the ship's shadow was a fiery red.
275. REARED—Lifted their heads from the water.
275. ELFISH—Weird, uncanny, supernatural.
276. HOARY—White.
278. THEIR—The snakes'.

Part V—"The Spell Begins to Break"

"Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother, the Ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the elements.

"And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

"The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

294. Mary Queen—The Virgin Mary, mother of Jesus.
297. Silly—Plain, ordinary. 302. Dank—Damp and cold.
312. Sere—Withered and dry.
314. Fire-Flags—Flashes of lightning. 314. Sheen—Very brilliant.
317. Wan—Pale.
Gl. Element—Air.

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.

"They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

319. Sedge—Coarse, tufted grass.
322. Cleft—Split, divided.
325. Never a Jag—Straight.
344. Nought—Nothing.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'T was not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the souls of the men, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the guardian saint.

"For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 't was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

345. The Wedding-Guest again speaks.
346. The Ancient Mariner replies.
347. A troop of angelic spirits manned the ship, and not the departed souls of the dead men.
348. CORSES—Dead bodies.
362. JARGONING—Twittering.
366. MUTE—Quiet, silent.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The Spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome Spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

"The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

376. MOVED—By the spirit beneath the ship.
Gl. LINE—The equator.
385. SHE—The ship.
390. SHE—The ship.
392. SWOUND—Faint, unconsciousness.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

The Polar Spirit's fellow demons take part in his wrong; and two of them relate that penance long and heavy for the Ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"'The Spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'"

Part VI—"The Curse Is Finally Expiated"

FIRST VOICE

"'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE

"'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

416. Great Bright Eye—The reflection of the moon in the ocean which the poet thinks of as the ocean's eye, watching the moon for directions as to what to do with the ship.

"'If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE

"'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

SECOND VOICE

"'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

"I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'T was night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

418. He—The ocean.
418. Which way to go—That is, which way to make the ship go.
419. She—The moon, thought of here as ruling the ocean, whether in calm or storm (smooth or grim). 421. She—The moon.
421. Him—The ocean. (It is a calm, moonlight night.)
427. Belated—Be delayed, or late, in returning to their "home."
429. Abated—Stopped, ended.
435. Charnel-Dungeon—Burial vault. 435. Fitter—More fit, better.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is finally expiated.

"Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Gl. EXPIATED—Atoned for, forgiven.
452. BREATHED—Blew.
453. NOR—Neither.
454. NOT UPON THE OCEAN—But high in the air. It was a phantom breeze.
460-3. Note the alliteration in these lines.

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

And the Ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

"We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O, let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

"The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies.

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

465. The ship is back in the harbor from which it sailed.
470. The Mariner can hardly believe that he sees his "own countree." He thinks that he may be asleep and dreaming.
476. ROCK—The steep cliffs of the shore.
479. WEATHERCOCK—The weather-vane on the church.

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

And appear in their own forms of light.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

"This seraph-band, each waved his head,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but, oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

489. Rood—The cross.
490. Seraph-Man—Angelic spirit.
494. Signals to the Land—Signals for a pilot to come to take the ship into the harbor.
502. Perforce—By force, of necessity.
507. Blast—Destroy, blight.

"I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It was the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he made in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

Part VII—"The Ancient Mariner Is Saved and the Penance of Life Falls on Him"

"This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit of the Wood.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

"The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

"'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

509. Hermit—A religious recluse dwelling in the woods.
512. Shrieve—For shrive: cleanse, purify.
520. Cushion—Upon which to kneel.
524. Trow—I wonder (at it).
524. The Pilot speaks these lines.
528. Cheer—The Pilot's hail.
531. Aught—Anything.

"'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feard'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The Ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

"Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

533. Lag—Linger.
535. Ivy-Tod—Ivy vine or foliage.
537. That—Refers to the wolf.

"I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit:
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The Ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

"'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land;

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

569. Devil—Meaning the Mariner.

"I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!"

"O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

"O, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'T is sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach by his own example love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

591-596. The Wedding-Guest says these lines.

612-617. The lines state the truth which the Ancient Mariner's experience taught him. It seemed to him that his punishment and the death of his comrades was a result of their violation of the trust which the Albatross had put in them as fellow creatures of God's creation.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

THE END

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(1772–1834)

"So I became a dreamer" are the words with which Coleridge, writing years afterwards, sums up his childhood. And that in his case the child was father to the man is the testimony of *The Ancient Mariner* and of the activities and inactivities of his subsequent life, for he never became a practical man, but spent his days "in chasing abstract truths, and burying himself in the dark places of human speculation." This delight of his in playing with the stuff that dreams are made of he seems to have inherited from his father, the learned vicar and schoolmaster at Ottery St. Mary's in Devon where he was born October 21, 1772, the youngest of ten children.

As might be expected, being the youngest, his father was "very fond" of him and he was his "mother's darling," and for this he paid the usual penalty. The schoolboys drove him from his play, and were always tormenting him. "My brother Frank," he writes, "hated me because my mother gave me now and then a bit of cake, when he had none." "I became" he continues, "fretful and timorous, and a telltale; and I took no pleasure in boyish sports, but read incessantly." He read all

the books that could be had—*Jack the Giant-Killer, History of St. George, Robinson Crusoe, The Arabian Nights* and many others; and in a flood of spirits he would "race up and down the churchyard, and act over all" he had been reading. "I was haunted by specters, whenever I was in the dark," he tells us. Nightly he said the prayer:

"Matthew! Mark! Luke and John!
God bless the bed which I lie on.
Four angels round me spread,
Two at my feet, and two at my head."

and "most firmly believed it." "Frequently," he writes, "have I (half-awake and half-asleep, my body diseased and fevered by my imagination) seen armies of ugly things bursting in upon me, and these four angels keeping them off."

Though despised and hated by the boys because he could not play at anything, yet because of a "memory and understanding forced into almost an unnatural ripeness," he was flattered and wondered at by all the old women. "Before I was eight years old," he declares, "I was a *character";* and even his brother Frank who "had a violent love of beating him," and who "hated books, and loved climbing, fighting, playing and robbing orchards" regarded him with a "strange mixture of admiration and contempt."

The father who was so fond of the boy-dreamer, who used to take him on his knee and "hold long conversations" with the lad, died suddenly in 1781.

A Judge Buller, who had been educated by the father, secured for the son admission to the school known as Christ's Hospital at London. Thither Coleridge went at the age of nine, to wear the uniform of the Blue-Coat boys and continue his education. London was a long way from Ottery St. Mary's and the mother who was wont to give the boy "now and then a bit of cake," and the young dreamer had now seven hundred boys to torment him.

In learning we are told Coleridge outstripped all competitors, and "rose to be the captain of the school." "At a very premature age," he writes in his biography, "even before my fifteenth year I had bewildered myself in metaphysics and in the theological controversy." But the ensuing years saw changes in the serious-minded youngster. The truth is, Coleridge had in the meantime taken to admiring poetry and even to writing it, and he had fallen in love. So enthusiastic had

he become over a book of poems that as his finances did not permit him to purchase them, he made more than forty copies of the book in writing, as the best presents he could offer to his friends. He had written a poem *Genevieve* to the daughter of the school nurse, and he had become an ardent admirer of Miss Mary Evans, the sister of a small Blue-Coat boy.

In 1791 Coleridge entered Jesus College, Cambridge, where he continued to distinguish himself scholastically. His letters during his first two years, written principally to his brother George and to Mary and Anne Evans contain little hint of the serious Coleridge.

In November, 1793, Coleridge suddenly left Cambridge, possibly because he found himself confronted by debts which he could not pay, but more probably because Mary Evans had rejected him. He enlisted at London in the King's Light Dragoons under the astonishing name of Silas Tomkyn Comberbacke, and probably, says one biographer, "a worse light dragoon—he was short of stature, fat, and unwieldly—never occupied, or failed to occupy the saddle."

In 1794, his relatives secured his discharge, and he returned to Cambridge. It was in this year that he met the poet Southey—a meeting which might be called a turning point in his life. Southey and his friends were planning to set up a new state of society in America, and Coleridge agreed to join them. Out of this association grew his marriage to Sara Fricker, and the consequent necessity of settling down to support a family. At first Coleridge tried to establish a newspaper, *The Watchman,* but he was no business man, and after a short time the project died out. He then moved, in 1797, to a place called Nether Stowey, where he became acquainted with the poet Wordsworth and the latter's sister Dorothy. These two had great influence upon Coleridge, and out of this association grew Coleridge's greatest poetry.

"On the thirteenth of November, at half past four in the afternoon," writes one biographer, "the three friends set off to walk to Watchet,—intending to defray their expenses by the sale of a poem which the two men were to compose on the way. Before the first eight miles had been covered, the plan of joint authorship broke down, and Coleridge took the poem into his sole hands. He wrought at it until the following March." By the twenty-third of that month he had finished *The Ancient Mariner.*

To the year 1797 belongs the uncompleted poem *Christabel,* and to 1798, the fragment *Kubla Khan*—which, together with *The Ancient Mariner,* are Coleridge's greatest poems.

From this time on, one cannot read the life of Coleridge without a feeling of sadness, for about 1797 Coleridge began the habit of taking opium. He was naturally a man of somewhat desultory temperament, if

not indolent; he was a dreamer, always planning great things, but never carrying them out. Opium seemed to complete what nature had begun. Could he only have completed *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan,* they would no doubt have far surpassed *The Ancient Mariner,* for Coleridge possessed a marvelous imagination, and a "power of speech" which few men in the world have ever known. Coleridge continued to write poetry, but never again did he produce anything to compare with these. He died July 25, 1834.

INTERPRETATION OF THE POEM

It is possible according to DeQuincey, a man who knew Coleridge, that the story of *The Ancient Mariner* was suggested by a real incident about which he read in a book of voyages. In the account of the sea adventures of Shelvock, an English explorer of the days of sailing ships, it is related "that Hatley, his second captain, or lieutenant, being a melancholy man, was possessed by a fancy that some long season of foul weather, in the solitary sea which they were traversing, was due to an albatross which had steadily pursued the ship; upon which he shot the bird, but without mending their condition." Whether this is so or not, really makes little difference to us for our interest is not so much in the happening itself, as it is in what the imagination of Coleridge does to the incident.

We may ask ourselves if the story as Coleridge tells it is true, and if it could have happened. We may not believe the Ancient Mariner's yarn, any more than the Wedding-Guest apparently did. We may think him quite as much a "gray-beard loon," and quite as crazy as the Wedding-Guest seemed at first to do. Yet the Ancient Mariner himself believed these things even as we find people about us to-day whose lives have been influenced by strange streaks of luck or mysterious unseen forces, and he could account for his miraculous escape from the ill-fated ship and from death in no other way than by that which he tells in the poem you have just read. His was an experience so weird and unearthly to him that it is small wonder that he "had strange power of speech," and that the "woeful agony" which beset his soul forced him to go from land to land telling his story. No wonder the pilot who picked him up in the bay "shrieked and fell down in a fit," or that the pilot's boy did "crazy go" at seeing him. No wonder the Wedding-Guest could not

"choose but hear." Although common sense tells us that the story cannot be true, it is told with a vividness of detail which makes it seem more real than many true stories to which we have listened. Why, we may ask further, did not the poet stick to the plain facts of the Ancient Mariner's experience and not ask us to believe such astonishing things as the story of the phantom ship, and the spirits, and the voices? To answer this we shall have to know something about what manner of man Coleridge was, and what he himself had in mind when he wrote the poem.

Coleridge was very much interested in the strange things which our minds do, and fully to appreciate the story of the Ancient Mariner we must try to see into the mind of the man who shot the Albatross. You have all heard of persons who believe that there are about us unseen or supernatural forces which influence our lives. It is useless to try to convince such a person that his belief is foolishness. If such a one believes in a ghost or a spirit, to him both ghost and spirit are real things. The Ancient Mariner quite evidently really believed the things he tells. Moreover, we must remember that the guilt of having slain the harmless Albatross was heavy on his soul, and that his imagination influenced by his sense of guilt and by his intense physical agony would make him see things much differently from what they were. You all know how both conscience and imagination make cowards of us all, for you all know that when the teacher looks your way after you have done something you should not have done, you attach more meaning to her glance than you would if you were innocent. What Coleridge is trying to do is to make us see the things which the Ancient Mariner believed that he saw, and make us sense the feelings which the Ancient Mariner felt.

Now we may wonder if the killing of a bird would really weigh down one's soul with a sense of guilt as it did that of the Ancient Mariner. Here again we must try to see that it is not simply a dead sea-fowl of which the Ancient Mariner thinks; he feels that in his wanton killing of the harmless Albatross which trusted the mariners because they were God's creatures, he destroyed the love and utter confidence which should ever exist among all of God's created things. This is why he says in parting to the Wedding-Guest:

> "He prayeth best, who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

THE STUDY OF THE POEM

After you have read the poem all through, or heard it read aloud, you will find that going back over it in a more leisurely manner noting vivid pictures which strike the imagination, reading aloud lines which appeal to you because of their sound or suggestion, and trying to realize just how the Ancient Mariner must have felt at different times during this strange experience of his, will add to your enjoyment of the whole story. It would be a good plan to take up the poem section by section in class, and talk it over. Keep your books open, and refer to the poem as often as you wish during the class discussion. The following suggestions and questions will help you.

Part I

1. First of all note that the first three stanzas begin with a dialogue, between the Ancient Mariner and the Wedding-Guest. Find what each says.

2. Do you think the Wedding-Guest wanted to hear the story? Why?

3. What did the Wedding-Guest think of the Ancient Mariner? Find the lines which tell you.

4. What was there about the Ancient Mariner which made the Wedding-Guest listen? Why is he "spellbound and constrained to hear" the tale?

5. Note that the Ancient Mariner plunges at once right into his story. There is no long introduction.

6. Read lines 21-28 aloud. Does the sound of the lines indicate that the voyage began "merrily"?

7. Have you ever been out on the sea, or a great lake? As you go away from land, do you seem to "drop below" the hills and buildings on the land? Do lines 22-24 give a good description of what seems to happen?

8. Why does the Wedding-Guest beat his breast?

9. Were those at the wedding-feast having a good time? Why do you think so?

10. Listen to lines 41-50. Do the sounds suggest the lash of a storm and blasts of wind?

11. Read lines 51-58. What do you imagine you see?

12. Read lines 61-62 aloud. What sounds do the words themselves have?

13. Were the mariners glad to see the Albatross? Find the lines.
14. Did the Albatross trust the mariners?
15. What did the mariners think the Albatross was? Why should they think so?
16. What happened to the Ancient Mariner to make the Wedding-Guest say, "God save thee, Ancient Mariner!"
17. How does the Ancient Mariner feel when he comes to the part in his story where he must tell of his killing the Albatross?
18. When you have finished this part, choose the best reader in your class. Close your books, and listen while this pupil reads the part.

Part II

1. In what direction is the ship now sailing? Find the lines.
2. Read lines 83-86. Compare them with lines 25-28. Is there anything about lines 83-86 which makes you think the ship will meet ill luck?
3. Were the mariners sorry for the Albatross, or for themselves? Find the lines which tell you.
4. How did the mariners become "accomplices" in the crime?
5. How was the Albatross avenged?
6. Do you believe that the ship was becalmed because the Ancient Mariner shot the Albatross? Did the Ancient Mariner think so? Why?
7. Do you think that a spirit actually followed the ship? Why did the mariners think so?
8. Did the ship run suddenly into the calm? Find the lines which tell you.
9. Read the lines which describe the calm and quiet of the sea. Was it a restful, quiet calm; or a weird, uncanny stillness? Why do you think so?
10. How does the sun look on a hot, sultry, hazy day in summer? Do lines 111-114 give a good picture?
11. Read lines 123-130. Do you think the Ancient Mariner saw the "slimy things" and the "death-fires" or that he only imagined these? Ask your teacher to tell you where you can find something about the Sargasso Sea and the phosphorescent seas of the tropics.
12. Find lines which describe the suffering of the mariners. Do lines 137-138 give a good description?
13. How did his shipmates feel toward the Ancient Mariner?
14. How did they punish him?

Part III

1. Read lines 143-166. Find lines which most vividly describe the suffering of the mariners.

2. How do you think the Ancient Mariner felt when he first saw the speck on the horizon? Did he watch it eagerly? What did he expect?

3. Why did the mariners only grin for joy? Why did they not shout and show great excitement?

4. Read lines 171-180. Is the picture vivid?

5. What did the Ancient Mariner see on the skeleton ship?

6. Do you think that the mariners continued to grin for joy when they saw the skeleton ship close by? What feeling came over them? Can you imagine how the expression on their faces must have changed?

7. Did the Ancient Mariner actually see the phantom ship, or did he only imagine that he did? What do you think? How do you account for his believing that he saw it.

8. What do you think the poet means to imply by having Life-in-Death win the Ancient Mariner?

9. What feeling does the description of Life-in-Death give you?

10. Read lines 199-201. In the tropics there is no twilight as there is in northern regions. Can you tell why? Do these lines give a good idea of suddenness with which the night comes on?

11. Why did the mariners look "sideways up"? What does this action tell you of their feelings?

12. Read lines 203-219. Is the picture vivid? What effect did the white moonlight have upon what the Ancient Mariner saw? What feeling does the picture give?

13. How did the death of his shipmates affect the Ancient Mariner? Find lines which tell you.

Part IV

1. Why does the Wedding-Guest fear the Ancient Mariner?

2. Read lines 232-235. How should these lines be read aloud?

3. Do you pity the Ancient Mariner? Why?

4. Is the Ancient Mariner's punishment his physical suffering, or the agony in his soul?

5. Did the Ancient Mariner wish that the "thousand thousand slimy things" might all be dead too? Is this the reason why he cannot pray?

6. Find lines which show how intense the Ancient Mariner's agony of soul really was.

7. Why is it that the Ancient Mariner "could not die"? Read lines 195-198.

8. Read lines 262-266. What feeling does the picture give? Contrast this feeling with that in the soul of the Ancient Mariner.

9. Read lines 262-281. What colors do you see?

10. Read lines 282-287. Why can the Ancient Mariner now pray?

11. Do you think that the Ancient Mariner would shoot the harmless Albatross now? Why?

Parts V and VI

1. Read lines 191-308. What feeling do the lines give?

2. Has the Ancient Mariner's agony been relieved? Find lines which tell you.

3. Read lines 313-325. Is this a vivid picture?

4. What makes the dead men rise up?

5. Read lines 341-344. Why does the Wedding-Guest fear the Ancient Mariner?

6. Read lines 356-372 aloud. Do you like them? Can you tell why?

7. What made the ship go "from the land of mist and snow"?

8. Read lines 383-384. The ship is now back at the Line, or the equator. What is there to tell you this? How can you tell that it is "noon"?

9. Tell in your own words what the Ancient Mariner heard the two voices say.

10. What made the ship drive on so fast?

11. Read lines 416-417. What is the "great bright eye"?

12. Read lines 430-441. What feelings do they give?

13. How does the sea look to the Ancient Mariner after the spell is snapped?

14. Do you suppose it was a welcome sight? Does he feel sure that the curse is finally expiated? Find lines which tell you his feeling.

15. Read lines 452-459. How did the breeze feel to the Ancient Mariner?

16. Does the Ancient Mariner believe that he really sees his "own countree"? Find lines which tell you.

17. Read lines 471-483. Do you see the picture? What things stand out in it?

18. What are the crimson shadows?

19. Who were in the Pilot's boat? Was the Ancient Mariner glad to see them?

Part VII

1. What were the lights which the Pilot had seen?
2. What is there about the ship which makes the Pilot a-feared to approach it?
3. Find the lines which describe the sinking of the ship. Do they give a vivid picture?
4. Why does the Pilot's boat spin "round and round"?
5. What was there about the Ancient Mariner that so terrified the Hermit, and the Pilot, and the Pilot's boy?
6. What is the penance of life that falls on the Ancient Mariner? Find lines which tell you.
7. Do you think that the Ancient Mariner has "strange power of speech"? Why?
8. Do you think that the Ancient Mariner would like to go to the wedding-feast? Why? What must he do now that his story is told?
9. What according to the Ancient Mariner makes happiness? What truth has the Ancient Mariner's experience revealed to him? Find the lines which tell you. Do you agree with him?
10. Do you suppose that the Wedding-Guest ever forgot the Ancient Mariner?

SELECTIVE ANSWER TESTS

After you have gone over the poem section by section with the aid of the suggestions try these tests.

Poetry often conveys or suggests moods or feelings. The picture is so vivid that it creates a mood, feeling, or sensation in the reader such as he would have if the experience pictured were actual.

Below you will find eleven selections from the poem. Under each selection are four words naming a feeling or sensation. Choose the word which you think best describes the feeling conveyed or created by the picture.

Do not write in your book, but list the words on paper after the appropriate numbers. You may then exchange papers and discuss the selections.

1 The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top

These lines create a feeling of: *dread, sadness, happiness, quiet.*

2 Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;

These lines give a feeling of: *joy, weariness, fear, quiet.*

3 As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean

These lines give an impression of: *excitement, quiet, sadness, dismay.*

4 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

These lines give a feeling of: *joy, misery, disgust, gloom.*

5 With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!

These lines convey a feeling of: *sadness, anguish, dread, fear.*

6 We listened and looked sideways up!

This line gives a feeling of: *dread, dismay, weirdness, peace.*

7 Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!

These lines give a feeling of: *peace, grief, loneliness, hope.*

8 I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

These lines give a feeling of: *loneliness, gloom, anguish, disgust.*

9 The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

These lines give an impression of: *quiet, wonder, sadness, hope.*

10 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

These lines give a feeling of: *dread, dismay, weirdness, peace.*

11 And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

These lines give an impression of: *peace, happiness, sadness, fear.*

TESTS FOR SOUND AND MOVEMENT

Poetry is meant to be listened to. Much of the charm of verse is due to the sound of it. Often when the poet is describing soft and gentle sounds, the sound of the lines themselves is soft and subdued, and the picture which the poet gives us often calls up some quiet, restful scene. On the contrary, if the poet is describing a loud, thunderous sound, the lines are themselves loud and full of sound.

You will observe also that when the poet portrays rapid and swift action, the lines seem to hurry. Contrariwise, when he portrays slow movement or a dreary scene, the lines lag, and seem to go slower.

Read the following selections below, or listen while some one else reads them. On a sheet of paper, record for each selection the following:

I The nature of the sound of the lines. Is the sound of the words soft, gentle, subdued; or is it loud, striking, and full of sound?

II Do the lines seem to move rapidly, or slowly?

1 Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

2 Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

3 And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck us with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

4 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

5 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;

6 The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;

7 Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down.
'Twas sad as sad could be;

8 Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

9 There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!

10 The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;

11 With a heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

12 Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!

13 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

14 The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

15 To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

16 . . . yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

17 Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:

MEMORY TESTS

After you have finished the class discussion and reading of the poem, try the following test. It will tell you how much of the poem has stuck in your mind. Fill in the blank spaces. Do the test on paper, or orally.

1 It is an Ancient Mariner,
And he —— — — ——.

2 He holds him with his —— hand,
"—— — — ——," quoth he.

3 The Sun came up — — — ——
Out of the — —— came he!
And he shone —— and on the right,
Went down —— — —.

4 And ice mast-high, came floating by,
As green as ——.

5 The ice was —, the ice was —.
The ice was all around:
It —— and ——, and —— and ——,
Like noises in a swound!

6 For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the —— — —.

7 The fair breeze blew, the white — —,
The —— followed free;
We were the —— that ever burst
Into that —— —.

8 All in a hot and —— sky,
The —— Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No —— than the —.

9 Day after day, day after day,
We ——, nor —— nor ——;
As idle as — —— —
Upon a —— ——.

10 Water, ——, ———,
And all the boards did shrink;
——, ——, everywhere,
Nor any — — ——.

11 About, about in — and —
The death-fires —— at night;
The water, like a —— oils,
Burnt ——, and — —— and ——.

12 The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh —!
Almost upon the —— —
Rested the —— —— Sun;

13 The Sun's rim —; the — rush out;
At one —— comes the dark;

14 I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!
I fear thy —— hand!
And thou are — and —, and——,
And is the ——— sea-sand.

15 Oh sleep! it is a —— ——,
Beloved from — to —!

FURTHER CLASS AND INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. Make a list of six pictures in the poem which appeal to you. Arrange them in order beginning with the one you think most vivid. Tell the class what it is in each picture that appeals to you.

2. Select five passages from the poem which appeal to you because of the sound of the lines. Tell the class what it is you like in each passage.

3. Select two good readers from your class. Let each choose three or four pupils for his team, and then let the two teams read the poem aloud, the rest of the class to act as judges. The class should agree beforehand upon the things which make a good reader, and judge accordingly.

4. Suppose that you had been on shipboard after the Ancient Mariner

had shot the Albatross. Write a conversation such as you imagine two of the mariners might have held about the Ancient Mariner's killing the Albatross.

5. Write a paragraph telling why you like (or do not like) the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

6. If you are interested in the sounds of poetry, examine lines 41-50 carefully. Write the words, leaving out the vowels, and see how harsh consonants keep recurring. Examine lines 59-62 for the recurrence of vowel sounds.

7. If you are interested in seeing why some lines seem to move rapidly, while others lag, ask your teacher to tell you where you can find something about meter in poetry, and the effect of variations in meter.

8. If your curiosity is aroused as to the "slimy things" which the Ancient Mariner saw, find out what you can about the Sargasso Sea. You will find an interesting account of this in the *Arcturus Adventure* by William Beebe, and in *David Goes Voyaging* by David B. Putnam.

The death-fires, the flakes of elfish light, and the phosphorescent seas of the tropics will not seem strange to you if you ask your teacher for some books of voyages and exploration which relate stories of the wonders of the sea. A list of such books will be found in *The Road to Xanadu* by J. L. Lowes.

9. Another interesting subject, if you like the poem, is the superstitions of the sea. Write a composition using this topic.

10. Coleridge wrote no other poems like the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner.* However, if you like the poem, you might be interested in reading *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan.*

BOOKS FOR THE TEACHER

Indispensable to the teacher who would know how the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* came into being in the imagination of Coleridge, and who would see how the imagination itself worked, is the book, *The Road to Xanadu* by John Livingston Lowes. The book is recommended to you.

Helpful also in showing how poetry comes into being, what it is and what it does, and how to help students to appreciate and enjoy poetry are the following books:

The Enjoyment of Poetry	*Max Eastman*
Convention and Revolt in Poetry	*John L. Lowes*
Teaching Poetry in the School	*A. H. R. Fairchild*

SELECTED SHORT STORIES

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SELECTED SHORT STORIES

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THE FRESHMAN FULL-BACK

RALPH D. PAINE

THE boyish night city editor glanced along the copy readers'[1] table and petulantly exclaimed:

"Isn't that spread head[2] ready yet, Mr. Seeley? It goes on the front page and we are holding open for it. Whew, but you are slow. You ought to be holding down a job on a quarterly review."

A portly man of middle age dropped his pencil and turned heavily in his chair to face the source of this public humiliation. An angry flush overspread his face and he chewed at a grayish mustache as if fighting down rebellion. His comrades at the long table had looked up from their work and were eyeing the oldest copy reader with sympathetic uneasiness while they hoped that he would be able to hold himself in hand. The night city editor felt the tension of this brief tableau and awaited the threatened outbreak with a nervous smile. But Seeley jerked his green eye shade so low that his face was partly hidden, and wheeled round to resume his task with a catch of the breath and a tone of surrender in his reply.

"The head will be ready in five minutes, sir. The last pages of the story are just coming in."

A much younger man, at the farther end of the table, whispered to his neighbor:

"That's cheap and nasty, to call down old man Seeley as if he were a cub reporter. He may have lost his grip, but he deserves decent treatment for what he has been. Managing editor of this very paper, London correspondent before that, and the crack

[1] COPY READERS—Those who read over the manuscript handed in by reporters and write the headlines.

[2] SPREAD HEAD—Headline across the entire front page of a paper.

man of the staff when most of the rest of us were in short breeches. And now Henry Harding Seeley isn't any too sure of keeping his job on the copy desk."

"That's what the New York newspaper game can do to a man if he sticks at it too long," murmured the other. "Back to the farm for mine."

It was long after midnight when these two put on their coats and bade the city editor's desk a perfunctory[3] "Good night."

They left Henry Harding Seeley still slumped in his chair, writing with dogged industry.

"He's dead tired, you can see that," commented one of the pair as they headed for Broadway. "But, as usual, he is grinding out stuff for the Sunday sheet after hours. He must need the extra coin mighty bad. I came back for my overcoat at four the other morning, and he was still pegging away just like that."

Through the years of his youth as a reporter of rare ability and resourcefulness, Seeley had never spared himself. Burning the candle at both ends,[4] with a vitality which had seemed inexhaustible, he had won step after step of promotion until, at forty, he was made managing editor of that huge and hard-driven organization, the *New York Chronicle*. For five years of racking responsibility Henry Harding Seeley had been able to maintain the pace demanded of his position.

Then came an error of judgment—a midnight decision demanded of a tired mind—and his O.K. was scrawled upon the first sheet of a story of embezzlement[5] in Wall Street. By a blunder the name of the fugitive cashier was coupled with that of the wrong bank. Publication of *The Chronicle* story started a terrific run[6] on this innocent institution, which won its suit for damages against the newspaper in the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

The managing editor, two reporters, and the copy reader who had handled the fatal manuscript were swept out of the build-

[3] PERFUNCTORY—Careless.
[4] BURNING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS—Exhausting energy, without resting.
[5] EMBEZZLEMENT—Fraudulent appropriation of funds.
[6] RUN—A continuing, urgent demand for money by depositors.

ing by one cyclonic[7] order. Henry Seeley accepted his indirect responsibility for the disaster in grim, manly fashion, and straightway sought another berth befitting his journalistic station. But his one costly slip was more than a nine-days' scandal along Park Row,[8] and other proprietors were afraid that he might hit them in the very vital regions of their pockets. Worse than this, his confidence in himself had suffered mortal damage. The wear and tear of his earlier years had left him with little reserve power, and he went to pieces in the face of adverse fortune.

"Worked out at forty-five," was the verdict of his friends, and they began to pity him.

The will to succeed had been broken, but Seeley might have rallied had not his wife died during the ebb tide of his affairs. She had walked hand in hand with him since his early twenties, her faith in him had been his mainstay, and his happiness in her complete and beautiful. Bereft of her when he stood most in need of her, he seemed to have no more fight in him, and, drifting from one newspaper office to another, he finally eddied into his old "shop" as a drudging copy reader and an object of sympathy to a younger generation.

He had one son, strong, bright, eager, and by dint of driving his eternally wearied brain overtime, the father had been able to send him to Yale, his own alma mater. More or less pious deception had led young Ernest Seeley to believe that his father had regained much of his old-time prestige with *The Chronicle*, and that he had a hand in guiding its destinies. The lad was a freshman, tremendously absorbed in the activities of the autumn term, and his father was content that he should be so hedged about by the interests of the campus world as to have small time or thought for the grizzled, silent toiler in New York.

This was the kind of man that trudged heavily into the little German café of an early morning after his long night's slavery

[7] Cyclonic—Violent, sweeping.
[8] Park Row—The newspaper district in New York: among newspaper people.

at the copy desk. His mind, embittered and sensitive to slights like a raw nerve, was brooding over the open taunt of the night city editor, who had been an office boy under him in the years gone by. From force of habit, he seated himself at a table in the rear of the room, shunning the chance of having to face an acquaintance. Unfolding a copy of the city edition, which had been laid on his desk damp from the pressroom, Seeley scanned the front page with scowling uneasiness, as if fearing to find some blunder of his own handiwork. Then he turned to the sporting page and began to read the football news.

His son Ernest had been playing as a substitute with the University eleven, an achievement which stirred the father's pride without moving his enthusiasm.

And the boy, chilled by his father's indifference, had said little about the matter during his infrequent visits to New York. But now the elder Seeley sat erect, and his stolid countenance was almost animated as he read, under a New Haven date line:

> The Yale confidence of winning the game with Princeton to-morrow has been shattered, and gloom fills the camp of the Elis[9] to-night. Collins, the great full-back, who has been the keystone of Yale's offensive game, was taken to the hospital late this afternoon. He complained of feeling ill after the signal practice yesterday; fever developed overnight, and the consulting physicians decided that he must be operated on for appendicitis without delay. His place in the Princeton game will be filled by Ernest Seeley, the Freshman who has been playing a phenomenal game in the back field, but who is so lacking in experience that the coaches are all at sea to-night. The loss of Collins has swung the odds strongly in favor of Princeton.

The elder Seeley wiped his glasses as if not sure that he had read aright.

Ernest had seemed to him no more than a sturdy infant, and here he was, on the eve of a championship football battle, picked to fight for the "old blue." The father's career at Yale had been a most honorable one. He, too, had played on the eleven and

[9] The Elis—The sons of Yale.

had helped to win two desperate contests against Princeton. But all this belonged to a part of his life which was dead and done for. He had not achieved in after years what Yale expected of him, and his record was with his buried memories.

Supper was forgotten while Henry Seeley wondered whether he really wanted to go to New Haven to see his boy play. Many of his old friends and classmates would be there and he did not wish to meet them.

And it stung him to the quick as he reflected:

"I should be very happy to see him win, but—but to see him whipped! I couldn't brace and comfort him. And supposing it breaks his heart to be whipped, as it has broken mine? No, I won't let myself think that. I'm a poor Yale man and a worse father, but I couldn't stand going up there to-day."

Even more humiliating was the thought that he would shrink from asking leave of the city editor. Saturday was not his "day off," and he so greatly hated to ask favors at the office that the possibility of being rebuffed was more than he was willing to face.

Into his unhappy thoughts broke a boisterous hail:

"Diogenes Seeley, as I live. Why, you old rascal, I thought you were dead or something. Glad I didn't get foolish and go to bed."

Seeley was startled, and he looked much more distressed than rejoiced as he lumbered from his table to grasp the outstretched hand of a classmate. The opera hat of this Mr. Richard Giddings was cocked at a rakish angle, his blue eye twinkled good cheer and youthful hilarity, and his aspect was utterly carefree.

"How are you, Dick?" said Seeley, with an unusual smile which singularly brightened his face. "You don't look a day older than when I last saw you. Still cutting coupons for a living?"

"Oh, money is the least of my worries," gayly rattled Mr. Giddings. "Been doing the heavy society act to-night, and on my way home found I needed some sauerkraut to tone up my jaded system. By Jove, Harry, you're as gray as a badger. This newspaper game must be bad for the nerves. Lots of fellows have

asked me about you. Never see you at the University Club, nobody sees you anywhere. Remarkable how a man can lose himself right here in New York. Still running *The Chronicle*, I suppose."

"I'm still in the old shop, Dick," replied Seeley, glad to be rid of this awkward question. "But I work nearly all night and sleep most of the day, and am like a cog in a big machine that never stops grinding."

"Shouldn't do it. Wears a man out," and Mr. Giddings sagely nodded his head. "Course you are going up to the game to-day. Come along with me. Special car with a big bunch of your old pals inside. They'll be tickled to death to find I've dug you out of your hole. Hello! Is that this morning's paper? Let me look at the sporting page. Great team at New Haven, they tell me. What's the latest odds?"

The alert eye of Richard Giddings swept down the New Haven dispatch like lightning.

With a grievous outcry he smote the table and shouted:

"Collins out of the game? Great Scott, Harry, that's awful news. And a green Freshman going to fill his shoes at the last minute. I feel like weeping, honest I do. Who the deuce is this Seeley? Any kin of yours? I suppose not or you would have bellowed it at me before this."

"He is my only boy, Dick," and the father held up his head with a shadow of his old manner. "I didn't know he had a ghost of a show to make the team until I saw this dispatch."

"Then, of course, you are coming up with me," roared Mr. Giddings. "I hope he's a chip off the old block. If he has your sand they can't stop him. Jumping Jupiter, they couldn't have stopped you with an ax when you were playing guard in our time, Harry. I feel better already to know that it is your kid going in at full-back to-day."

NOTE:—The portrayal of the enthusiasm and feelings of the two men as shown by their conversations is well depicted. The use of short sentences and long sentences is handled in a masterful way. Do you think the writer gained the effect he desired?

"No, I'm not going up, Dick," said Seeley slowly. "For one thing, it is too short notice for me to break away from the office, and I—I haven't the nerve to watch the boy go into the game. I'm not feeling very fit."

"Stuff and nonsense, you need a brain cure," shouted Richard Giddings. "You, an old Yale guard, with a pup[10] on the team, and he a Freshman at that! Throw out your chest, man; tell the office to go to the devil—where all newspapers belong—and meet me at the station at ten o'clock sharp. You talk and look like the oldest living grad with one foot in the grave."

Seeley flushed and bit his lip. His dulled realization of what Yale had been to him was quickened by this tormenting comrade of the brave days of old, but he could not be shaken from his attitude of morbid[11] self-effacement.[12]

"No, Dick, it's no use," he returned with a tremulous smile. "You can't budge me. But give my love to the crowd and tell them to cheer for that youngster of mine until they're blue in the face."

Mr. Richard Giddings eyed him quizzically, and surmised that something or other was gravely wrong with his grizzled classmate. But Seeley offered no more explanations, and the vivacious[13] intruder fell to his task of demolishing[14] sauerkraut with great gusto,[15] after which he nimbly vanished into a cruising taxi with a sense of having been rebuffed.

Seeley watched him depart at great speed and then plodded toward his uptown lodgings. But sleep was distressed with unhappy dreams, and during a wakeful interval he heard a knock at his sitting-room door.

An office boy from *The Chronicle* editorial rooms gave him a note and waited for an answer.

Seeley recognized the handwriting of the managing editor and

[10] PUP—Meaning his son.
[11] MORBID—Gloomy, downcast.
[12] SELF-EFFACEMENT—Voluntary withdrawal.
[13] VIVACIOUS—Enthusiastic, energetic.
[14] DEMOLISHING—Eating.
[15] GREAT GUSTO—Zest, enthusiasm.

was worried, for he was always expecting the worst to happen. He sighed with relieved surprise as he read—

> My dear Mr. Seeley:
>
> Please go to New Haven as soon as possible and do a couple of columns of descriptive introduction of the Yale-Princeton game. The sporting department will cover the technical story, but a big steamboat collision has just happened in North River, two or three hundred drowned and so on, and I need every man in the shop. As an old Yale player I am sure I can depend on you for a good story, and I know you used to do this kind of stuff in fine style.

Seeley fished his watch from under a pillow. It was after ten o'clock and the game would begin at two. While he hurried into his clothes he was conscious of a distinct thrill of excited interest akin to his old-time joy in the day's work. Could he "do this kind of stuff in fine style"? Why, before his brain had begun to be always tired, when he was the star reporter of *The Chronicle*, his football introductions had been classics in Park Row. If there was a spark of the old fire left in him he would try to strike it out, and for the moment he forgot the burden which had so long crushed him.

"But I don't want to run into Dick Giddings and his crowd," he muttered as he sought his hat and overcoat. "And I'll be up in the press box away from the mob of old grads. Perhaps my luck has turned."

When Henry Seeley reached the Yale field the eleven had gone to the dressing rooms in the training house; he hovered on the edge of the flooding crowds, fairly yearning for a glimpse of the Freshman full-back and a farewell grasp of his hand. The habitual dread lest the son find cause to be ashamed of his father had been shoved into the background by a stronger, more natural emotion.

But he well knew that he ought not to invade the training quarters in these last crucial moments. The coaches would be delivering their final words of instruction and the old Yale guard could picture to himself the tense absorption of the scene. Like one coming out of a dream, the past was returning to him in

vivid, heart-stirring glimpses. Reluctantly he sought his place in the press box high above the vast amphitheater.

The preliminary spectacle was movingly familiar: the rippling banks of color which rose on all sides to frame the long carpet of chalked turf; the clamorous outbursts of cheering when an eddy of Yale or Princeton undergraduates swirled and tossed at command of the dancing dervish [16] of a leader at the edge of the field below; the bright, hopeful aspect of the multitude as viewed from above. Seeley leaned against the railing of his lofty perch and gazed at this pageant until a sporting editor, long in harness, nudged his elbow and said:

"Hello! I haven't seen you at a game in a dozen years. Doing the story or just working the press-badge graft? That namesake of yours will be meat for the Tigers, I'm afraid. Glad he doesn't belong to you, aren't you?"

Seeley stared at him like a man in a trance and replied evasively:

"He may be good enough. It all depends on his sand and nerve. Yes, I am doing the story for a change. Have you the final line-up?"

"Princeton is playing all her regular men," said the sporting editor, giving Seeley his notebook. "The only Yale change is a full-back—and that's a tragedy."

Seeley copied the lists for reference, and his pencil was not steady when he came to "Full-back, Ernest T. Seeley." But he pulled his thoughts away from the eleven and began to jot down notes of the passing incidents which might serve to weave into the fabric of his description. The unusual stimulus aroused his talent as if it were not dead but asleep. The scene appealed to him with almost as much freshness and color as if he were observing it for the first time.

A roar of cheering rose from a far corner of the field and ran swiftly along the Yale side of the amphitheater, which blossomed in tossing blue. The Yale eleven scampered into view like colts at pasture, the substitutes veering toward the benches

[16] Dancing Dervish—A Mohammedan monk, a part of whose religious rites was a wild dance.

behind the side lines. Without more ado the team scattered in formation for signal practice, paying no heed to the tumult which raged around and above them. Agile, clean-limbed, splendid in their disciplined young manhood, the dark-blue of their stockings and the white "Y" gleaming on their sweaters fairly trumpeted their significance to Henry Seeley. And poised behind the rush line, wearing his hard-won university blue, was the lithe figure of the Freshman full-back, Ernest Seeley.

The youngster, whose fate it was to be called a "forlorn hope," looked fragile beside his comrades of the eleven. Although tall and wiry, he was like a greyhound in a company of mastiffs. His father, looking down at him from so great a height that he could not read his face, muttered to himself while he dug his nails into his palms:

"He is too light for this day's work. But he carries himself like a thoroughbred."

The boy and his fellows seemed singularly remote from the shouting thousands massed so near them. They had become the sole arbiters of their fate, and their impressive isolation struck Henry Seeley anew as the most dramatic feature of the magnificent picture. He must sit idly by and watch his only son battle through the most momentous hour of his young life, as if he were gazing down from another planet.

The staccato cheers of Princeton rocketed along the other side of the field, and the eleven from Old Nassau [17] ran briskly over the turf and wheeled into line for a last rehearsal of their machine-like tactics. Henry Seeley was finding it hard to breathe, just as it had happened in other days when he was waiting for the "kick-off" and facing a straining Princeton line. The minutes were like hours while the officials consulted with the captains in the center of the field. Then the two elevens ranged themselves across the brown turf, there was breathless silence, and a Princeton toe lifted the ball far down toward the Yale goal.

It was the young full-back who waited to receive the opening kick, while his comrades thundered toward him to form a fly-

[17] Old Nassau—Princeton.

ing screen of interference. But the twisting ball bounded from his too eager arms, and another Yale back fell on it in time to save it from the clutches of a Princeton end.

"Nervous. Hasn't steadied down yet," exclaimed a reporter behind Henry Seeley. "But he can't afford to give Princeton any more chances like that. Her ends are faster than chain lightning."

The father groaned and wiped the sweat from his eyes. If the team were afraid of this untried full-back, such a beginning would not give them confidence. Then the two lines locked and heaved in the first scrimmage, and a stocky Yale half-back was pulled down in his tracks. Again the headlong Princeton defense held firm and the Yale captain gasped, "Second down and three yards to gain." The Yale interferers sped to circle one end of the line, but they were spilled this way and that, and the runner went down a yard short of the needed distance.

The Yale full-back dropped back to punt. Far and true the ball soared into the Princeton field, and the lithe Freshman had somewhat redeemed himself. And now, for their own part, the sons of Old Nassau found themselves unable to make decisive gains against the Yale defense. Greek met Greek in these early clashes, and both teams were forced to punt again and again. Trick plays were spoiled by alert end rushers for the blue or the orange-and-black, fiercely launched assaults at center were torn asunder, and the longer the contest raged up and down the field the more clearly it was perceived that these ancient rivals were rarely well matched in point of strength and strategy.

The Yale coaches were dismayed at this turn of events. They had hoped to see the ball carried toward the Princeton goal by means of shrewdly devised teamwork, instead of which the burden of the game was shifted to one man, the weakest link in the chain, the Freshman at full-back. He was punting with splendid distance, getting the ball away when it seemed as if he must be overwhelmed by the hurtling Tigers. Once or twice, however, a hesitant nervousness almost wrought quick disaster, and the Yale partisans watched him with tormenting anxiety.

The first half of the game was fought into the last few minutes of play, and neither eleven had been able to score. Then luck and skill combined to force the struggle far down into Yale territory. Only ten yards more of trampled turf to gain and Princeton would cross the last white line. The indomitable spirit which had placed upon the escutcheon [18] of Yale football the figure of a bulldog rampant, rallied to meet this crisis, and the hard-pressed line held stanch and won possession of the ball on downs. Back to the very shadow of his own goal posts the Yale full-back ran to punt the ball out of the danger zone. It shot fairly into his grasp from a faultless pass, but his fingers juggled the slippery leather as if it were bewitched. For a frantic, terrible instant he fumbled with the ball and wildly dived after it as it glanced off to one side, bounded crazily, and rolled beyond his reach.

The Princeton quarter-back had darted through the line like a bullet. Without slackening speed or veering from his course, he scooped up the ball as he sped toward the Yale goal line. It was done and over within a twinkling, and while the Yale team stampeded helplessly in his wake the conquering hero was circling behind the goal posts, where he flopped to earth, the precious ball apparently embedded in his stomach. It was a Princeton touchdown fairly won, but made possible by the tragic blunder of one Yale man. While ten thousand Princeton throats were barking their jubilation as many more loyal friends of Yale sat sad-eyed and sullen and glowered their displeasure at the slim figure of the full-back as he limped into line to face the try for goal.

The goal was not scored, however, and the fateful tally stood six to nothing when the first half ended, with the blue banners drooping disconsolate.

Henry Seeley pulled his slouched hat over his eyes and sat with hunched shoulders staring at the Yale team as it left the field for the intermission. He had forgotten about his story of the

[18] ESCUTCHEON—A shield upon which the coat-of-arms of a family is emblazoned.

game. The old specter of failure possessed him. It was already haunting the pathway of his boy. Was he also to be beaten by one colossal blunder? Henry Seeley felt that Ernest's whole career hung upon his behavior in the second half. How would the lad "take his medicine"? Would it break his heart or rouse him to fight more valiantly? As if the father had been thinking aloud, the sporting editor at his side observed:

"He may win the game yet. I like the looks of that boy. But he did make a hideous mess of it, didn't he? I hope he hasn't got a streak of yellow in him."

Henry Seeley turned on his neighbor with a savage scowl and could not hold back the quivering retort:

"He belongs to me, I want you to understand, and we'll say nothing about yellow streaks until he has a chance to make good next half."

"Whew-w-w—why did you hold it out on me, old man?" gasped the sporting editor. "No wonder you kicked me black-and-blue without knowing it. I hope he is a chip off the old block. I saw you play here in your last game."

Seeley grunted something and resumed staring at the field. He was thinking of the present moment in the training quarters, of the muddy, weary players sprawled around the head coach, of his wise, bitter, stinging rebukes and admonitions. Perhaps he would take Ernest out of the game. But Seeley was confident that the coaches would give the boy a chance to redeem himself if they believed his heart was in the right place.

Presently the two teams trotted on the field, not as nimbly as at their first appearance, but with dogged resolution in their demeanor. Henry Seeley saw his son glance up at the "cheering sections" as if wondering whether their welcome was meant to include him. One cheer, at least, was intended to greet him, for Henry Seeley stood on his chair, waved his hat, and thundered:

" 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, for Yale, my boy. Eat 'em alive as your daddy used to do."

But the men from Princeton had no intention of being de-

voured in this fashion. They resumed their tireless, whirlwind attack like giants refreshed, and so harried their Yale foemen that they were forced to their utmost to ward off another touchdown. This incessant battering dulled the edges of their offensive tactics, and they seemed unable to set in motion a consistent series of advances. But the joy of Princeton was tempered by the knowledge that this, her dearest enemy, was not beaten until the last play had been signaled.

And somehow the Yale machine of muscle, brains, and power began to find itself when the afternoon shadows were slanting athwart the arena. With the ball on Princeton's forty-yard line the chosen sons of Eli began a heroic advance down the field. It was as if some missing cog had been supplied. "Straight old-fashioned football" it was, eleven minds and bodies working as one and animated by a desperate resolve, which carried the Yale team along for down after down into the heart of Princeton's ground.

Perhaps because he was fresher than the other backs, perhaps because the captain knew his man, the ball was given to the Yale full-back for one swift and battering assault after another. His slim figure pelted at the rush line, was overwhelmed in an avalanche of striped arms and legs, but somehow twisted, wriggled, dragged itself far ahead as if there was no stopping him. The multitude comprehended that this despised and disgraced freshman was working out his own salvation along with that of his comrades. Once, when the scrimmage was untangled, he was dragged from beneath a heap of players, unable to regain his feet. He lay on the grass a huddled heap, blood smearing his forehead. A surgeon and the trainer doused and bandaged him, and presently he staggered to his feet and hobbled to his station, rubbing his hands across his eyes as if dazed.

When, at length, the stubbornly retreating Princeton line had been driven deep down into their end of the field, they, too, showed that they could hold fast in the last extremity. The Yale attack crumpled against them as if it had struck a stone wall. Young Seeley seemed to be so crippled and exhausted that

he had been given a respite from the interlocked, hammering onslaught, but at the third down the panting quarter-back croaked out his signal. His comrades managed to rip a semblance of an opening for him, he plunged through, popped clear of the line, fell to his knees, recovered his footing by a miracle of agility, and lunged onward, to be brought down within five yards of the coveted goal posts.

He had won the right to make the last charge. Swaying in his tracks, the full-back awaited the summons. Then he dived in behind the interference for a circuit of the right end. Two Princeton men broke through as if they had been shot out of mortars, but the Yale full-back had turned and was plowing straight ahead. Pulled down, dragging the tackler who clung to his waist, he floundered to earth with most of the Princeton team piled above him. But the ball lay beyond the fateful chalk line, the Yale touchdown was won, and the game was tied.

The captain clapped Seeley on the shoulder, nodded at the ball, and the full-back limped on to the field to kick the goal or lose a victory. There were no more signs of nervousness in his bearing. With grave deliberation he stood waiting for the ball to be placed in front of the goal posts. The sun had dropped behind the lofty grandstands. The field lay in a kind of wintry twilight. Thirty thousand men and women gazed in tensest silence at the mud-stained, battered youth who had become the crowning issue of this critical moment. Up in the press box a thick-set, grayish man dug his fists in his eyes and could not bear to look at the lonely, reliant figure down yonder on the quiet field. The father found courage to take his hands from his face only when a mighty roar of joy boomed along the Yale side of the amphitheater, and he saw the ball drop in a long arc behind the goal posts. The kick had won the game for Yale.

Once clear of the crowds, Henry Seeley hurried toward the training quarters. His head was up, his shoulders squared, and he walked with the free stride of an athlete. Mr. Richard Giddings danced madly across to him:

"Afraid to see him play, were you, you silly old fool? He is

a chip off the old block. He didn't know when he was licked. Wow, wow, wow, blood will tell! Come along with us, Harry."

"I must shake hands with the youngster, Dick. Glad I changed my mind and came to see him do it."

"All right, see you at Mory's to-night. Tell the boy we're all proud of him."

Seeley resumed his course, saying over and over again, as if he loved the sound of the words, "chip off the old block," "blood will tell."

This verdict was like the ringing call of bugles. It made him feel young, hopeful, resolute, that life was worth having for the sake of its strife. One thing at least was certain. His son could "take his punishment" and wrest victory from disaster, and he deserved something better than a coward and a quitter for a father.

The full-back was sitting on a bench when the elder Seeley entered the crowded, steaming room of the training house. The surgeon had removed the muddy, blood-stained bandage from around his tousled head and was cleansing an ugly, ragged gash. The boy scowled and winced but made no complaint, although his bruised face was very pale.

"Must have made you feel pretty foggy," said the surgeon; "I shall have to put in a few stitches. It was a deuce of a thump."

"I couldn't see very well and my legs went queer for a few minutes, but I'm all right now, thanks," replied the full-back, and then, glancing up, he saw his father standing near the door. The young hero of the game beckoned him with a grimy fist. Henry Seeley went over to him, took the fist in his two hands, and then patted the boy's cheek with awkward and unaccustomed tenderness.

"Sit still, Ernest. I won't interfere with the doctor's job. I just wanted to let you know that I saw your bully work. It made me think of—it made me think of—"

Henry Seeley's voice broke curiously and his lip quivered. He had not meant to show any emotion.

His son replied with a smile of affectionate admiration:

"It made you think of your own teams, didn't it? And I was thinking of you in that last half. It helped my nerve a whole lot to remember that my dad never knew when he was licked. Why, even the coaches told me that between the halves. It put more ginger into me than anything else. We've got to keep up the family record between us."

The father looked beyond the boy as if he were thinking of a bigger, sterner game than football. There was the light of resurrected determination in his eyes, and a vibrant earnestness in his voice as he said:

"I'm not worrying about your keeping the family record bright, Ernest. And, however things may go with me, you will be able to hang fast to the doctrine which helped you to-day, that your father, too, doesn't know when he is whipped."

RALPH D. PAINE

The Story of His Life

(1871–1925)

Ralph D. Paine, who is ranked among the best of our war correspondents and special writers, was born in Lamont, Illinois, August 28, 1871. He was graduated from Yale and took a Master's degree at the University of New Hampshire. After his marriage to Katherine Lansing Morse of New York, he joined the staff of the *Philadelphia Press*.

In this new connection he served as war correspondent during the Spanish-American War, and then a few years later during the Boxer Rebellion in China. It is said that at the time of the invasion of China by the Allies after the Boxer uprising, Mr. Paine taught the Yale Boola Song to the Japanese soldiers, and they sang it as a battle hymn.

When the World War broke out, he again became a correspondent on war news. After the war he was Federal Fuel Administrator, and then later was elected a member of the State Board of Education in New Hampshire. This was at the time the state was changing the system of education and it required much canvassing to get public opinion in favor of the plan. Mr. Paine often told the story of how, after one of the State Grange meetings at which he had spoken in favor of the new system, a competent-looking woman cornered him in the hallway and said: "I have heard you speak at a lot of meetings this year and I get

sick and tired of hearing you say this new Board of Education serves without any salary. Now you know as well as I do that if you were worth anything the state would pay you for it."

Mr. Paine was very fond of his own state of New Hampshire and wrote many articles praising its beauty and its people and the advantages of living in it. One article entitled *New Hampshire, not yet Abandoned* is very interesting.

Mr. Paine died in 1925.

The Type of His Stories

Ralph Paine is outstanding as a writer of juvenile fiction. He wrote many interesting stories of school and college life, adventurous sea stories, and historical sketches. *The Stroke Oar, The Head Coach, The Fugitive Freshman,* and *Sandy Sawyer, Sophomore,* are among his best stories of school life. Interesting sea stories are *The Fighting Fleets, The Old Merchant Marine, Lost Ships and Lonely Seas, Roads of Adventure* and *Blackbeard—Buccaneer.*

The Freshman Full-Back—One of His Representative Stories

The Freshman Full-Back is a character story of the type greatly admired by American boys and girls. The story is staged against a background of college life, in which Ernest Seeley, by grit and courage, wins the game for his team. Yet it is more than a football story for it does not end with the kicking of the goal. We are as much interested in the father as in the son—the discouraged father, a failure in journalism, who determined, however, that if "his son could take his punishment and wrest victory from disaster, he deserved something better than a coward and a quitter for a father."

Other Stories of College Life

Adventures of a Freshman	*J. L. Williams*
The Dub	*Ralph H. Barbour*
The Team	*Lloyd Buchanan*
Tom Brown at Oxford	*Thomas Hughes*
Two College Girls	*H. D. Brown*
Smith College Stories	*Josephine D. Bacon*

THE GRAY CHAMPION

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THERE was once a time [1] when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II, the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of a tyranny: a governor and council holding office from the king, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops [2] that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love [3] which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a parliament, protector, or despotic monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange [4] had ventured on an enterprise the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and in either case, the man that

[1] THERE WAS ONCE A TIME—The scene of this story was laid in the year 1689, at the time of the Boston Insurrection.

[2] MERCENARY TROOPS—Paid soldiers not volunteers.

[3] FILIAL LOVE—Love for mother country.

[4] PRINCE OF ORANGE—William III, the son-in-law of James II.

stirred against King James would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances on their oppressors; while, far and wide, there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councilors, being warm with wine, assembled the redcoats of the governor's guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers than as a muster call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of an encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and somber features of their character perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There were the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause which would have marked a band of original Puritans when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct, since there were men in the street, that day, who had worshiped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart.[5] Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's War,[6] who had

[5] The house of Stuart—The reigning family of England.
[6] King Philip's War—1675-76.

burned villages and slaughtered the young and the old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence, as if there were sanctity in their own garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disburse them. Meantime, the purpose of the governor in disturbing the peace of the town at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield[7] fire in King Street!"

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolic[8] dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers[9] of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the primer.

"We are to be massacred," cried others, "every man and male child!"

Neither was this humor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing that Sir Edmund Andros intended, at once, to strike terror by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

[7] SMITHFIELD—An historic place in London where martyrs were burned at the stake.

[8] APOSTOLIC—Priestly.

[9] JOHN ROGERS—An English martyr, burned at Smithfield.

"Stand firm for the old charter governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks,[10] and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldierlike. Those around him were his councilors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph,[11] our arch enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather[12] calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse, through life and grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people who beheld him, their only countrymen by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the

[10] Matchlocks—An old kind of musket, fired by applying burning tow to the fire-pan.

[11] Edward Randolph—The British collector of taxes.

[12] Cotton Mather—A minister and author, at that time the most important man in Boston.

figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy [13] and persecution, the union of Church and State, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was the picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other the group of despotic rulers, with high-churchmen in their midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the center of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, ren-

[13] PRELACY—The bishops.

dered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.[14]

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop,[15] and all the old councilors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth as their own now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads, in childhood.

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the center of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of the drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.[16]

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and the attitude of command; the solemn,

[14] SIRES—Fathers.
[15] WINTHROP—Early governor of the Puritans.
[16] TRUNCHEON—Staff of authority.

yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battlefield or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The governor, and gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched [17] not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the governor and council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard [18] the same choice that you give all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!" [19]

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a king himself, ere now," replied

[17] BLENCHED—Retreated, drew back.
[18] DOTARD—Old man.
[19] OLD NOLL'S NAME—Oliver Cromwell's name.

the figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed[20] me, to appear once again on earth in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a cruel tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name will be a byword in this very street, where ye would make a word of terror.[21] Back, thou that wast a governor, back! With this night thy power is ended—to-morrow, the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze upon the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset the governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that, when the troops had gone from King Street, and the people

[20] VOUCHSAFED—Granted, conceded.
[21] He is prophesying the dethronement of James II.

were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed that, while they marveled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion[22]? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice, which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard that, whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed,[23] he walked once more in King Street. Five years later,[24] in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long it may be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come; for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

[22] See notes following the story.

[23] WHEN EIGHTY YEARS HAD PASSED—1770 when the Boston Tea Party occurred.

[24] FIVE YEARS LATER—1775 when the Battle of Lexington was fought.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The Story of His Life

(1804–1864)

For most of us Salem means witches and seafaring men and daring privateers. A visit to Salem would give it new meaning, however, for everywhere we would go, we would walk in the footprints of one of the greatest of American writers, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Down a narrow street, in a small gambrel-roofed house almost within the scuds of spray from Salem harbor, he was born July 4, 1804. Six generations of the Hawthornes lived in Salem. One of the judges most active in the convicting of the witches was John Hawthorne, one of Nathaniel's ancestors. Nathaniel's father, a sea captain, died on a voyage when the boy was four years old, and this greatly affected his boyhood. Gloom settled down over his home. His mother, never recovering from the death of his father, became a recluse, refusing even to eat her meals with her children. Nathaniel showed great tenderness for his mother and gave her every consideration. The little boy was very much like his father in personal appearance and as he grew older he developed the same disposition as his father who was a silent, quiet sort of man, very fond of reading.

When Nathaniel was eight or nine years old, the family moved to a lonely part of the Maine woods on the shores of Sebago Lake. Here he spent his time fishing, shooting, swimming, and skating. He became very fond of solitude and the somber shadows of these Maine woods reached far into the years to come.

After a few years in Maine, he went back to Salem, to the tall, gaunt house of his grandfather Manning, to prepare for college. He entered Bowdoin at the age of seventeen. Here he met Henry Longfellow and Franklin Pierce, who later became President of the United States. These friendships continued all through his life.

While in college he made up his mind to be an author. Upon being graduated he returned to Salem, where in 1828 he published *Fanshawe* at his own expense. He was so disappointed at the failure of the book that he destroyed all the copies he could find. For ten years he lived in

his mother's home, like a hermit, seeing almost no one outside the family. He read and wrote, and at night wandered on the lonely shore.

In 1837 he collected a number of short stories he had written and published them under the title of *Twice-Told Tales*. From this time on he became known as a writer and began to emerge into the world of affairs. After his marriage he moved to Concord to live in a house built by Emerson's grandfather. Emerson himself had lived in the "Old Manse" for ten years. Hawthorne was much happier in Concord than he had ever been. Emerson visited him often, and Thoreau taught him to paddle and sold him a boat.

In 1846 he left for Salem to become surveyor of the port of Salem, but he lost this position in 1849 through politics. Perhaps it is well that he lost it, for he now found time to write a novel which is perhaps the most famous of his books, *The Scarlet Letter*.

From Salem he moved to a charming red cottage upon a beautiful slope of the Berkshire Hills near Lennox. Here grew the *Wonder Stories, The House of the Seven Gables,* and *The Blithedale Romance*.

Although the little family was very happy in the hills, the restless spirit of Hawthorne sent him moving again, this time back to Concord. He bought the "Wayside" from Mr. Alcott, father of Louisa Alcott. In 1853 his friend, Franklin Pierce, now President of the United States, appointed Hawthorne United States Consul at Liverpool. After four years in this position, he resigned to travel through France and Italy, and in Italy gathered material for the novel, *The Marble Faun*.

Upon his return to "Wayside" in Concord, he devoted himself to gardening. Shortly after his return, his health began to fail, and he died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 18, 1864, while on a carriage trip with Franklin Pierce.

The Type of His Stories

Hawthorne is usually given credit with Edgar Allan Poe for having defined the form of the short story. He made the story the study of a single, intense situation and thus created a unity of impression. His life and background are reflected in his stories, most of which are somber and gloomy—the result, no doubt, of his solitary boyhood and the loneliness of his youth. From his Puritan ancestors he inherited a strong moral sense and the habit of self-analysis, and when he began writing he developed ideas he had thought about rather than tales he had made up. He preferred romantic material of the supernatural and ideal, yet usually combined with it reality of incident. In most of his stories there is a

moral significance. He was deeply interested in character and in many of his stories reveals the soul of his characters. Some of his best-known stories are *The Ambitious Guest, The Great Stone Face, The Snow Image, Ethan Brand* and *The Birthmark*. His stories possess great beauty—they are like somber paintings on a canvas.

The Gray Champion—One of His Representative Stories

Although Hawthorne's stories fall into two general classes—allegories and historical sketches—it is sometimes difficult to draw a sharp line between the two for it is seldom that one of his stories does not teach a lesson. *The Gray Champion* is a historical sketch of early New England in which Hawthorne shows his feeling for colonial history. Yet it is more than a historical story, for *The Gray Champion* typifies the Spirit of Liberty, which "should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may come again,"—it is a story which strikes at the very heart of our national idealism.

The story is based on a tradition handed down from the time of King Philip's War in which an old man appeared among the panic-stricken villagers during an Indian attack on the village of Hadley, Massachusetts, in 1675 and helped them put the savages to flight. He disappeared as suddenly as he had come and in their wonder, many believed that he had been sent from heaven to deliver them. Hawthorne made *The Gray Champion* appear in 1689, the year when James II was dethroned and William III, Prince of Orange, was made King of England. Like all of his stories it combines a high idealism with extreme reality, and it deals with both the romantic and the commonplace.

Other Stories of National Idealism

The Man Without a Country	*Edward Everett Hale*
American, Sir	*Mary R. S. Andrews*
The Citizen	*James Francis Dwyer*
America and I	*Anzia Yezierska*
Tales of a Grandfather	*Sir Walter Scott*
The Last Fight of the *Revenge*	*Sir Walter Raleigh*
Grandfather's Chair	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*
The Defeat of the Armada	*John R. Green*
The Perfect Tribute	*Mary R. S. Andrews*

THE PURLOINED LETTER

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Nil sapientiæ odiosius acumine nimio.—*Seneca.*[1]

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum,[2] in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book closet, *au troisième,*[3] No. 33 Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain

[1] Nothing is so odious to wisdom as too great shrewdness. Seneca was a Roman philosopher.

[2] Meerschaum—A kind of pipe.

[3] Au troisième—Third floor.

topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt.[4] I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G——'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another one of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled toward him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh, no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have

[4] Affair of the Rue Morgue . . . and the murder of Marie Rogêt— These are references to two mysteries which M. Dupin solved, and to two stories by Poe. You will enjoy reading them.

all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain," said Dupin.

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused: "Oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

"And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Well, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplated puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold were it known that I confided it to anyone."

"Proceed," said I.

"Well, then; I have received personal information from a very high quarter that a certain document of the last [5] importance has been purloined [6] from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the nonappearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber's possession; that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of the personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

[5] LAST—Greatest.
[6] PURLOINED—Stolen.

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—"

"The thief," said G——, "is the Minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming, as well as those becoming, a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*.[7] During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address,[8] however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture[9] enters the Minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition[10] to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length in taking leave he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but of course dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage, who stood at her elbow. The Minister decamped,[11] leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

[7] BOUDOIR—Elegantly furnished room for private use of a lady.

[8] ADDRESS—The letter was written on one side of a piece of paper, which was then folded and sealed. The address was written on the outside, and no envelope used.

[9] JUNCTURE—Critical point.

[10] JUXTAPOSITION—Nearness, closeness.

[11] DECAMPED—Departed speedily.

"Yes," replied the Prefect; "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day of the necessity of reclaiming the letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the Minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G——; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the Minister's *hôtel;* [12] and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* [13] in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the Minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, [14] are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— *hôtel.* My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the Minister, as it unquestionably is, he

[12] HÔTEL—Private residence.
[13] AU FAIT—Competent, expert.
[14] NEAPOLITANS—Italians—natives of Naples.

may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of the intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the Minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads,[15] and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings as a matter of course."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine, long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal

[15] Footpads—Highwaymen who rob on foot.

an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bedposts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* the articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed in a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the *hôtel*, and indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the gluing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets?"

"That, of course; and when we had absolutely completed every article of furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave compara-

tively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book *cover*, with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough research of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the *hôtel*."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh, yes." And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external, appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of the description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a

chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said:

"Well, but G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the Minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the reëxamination, however, as Dupin suggested—but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don't like to say how much precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to anyone who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really—think, G——, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might—do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How?—in what way?"

"Why (puff, puff), you might employ counsel in the matter, eh (puff, puff, puff)? Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?" [16]

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated [17] his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

"'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?'

[16] ABERNETHY—A celebrated and eccentric English surgeon.
[17] INSINUATED—Hinted indirectly.

"'Take!' said Abernethy, 'why, take *advice*, to be sure.'"

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "I am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to anyone who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check book, "you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed the check for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocketbook; then, unlocking an *escritoire*,[18] took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the *Hôtel* D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

[18] Escritoire—Writing-desk.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. The Prefect perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he.

"He and his men consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much —that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass;* but when the cunning of the individual felon[19] is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice,* without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D——, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration *of the application* of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet hole bored in a chair leg—but, at least, in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet hole bored in a chair leg? And do you not see, also, that such *recherché*[20] nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects? For, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner—is, in the

[19] FELON—Criminal.
[20] RECHERCHÉ—Carefully thought up.

very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen,[21] but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the policial[22] eyes, when the reward is of magnitude—the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the Prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect—its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question.

"But I knew the Minister as a courtier, and as a bold *intrigant*.[23] Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as ruses, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. The Minister *could* not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his *hôtel* would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him on acount of its being so very self-evident."

[21] Acumen—Penetration, insight.
[22] Policial—Of the police.
[23] Intrigant—Intriguer.

"Yes," said I, "I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"Have you ever noticed," he continued, "which of the street signs over the shop doors are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state, or empire—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-largely lettered signs and placards in the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the Minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious[24] expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial *hôtel*. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of ennui.[25] He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being alive now—but that is only when nobody sees him.

[24] SAGACIOUS—Wise.
[25] ENNUI—Listlessness.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery [26] filigree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung, dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the Minister himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the upper divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here, the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there, it was small and red, with the ducal [27] arms of the S—— family. Here, the address, to the Minister, was diminutive and feminine; there, the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true,* methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive

[26] TRUMPERY—Insignificant.
[27] DUCAL—Pertaining to a duke.

of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document—these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive[28] situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived—these things, I say, were strongly corroborative[29] of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed*[30] than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, redirected, and resealed. I bade the Minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the *hôtel,* and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a facsimile,[31] so far as regards externals—which I had carefully prepared at my lodg-

[28] Hyper-obtrusive—Excessively conspicuous.
[29] Corroborative—Verifying.
[30] Chafed—Worn, rubbed.
[31] Facsimile—Exact reproduction.

ings—imitating the D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a facsimile? Would it not have been better, at the very first, to have seized it openly and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His *hôtel,* too, is not without attendants devoted to his interest. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the Ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions.[32] In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the Minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction.

"I profess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

"How? Did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why—it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D——, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curi-

[32] Prepossessions—Opinions.

osity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clew. He is well acquainted with my MS,[33] and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words:

——Un dessein si funeste,
S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.[34]

They are to be found in Crébillon's[35] *Atrée."*[36]

[33] MS.—Literally, manuscript; probably means handwriting here.
[34] UN DESSEIN, ETC.—So baleful a design, if not worthy of Atreus is worthy of Thyestes. (The story of the two bloodthirsty brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, may be found in mythology.)
[35] CRÉBILLON—A French poet.
[36] ATRÉE—A tragedy dealing with a murderer who is himself slain.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

(1809–1849)

On January 19, 1809, a baby, Southern by temperament and descent, was born in Boston, Massachusetts. His parents were then attached to a theatrical company, playing at the Federal Street Theater.

Orphaned before he was three years old, the boy, Edgar Poe, was taken into the family of a wealthy Richmond tobacco merchant named Allan. The boy from then on was called Edgar Allan Poe. He was a very handsome and precocious child. He was educated in private schools in this country and in England, and studied for a while under private tutors. He excelled in everything he tried and delighted in the display of his powers. He wrote verses, led in debate, led in athletics, and made a brilliant record in Latin and French. One of the feats of which he was most proud was to swim from Richmond to Warwick, a distance of five or six miles.

His college life was of short duration. He entered the University of Virginia at seventeen, but was taken out the year after by Mr. Allan who refused to continue paying his gambling debts. He was placed in a counting room at Richmond, but finding the work most distasteful, he soon broke away and went to Boston.

After an unsuccessful attempt to make a living by writing, he enlisted in the United States Army, serving for nearly two years in the artillery, where he made a good record and was promoted to be sergeant major. He became reconciled with Mr. Allan, who got him an appointment at West Point. He was dismissed for various breaches of discipline, however, and in 1831, at the age of twenty-two, he again faced life alone.

He had already in 1827 published a collection of poems in Boston; in 1829 another collection in Baltimore. In 1831 in New York he published a revision of his earlier work with the addition of his later poems under the title, *Poems.* The book was not received favorably, and for a number of years Poe had a hard struggle with poverty.

In 1833 he began his career as a short story writer with the publication of *A MS Found in a Bottle,* for which he received a hundred dollar prize. He obtained the position of assistant editor of *The Southern Literary Review,* a monthly review published in Richmond. He married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, whom he idolized, and he soon became known as a poet, short story writer, and critic. Everything seemed bright.

Then he slipped into his old habits of gambling and drinking, and lost his position. The remaining thirteen years of his life are years of opportunities wasted.

From Richmond he went to Philadelphia where his reputation as a writer grew. In 1841 he published the first detective story ever written, *Murders in the Rue Morgue,* and two years later, another story of the same type, *The Gold Bug.*

After six years in Philadelphia, Poe moved to New York, and in 1845 the publication of *The Raven* caused a sensation. This poem has continued in popularity and is perhaps one of the most widely read poems written by any American.

In spite of his brilliant success as a writer, Poe found himself in bitter want and the remainder of his life was one of poverty and struggle. He desired to found a literary magazine in the South and went back to Richmond to start the project. It was never carried through, however, on account of his untimely death in 1849.

From the standpoint of foreign critics, Poe is the most gifted of all the American authors.

The Type of His Stories

Edgar Allan Poe was the first American short story writer. He wrote more than sixty stories, many of which are ranked among the greatest short stories of the world. His stories are brief and original, and the details are cleverly selected and cunningly arranged to work out a single predetermined effect. In subject matter his stories are romantic, dealing with the unusual, the horrible and the supernatural. Like Hawthorne he often invests an impossible story with scientific reality. Among his stories, some of the outstanding ones are *The Gold Bug, The Fall of the House of Usher, The Cask of Amontillado, Masque of the Red Death, Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Pit and the Pendulum.*

The Purloined Letter—One of His Representative Stories

The Purloined Letter is a plot story belonging to the detective story class. Although Poe was probably not the first one to write so-called detective stories, it was certainly he who perfected their form and M. Dupin has been the model for many other detectives, particularly Sherlock Holmes. In this story a valuable letter is stolen and although there is every reason to believe that the guilt can be laid at the door of a certain prominent man, the letter cannot be found in his possession in spite of all attempts to locate it by searching both his person and his apartments. The reader is kept in suspense and his interest increases with each step of the plot. This interest, moreover, is in no way lessened when the letter is found in a most unexpected place, and the process of reasoning by which it is located delights the reader.

Other Detective or Mystery Stories

The Red-Headed League	*A. Conan Doyle*
The Speckled Band	*A. Conan Doyle*
One Hundred in the Dark	*Owen Johnson*
The Gold Bug	*Edgar Allan Poe*
The Murders in the Rue Morgue	*Edgar Allan Poe*
The Mystery of Marie Rogêt	*Edgar Allan Poe*
The Shadow Line	*Joseph Conrad*
Tales of Craig Kennedy	*Arthur B. Reeve*
What Was It? A Mystery	*Fitzjames O'Brien*

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG

MARK TWAIN

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W.* Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leondias W.* Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of his as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the barroom stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W.* Smiley—*Rev. Leondias W.* Smiley—a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me

there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*.[1] To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiousest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitary thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp meeting, he would be

[1] FINESSE—Strategy.

there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any*thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, any way."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his underjaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would

uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bullyrag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he[2] come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had been in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat terriers, and chicken cocks, and tom cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said

[2] He—The dog.

he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one somerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was edercation, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog as modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of that frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it an't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it and looked at it careful, and turned

it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's he good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless. "He's good enough for one thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you an't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wan't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised,

and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—at Dan'l and says again, very deliberate, "Well, *I* don't see no p'ints about that frog that's better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there an't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

(Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.) And turning to me as he moved away, he said, "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the *Rev. Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me, and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and—"

"Oh, hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good day, I departed.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN)

The Story of His Life

(1835–1910)

Samuel Clemens was born in Florida, a little village of about a hundred people, in northwestern Missouri. When he was still a baby, the family moved to Hannibal on the Mississippi where he learned much about the sort of life he depicts in several of his books. At the death of his father, when Samuel was only twelve years old, the boy left school to become a printer, but after eight years of printing, he became a pilot on the Mississippi. It was during his career as pilot that he adopted his pen name, Mark Twain. "By the mark, twain," was the cry used by the man who sounded the depth of the water to tell the pilot it was two fathoms deep.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, navigation on the Mississippi ceased, and Clemens's occupation was gone. In 1861 he went to Nevada as secretary to his brother, who was then secretary of that territory. This brought him in touch with the gold fields of the West, and he caught the mining fever. He found only a very small amount of gold, however, and soon gave up mining in favor of newspaper work. His experiences in the West, however, furnished the basis of some of his most popular stories, such as *The Celebrated Jumping Frog.*

While on a trip to Europe, Egypt and Palestine he wrote a series of letters for a San Francisco paper describing his trip in order to pay expenses. These letters were later published in book form under the name of *Innocents Abroad* and immediately attracted attention.

After his return from this trip be became partner in a publishing house. He had in this connection an experience which recalls one in the life of Sir Walter Scott. Clemens advised his firm to take certain risks in business which resulted in failure. He was sixty at the time of the failure of the house, but by lecturing and writing he succeeded in making good the losses to the firm.

One of Mark Twain's admirers writes, "The thin, agile, mobile figure, with its undulating grace in superficial awkwardness, suggested worlds of humorous sensibility. The subtle, wrinkled face, under its rich shock of hair, first red, then snowy white, had endless possibilities of sympathetic response. It was a face that expressed, repressed, impressed every variety of emotion known to its owner."

During the latter part of his life, he lived in various places in New England. He died in 1910.

The Type of His Stories

Mark Twain is often called "the man who kept the world laughing for a generation." Up to his time the short story had been very serious, and the manner in which he depicted characteristic American humor in his stories, made Mark Twain universally popular. The world was his province. His cosmopolitanism was the result of his many experiences as printer, pilot, soldier, miner, reporter, editor, lecturer, correspondent and publisher. His style is direct and energetic. His stories not only have humor in dialogue, characterization and situation, but abound in local color. Some of his most interesting books are *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court, Puddin' Head Wilson, The Prince and the Pauper, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.*

The Celebrated Jumping Frog—One of His Representative Stories

The Celebrated Jumping Frog is a short story typical of American humor. It is said that Charles Darwin, the great English scientist, always kept this story on a chair by his bedside so that he might turn to it in case of sleeplessness. We do not wonder, for in its utter absurdity, it has no equal. "The spectacle of a man drifting serenely through such a queer yarn without ever smiling was exquisitely absurd," and we are as much amused at the other pets which "This-yer Smiley" owned as we are at the jumping frog, that wouldn't jump.

Other Humorous Stories

My Double and How He Undid Me	*Edward Everett Hale*
Painless Extraction	*Octavus Roy Cohen*
Two Pairs of Shoes	*Joseph C. Lincoln*
The Tenor	*H. C. Bunner*
Goliath	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*
Daughters of Zion	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*
The Third Ingredient	*O. Henry*
Marjorie Daw	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*
A Hamerton Typewriter	*Eliza Orne White*

THE NECKLACE

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

She was one of those pretty and charming girls who, as if by a mistake of destiny, are born in a family of employees. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of becoming known, understood, loved, wedded by any rich and distinguished man; and so she let herself be married to a petty clerk in the Bureau of Public Instruction.

She was simple in her dress because she could not be elaborate, but she was as unhappy as if she had fallen from a higher rank, for with women there is no inherited distinction of higher and lower. Their beauty, their grace, and their natural charm fill the place of birth and family. Natural delicacy, instinctive elegance, a lively wit, are the ruling forces in the social realm, and these make the daughters of the common people the equals of the finest ladies.

She suffered intensely, feeling herself born for all the refinements and luxuries of life. She suffered from the poverty of her home as she looked at the dirty walls, the worn-out chairs, the ugly curtains. All those things of which another woman of her station would have been quite unconscious tortured her and made her indignant. The sight of the country girl who was maid of all work in her humble household filled her almost with desperation. She dreamed of echoing halls hung with Oriental draperies and lighted by tall bronze candelabra, while two tall footmen in knee breeches drowsed in great armchairs by reason of the heating stove's oppressive warmth. She dreamed of splendid parlors furnished in rare old silks, of carved cabinets loaded with priceless bric-a-brac, and of entrancing

little boudoirs just right for afternoon chats with bosom friends—men famous and sought after, the envy and the desire of all the other women.

When she sat down to dinner at a little table covered with a cloth three days old, and looked across at her husband as he uncovered the soup and exclaimed with an air of rapture, "Oh, the delicious stew! I know nothing better than that," she dreamed of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestries which peopled the walls with antique figures and strange birds in fairy forests; she dreamed of delicious viands served in wonderful dishes, of whispered gallantries heard with a sphinx-like smile as you eat the pink flesh of a trout or the wing of a quail.

She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing; and she loved nothing else. She felt made for that alone. She was filled with a desire to please, to be envied, to be bewitching and sought after. She had a rich friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, whom she no longer wished to visit because she suffered so much when she came home. For whole days at a time she wept without ceasing in bitterness and hopeless misery.

Now, one evening her husband came home with a triumphant air, holding in his hand a large envelope.

"There," said he, "there is something for you."

She quickly tore open the paper and drew out a printed card, bearing these words:—

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Rampouneau request the honor of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry, Monday evening, January 18th."

Instead of being overcome with delight, as her husband expected, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

"What do you wish me to do with that?"

"Why, my dear, I thought you would be pleased. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity! I had awful trouble

in getting it. Everyone wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. You will see all the official world."

She looked at him with irritation, and said, impatiently:

"What do you expect me to put on my back if I go?"

He had not thought of that. He stammered:

"Why, the dress you go to the theater in. It seems all right to me."

He stopped, stupefied, distracted, on seeing that his wife was crying. Two great tears descended slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth. He stuttered:

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

By a violent effort she subdued her feelings and replied in a calm voice, as she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no dress and consequently I cannot go to this ball. Give your invitation to some friend whose wife has better clothes than I."

He was in despair, but began again:

"Let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable dress, which you could wear again on future occasions, something very simple?"

She reflected for some seconds, computing the cost, and also wondering what sum she could ask without bringing down upon herself an immediate refusal and an astonished exclamation from the economical clerk.

At last she answered hesitatingly:

"I don't know exactly, but it seems to me that with four hundred francs I could manage."

He turned a trifle pale, for he had been saving just that sum to buy a gun and treat himself to a little hunting trip the following summer, in the country near Nanterre, with a few friends who went there to shoot larks on Sundays.

However, he said:

"Well, I think I can give you four hundred francs. But see that you have a pretty dress."

The day of the ball drew near, and Madame Loisel seemed sad, restless, anxious. Her dress was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What is the matter? Come, now, you've been looking queer these last three days."

And she replied:

"It worries me that I have no jewels, not a single stone, nothing to put on. I shall look wretched enough. I would almost rather not go to this party."

He answered:

"You might wear natural flowers. They are very fashionable this season. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced.

"No; there is nothing more humiliating than to look poor among a lot of rich women."

But her husband cried:

"How stupid you are! Go and find your friend Madame Forestier and ask her to lend you some jewels. You are intimate enough with her for that."

She uttered a cry of joy.

"Of course. I had not thought of that."

The next day she went to her friend's house and told her distress.

Madame Forestier went to her handsome wardrobe, took out a large casket, brought it back, opened it, and said to Madame Loisel:

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first of all some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross of gold set with precious stones of wonderful workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the glass, hesitated, could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

"You have nothing else?"

"Why, yes. But I do not know what will please you."

All at once she discovered, in a black satin box, a splendid

diamond necklace, and her heart began to beat with boundless desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her throat, over her high-necked dress, and stood lost in ecstasy as she looked at herself.

Then she asked, hesitating, full of anxiety:

"Would you lend me that,—only that?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

She sprang upon the neck of her friend, embraced her rapturously, then fled with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel was a success. She was prettier than all the others, elegant, gracious, smiling, and crazy with joy. All the men stared at her, asked her name, tried to be introduced. All the cabinet officials wished to waltz with her. The minister noticed her.

She danced with delight, with passion, intoxicated with pleasure, forgetting all in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of mist of happiness, the result of all this homage, all this admiration, all these awakened desires, this victory so complete and so sweet to the heart of woman.

She left about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been dozing since midnight in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen, whose wives were having a good time.

He threw about her shoulders the wraps which he had brought for her to go out in, the modest wraps of common life, whose poverty contrasted sharply with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wished to escape, that she might not be noticed by the other women who were wrapping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back.

"Wait here, you will catch cold outside. I will find a cab."

But she would not listen to him, and rapidly descended the stairs. When they were at last in the street, they could find no carriage, and began to look for one, hailing the cabmen they saw passing at a distance.

They walked down toward the Seine in despair, shivering with the cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient nocturnal cabs that one sees in Paris only after dark, as if they were ashamed to display their wretchedness during the day.

They were put down at their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly mounted the steps to their apartments. It was all over, for her. And as for him, he reflected that he must be at his office at ten o'clock.

She took off the wraps which covered her shoulders, before the mirror, so as to take a final look at herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace about her neck!

Her husband, already half undressed, inquired:

"What is the matter?"

She turned madly toward him.

"I have—I have—I no longer have Madame Forestier's necklace."

He stood up, distracted.

"What!—how!—it is impossible!"

They looked in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her cloak, in the pockets, everywhere. They could not find a trace of it.

He asked:

"You are sure you still had it when you left the ball?"

"Yes. I felt it on me in the vestibule at the palace."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes. That's probable. Did you take the number?"

"No. And you, you did not notice it?"

"No."

They looked at each other thunderstruck. At last Loisel put on his clothes again.

"I am going back," said he, "over every foot of the way we came, to see if I cannot find it."

So he started. She remained in her ball dress without strength to go to bed, sitting on a chair, with no fire, her mind a blank.

Her husband returned about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to police headquarters, to the newspapers to offer a reward, to the cab companies, everywhere, in short, where a trace of hope led him.

She watched all day, in the same state of blank despair before this frightful disaster.

Loisel returned in the evening with cheeks hollow and pale; he had found nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it repaired. It will give us time to turn around."

She wrote as he dictated.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope.

And Loisel, looking five years older, declared:

"We must consider how to replace the necklace."

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and went to the place of the jeweler whose name they found inside. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, madame, who sold the necklace; I must simply have furnished the casket."

They went from jeweler to jeweler, looking for an ornament like the other, consulting their memories, both sick with grief and anguish.

They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly what they were looking for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six thousand.

So they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days. And they made an arrangement that he should take it back for thirty-four thousand francs if the other were found before the end of February.

Loisel had eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred

of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, made ruinous engagements, dealt with usurers, with all the tribe of money-lenders. He compromised the rest of his life, risked his signature without knowing if he might not be involving his honor, and, terrified by the anguish yet to come, by the black misery about to fall upon him, by the prospect of every physical privation and every mental torture, he went to get the new necklace, and laid down on the dealer's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel took the necklace back to Madame Forestier, the latter said coldly:

"You should have returned it sooner, for I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, to the relief of her friend. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she have taken her friend for a thief?

Madame Loisel now knew the horrible life of the needy. But she took her part heroically. They must pay this frightful debt. She would pay it. They dismissed their maid; they gave up their room; they rented another, under the roof.

She came to know the drudgery of housework, the odious labors of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, staining her rosy nails on the greasy pots and the bottoms of the saucepans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts and the dishcloths, which she hung to dry on a line; she carried the garbage down to the street every morning, and carried up the water, stopping at each landing to rest. And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer's, the grocer's, the butcher's, her basket on her arm, bargaining, abusing, defending sou by sou her miserable money.

Each month they had to pay some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked every evening, neatly footing up the

And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer's, the grocer's, the butcher's, her basket on her arm . . .

account books of some tradesman, and often far into the night he sat copying manuscript at five sous a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything,—everything, with the exactions of usury and the accumulations of compound interest.

Madame Loisel seemed aged now. She had become the woman of impoverished households,—strong and hard and tough. With hair half combed, with skirts awry, and reddened hands, she talked loud as she washed the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window and thought of that evening at the ball so long ago, when she had been so beautiful and so admired.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows, who knows? How strange life is, how changeful! How little a thing is needed for us to be lost or to be saved!

But one Sunday, as she was going for a walk in the Champs Élysées to refresh herself after the labors of the week, all at once she saw a woman walking with a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Madame Loisel was agitated. Should she speak to her? Why, of course. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all. Why not?

She drew near.

"Good morning, Jeanne."

The other, astonished to be addressed so familiarly by this woman of the people, did not recognize her. She stammered:

"But—madame—I do not know you. You must have made a mistake."

"No, I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh! my poor Mathilde, how changed you are!"

"Yes, I have had days hard enough since I saw you, days wretched enough—and all because of you!"

"Me? How so?"

"You remember that necklace of diamonds that you lent me to wear to the ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"How can that be? You returned it to me."

"I returned to you another exactly like it. These ten years we've been paying for it. You know it was not easy for us, who had nothing. At last it is over, and I am very glad."

Madame Forestier was stunned.

"You say that you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?"

"Yes; you did not notice it, then? They were just alike."

And she smiled with a proud and naïve pleasure.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took both her hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth five hundred francs at most."

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

The Story of His Life

(1850–1893)

Guy de Maupassant, one of the foremost of the French masters of the art of the short story, was born at Château de Miromesnil in 1850. He began his career as a clerk in the Navy Department in Paris and also served for a time in the French Army during the Franco-Prussian War.

Having decided upon a literary career he spent a number of years in careful training under the novelist Flaubert, who was his godfather. After years of practice, during which he wrote and destroyed a large number of manuscripts, he published a short story in 1880. After this he continued to cultivate the short story and was very soon recognized as one of the greatest writers of this form of literary composition.

His stories, while masterpieces of technique, are very pessimistic. For years he was the victim of a nervous disorder and perhaps this tragedy in his own life is reflected in his stories. In 1892 he became hopelessly insane and died July 6, 1893.

The Type of His Stories

De Maupassant is a master of the short story. He developed a skill in technique that has never been surpassed. In the rigid school of realism his observation became keen and his style terse, but he developed a pessimism which makes many of his stories unpleasant. He was constantly seeing tragedy in the commonplace. He shows us in most of his stories people who are the victims of circumstance. His attitude toward the characters is impersonal—objectively he watches the show with no sympathy for the characters, no praise nor condemnation for their acts. We feel upon reading his stories that Fate delights in playing jokes upon humanity. Of his two hundred or more stories some of the best known are *The Piece of String*, *A Coward*, *The Hand*, *A Ghost* and *The Two Friends*.

The Necklace—One of His Representative Stories

The Necklace is considered one of the best short stories ever written. It is a model of this form of literary composition in the way in which it combines character, setting and plot. Its colossal crisis and dramatic ending make it a story with which none other can be compared.

The chief interest is in the character of Madame Loisel, a woman enslaved by accident. We are fascinated in seeing how a trivial event like the loss of a necklace can alter the whole course of the life of the character. The story grows slowly on the canvas with dramatic force. The effect is brought about largely by striking contrasts—between the restless, luxury-loving wife and the placid, contented husband; between the vision of life as Madame Loisel dreams it, and the sordid reality of her ten years of slavery; between the worn and aging woman who has finally paid her debt and the charming youthful woman who speaks for Fate, "Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste."

Stories by Other French Writers

A Passion in the Desert	*Honoré de Balzac*
An Episode under the Terror	*Honoré de Balzac*
The Mummy's Foot	*Théophile Gautier*
The Substitute	*François Coppée*
The Last Lesson	*Alphonse Daudet*
The Insurgent	*Ludovic Halévy*
Mateo Falcone	*Prosper Mérimée*

THE ELEPHANT REMEMBERS

EDISON MARSHALL

I

An elephant is old on the day he is born, say the natives of Burma, and no white man is ever quite sure just what they mean. Perhaps they refer to his pink, old-gentleman's skin and his droll, fumbling, old-man ways and his squeaking, treble voice. And maybe they mean he is born with a wisdom such as usually belongs only to age. And it is true that if any animal in the world has had a chance to acquire knowledge it is the elephant, for his breed are the oldest residents of this old world.

They are so old that they don't seem to belong to the twentieth century at all. Their long trunks, their huge shapes, all seem part of the remote past. They are just remnants of a breed that once was great.

Long and long ago, when the world was very young indeed, when the mountains were new, and before the descent of the great glaciers taught the meaning of cold, they were the rulers of the earth, but they have been conquered in the struggle for existence. Their great cousins, the mastodon and the mammoth,[1] are completely gone, and their own tribe can now be numbered by thousands.

But because they have been so long upon the earth, because they have wealth of experience beyond all other creatures, they seem like venerable sages in a world of children. They are

[1] Mastodon and mammoth—Extinct species of animals resembling the elephant.

like the last veterans of an old war, who can remember scenes and faces that all others have forgotten.

Far in a remote section of British India, in a strange, wild province called Burma, Muztagh was born. And although he was born in captivity, the property of a mahout,[2] in his first hour he heard the far-off call of the wild elephants in the jungle.

The Burmans, just like the other people of India, always watch the first hour of a baby's life very closely. They know that always some incident will occur that will point, as a weather-vane points in the wind, to the baby's future. Often they have to call a man versed in magic to interpret, but sometimes the prophecy is quite self-evident. No one knows whether or not it works the same with baby elephants, but certainly this wild, far-carrying call, not to be imitated by any living voice, did seem a token and an omen in the life of Muztagh. And it is a curious fact that the little baby lifted his ears at the sound and rocked back and forth on his pillar legs.

Of all the places in the great world, only a few remain wherein a captive elephant hears the call of his wild brethren at birth. Muztagh's birthplace lies around the corner of the Bay of Bengal, not far from the watershed of the Irrawaddy,[3] almost north of Java. It is strange and wild and dark beyond the power of words to tell. There are great dark forests, unknown, slow-moving rivers, and jungles silent and dark and impenetrable.

Little Muztagh weighed a flat two hundred pounds at birth. But this was not the queerest thing about him. Elephant babies, though usually weighing not more than one hundred and eighty, often touch two hundred. The queerest thing was a peculiarity that probably was completely overlooked by his mother. If she saw it out of her dull eyes, she took no notice of it. It was not definitely discovered until the mahout came out of his hut with a lighted fagot for a first inspection.

[2] Mahout—An elephant driver or keeper.
[3] Irrawaddy—A river of Burma.

The mahout knew elephants from head to tail, and he was very well acquainted with the three grades that compose that breed. The least valuable of all are the Mierga—a light, small-headed, thin-skinned, weak-trunked, and unintelligent variety that are often found in the best elephant herds. They are often born of the most noble parents, and they are as big a problem to elephant men as razorbacks to hog breeders. Then there is a second variety, the Dwasala, that compose the great bulk of the herd—a good, substantial, strong, intelligent grade of elephant. But the Kumiria is the best of all; and when one is born in a captive herd it is a time for rejoicing. He is the perfect elephant—heavy, symmetrical, trustworthy, and fearless—fitted for the pageantry of kings.

The mahout hurried out to the lines, for now he knew that the baby was born. The mother's cries had ceased. The jungle, dark and savage beyond ever the power of man to tame, lay just beyond. He could feel its heavy air, its smells; its silence was an essence. And as he stood, lifting the fagot high, he heard the wild elephants trumpeting from the hills.

He turned his head in amazement. A Burman, and particularly one who chases the wild elephants in their jungles, is intensely superstitious, and for an instant it seemed to him that the wild trumpeting must have some secret meaning, it was so loud and triumphant and prolonged. It was greatly like the far-famed elephant salute—ever one of the mysteries of those most mysterious of animals—that the great creatures utter at certain occasions and times.

"Are you saluting this little one?" he cried. "He is not a wild tusker like you. He is not a wild pig of the jungle. He is born in bonds, such as you will wear too, after the next drive!"

They trumpeted again, as if in scorn of his words. Their great strength was given them to rule the jungle, not to haul logs and pull chains! The man turned back to the lines and lifted higher his light.

Yes—the little elephant in the light glow was of the Kumiria.

Never had there been a more perfect calf. The light of greed sprang again in his eyes. And as he held the fagot nearer so that the beams played in the elephant's eyes and on his coat, the mahout sat down and was still, lest the gods observe his good luck, and, being jealous, turn it into evil.

The coat was not pinky dark, as is usual in baby elephants. It was distinctly light-colored—only a few degrees darker than white.

The man understood at once. In the elephants, as well as in all other breeds, an albino [4] is sometimes born. A perfectly white elephant, up to a few years ago, had never been seen, but on rare occasions elephants are born with light-colored or clouded hides. Such creatures are bought at fabulous prices by the Malay and Siamese princes, to whom a white elephant is the greatest treasure that a king can possess.

Muztagh was a long way from being an albino, yet a tendency in that direction had bleached his hide. And the man knew that on the morrow Dugan Sahib [5] would pay him a lifetime's earnings for the little wabbly calf, whose welcome had been the wild cries of the tuskers in the jungle.

II

Little Muztagh, which means White Mountain in an ancient tongue, did not enjoy his babyhood at all. He was born with the memory of jungle kingdoms, and the life in the elephant lines almost killed him with dullness.

There was never anything to do but nurse of the strong elephant milk and roam about in the *keddah* [6] or along the lines. He had been bought the second day of his life by Dugan Sahib, and the great white heaven-born saw to it that he underwent none of the risks that are the happy fate of most baby elephants.

[4] Albino—A man, animal or plant abnormally white in color.

[5] Sahib—Equivalent to our "Mr." A term of address to a European gentleman.

[6] Keddah—Enclosure, stockade.

His mother was not taken on the elephant drives into the jungles, so he never got a taste of this exciting sport. Mostly she was kept chained in the lines, and every day Langur Dass, the low-caste hillman[1] in Dugan's employ, grubbed grass for her in the valleys. All night long, except the regular four hours of sleep, he would hear her grumble and rumble and mutter discontent that her little son shared with her.

Muztagh's second year was little better. Of course he had reached the age where he could eat such dainties as grass and young sugar cane, but these things could not make up for the fun he was missing in the hills. He would stand long hours watching their purple tops against the skies, and his little dark eyes would glow. He would see the storms break and flash above them, behold the rains lash down through the jungles, and he was always filled with strange longings and desires that he was too young to understand or to follow. He would see the white haze steam up from the labyrinth of wet vines, and he would tingle and scratch for the feel of its wetness on his skin. And often, when the mysterious Burman night came down, it seemed to him that he would go mad. He would hear the wild tuskers trumpeting in the jungles a very long way off, and all the myriad noises of the mysterious night, and at such times even his mother looked at him with wonder.

"Oh, little restless one," Langur Dass would say, "thou and that old cow thy mother and I have one heart between us. We know the burning—we understand, we three!"

It was true that Langur Dass understood more of the ways of the forest people than any other hillman in the encampment. But his caste was low, and he was drunken and careless and lazy beyond words, and the hunters had mostly only scorn for him. They called him Langur after a graybearded breed of monkeys along the slopes of the Himalayas, rather suspecting he was cursed with evil spirits, for why should any sane man have such mad ideas as to the rights of elephants? He never

[1] HILLMAN—A peasant, from the inland hills.

wanted to join in the drives—which was a strange thing indeed for a man raised in the hills. Perhaps he was afraid—but yet they could remember a certain day in the bamboo thickets, when a great wild buffalo had charged their camp, and Langur Dass acted as if fear were something he had never heard of and knew nothing whatever about.

One day they asked him about it. "Tell us, Langur Dass," they asked, mocking the ragged, dejected-looking creature, "if thy name speaks truth, thou art brother to many monkey folk, and who knows the jungle better than thou or they? None but the monkey folk and thou canst talk with my lord the elephant. *Hai!* We have seen thee do it, Langur Dass. How is it that when we go hunting, thou art afraid to come?"

Langur looked at them out of his dull eyes, and evaded their question just as long as he could. "Have you forgotten the tales you heard on your mothers' breasts?" he asked at last. "Elephants are of the jungle. You are of the cooking pots and thatch! How should such fools as ye are understand?"

This was flat heresy[8] from their viewpoint. There is an old legend among the elephant catchers to the effect that at one time men were subject to the elephants.

Yet mostly the elephants that these men knew were patient and contented in their bonds. Mostly they loved their mahouts, gave their strong backs willingly to toil, and were always glad and ready to join in the chase after others of their breed. Only on certain nights of the year, when the tuskers called from the jungles, and the spirit of the wild was abroad, would their love of liberty return to them. But to all this, little Muztagh was distinctly an exception. Even though he had been born in captivity, his desire for liberty was with him just as constantly as his trunk or his ears.

He had no love for the mahout that rode his mother. He took little interest in the little brown boys and girls that played

[8] Heresy—Contradiction, opposite belief.

before his stall. He would stand and look over their heads into the wild, dark heart of the jungle that no man can ever quite understand. And being only a beast, he did not know anything about the caste and prejudices of the men he saw, but he did know that one of them, the low-caste Langur Dass, ragged and dirty and despised, wakened a responsive chord in his lonely heart.

They would have long talks together, that is Langur would talk and Muztagh would mumble. "Little calf, little fat one," the man would say, "can great rocks stop a tree from growing? Shall iron shackles stop a prince from being king? Muztagh—jewel among jewels! Thy heart speaks through those sleepless eyes of thine! Have patience—what thou knowest, who shall take away from thee?"

But most of the mahouts and catchers noticed the rapidity with which the little Muztagh acquired weight and strength. He outweighed, at the age of three, any calf of the season in the encampment by a full two hundred pounds. And of course three in an elephant is no older than three in a human child. He was still just a baby, even if he did have the wild tuskers' love of liberty.

"Shalt thou never lie the day long in the cool mud, little one? Never see a storm break on the hills? Nor feel a warm rain dripping through the branches? Or are these matters part of thee that none may steal?" Langur Dass would ask him, contented to wait a very long time for his answer. "I think already that thou knowest how the tiger steals away at thy shrill note; how thickets feel that crash beneath thy hurrying weight. A little I think thou knowest how the madness comes with the changing seasons. How knowest thou these things? Not as I know them, who have seen—nay, but as a king knows conquering; it's in thy blood! Is a bundle of sugar cane tribute enough for thee, Kumiria? Shall purple trappings please thee? Shall some fat rajah[9] of the plains make a beast of burden of thee? Answer, lord of mighty memories!"

[9] RAJAH—A Hindu king, prince or chief.

And Muztagh answered in his own way, without sound or emphasis, but giving his love to Langur Dass, a love as large as the big elephant heart from which it had sprung. No other man could even win his friendship. The smell of the jungle was on Langur Dass. The mahouts and hunters smelled more or less of civilization and were convinced for their part that the disposition of the little light-colored elephant was beyond redemption.

"He is a born rogue," was their verdict, and they meant by that, a particular kind of elephant, sometimes a young male, more often an old and savage tusker, alone in the jungle—apart from the herd. Solitariness doesn't improve their dispositions, and they were generally expelled from a herd for ill-temper to begin with. "Woe to the fool prince who buys this one!" said the graybeard catchers. "There is murder in his eyes."

But Langur Dass would only look wise when he heard these remarks. He knew elephants. The gleam in the dark eyes of Muztagh was not viciousness, but simply inheritance, a love of the wide wild spaces that left no room for ordinary friendships.

But calf love and mother love bind other animals as well as men, and possibly he might have perfectly fulfilled the plans Dugan had made for him but for a mistake the sahib made in the little calf's ninth year.

He sold Muztagh's mother to an elephant breeder from a distant province. Little Muztagh saw her march away between two tuskers—down the long elephant trail into the valley and the shadow.

"Watch the little one closely to-night," Dugan Sahib said to his mahout. So when they had led him back and forth along the lines, they saw that the ends of his ropes were pegged down tightly. They were horsehair ropes, far beyond the strength of any normal nine-year-old elephant to break. Then they went to the huts and to their women and left him to shift restlessly from foot to foot and think.

Probably he would have been satisfied with thinking, for Muztagh did not know his strength, and thought he was securely tied. The incident that upset the mahout's plans was simply that the wild elephants trumpeted again from the hills.

Muztagh heard the sound, long drawn and strange from the silence of the jungle. He grew motionless. The great ears pricked forward, the whipping tail stood still. It was a call never to be denied. The blood was leaping in his great veins.

He suddenly rocked forward with all his strength. The rope, spun tight, hummed and snapped—very softly indeed. Then he padded in silence out among the huts, and nobody who had not seen him do it would believe how silently an elephant can move when he sees fit.

There was no thick jungle here—just soft grass huts, approaching dark fringe that was the jungle. None of the mahouts was awake to see him. No voice called him back. The grass gave away to bamboo thickets, the smell of the huts to the wild, bewitching perfumes of the jungle.

Then, still in silence, because there are decencies to be observed by animals no less than men, he walked forward with his trunk outstretched into the primordial [10] jungle and was born again.

III

Muztagh's reception was cordial from the very first. The great bulls of the herd stood still and lifted their ears when they heard him grunting up the hill. But he slipped among them and was forgotten at once. They had no dealings with the princes of Malay and Siam, and his light-colored coat meant nothing whatever to them. If they did any thinking about him at all, it was just to wonder why a calf with all the evident marks of a nine-year-old should be so tall and weigh so much.

[10] PRIMORDIAL—Existing from the beginning.

One can fancy that the great old wrinkled tusker that led the herd peered at him now and then out of his little red eyes, and wondered. A herd leader begins to think about future contestants for his place as soon as he acquires the leadership. But *Hai!* This little one would not have his greatest strength for fifteen years.

It was a compact, medium-sized herd—vast males, mothers, old-maid elephants, long-legged and ungainly, young males just learning their strength and proud of it beyond words, and many calves. They ranged all the way in size from the great leader, who stood ten feet and weighed nearly nine thousand pounds, to little two-hundred-and-fifty-pound babies that had been born that season. And before long the entire herd began its cautious advance into the deeper hills.

The first night in the jungle—and Muztagh found it wonderful beyond all dreams. The mist on his skin was the same cool joy he had expected. There were sounds, too, that set his great muscles aquiver. He heard the sound that the bamboos make—the little click-click of the stems in the wind—the soft rustle and stir of many leafy tendrils entwining and touching together, and the whisper of the wind over the jungle grass. And he knew, because it was his heritage, what every single one of these sounds meant.

The herd threaded through the dark jungle, and now they descended into a cool river. A herd of deer—either the dark sambur [11] or black buck—sprang from the misty shore line and leaped away into the bamboos. Farther down, he could hear the grunt of buffalo.

It was simply a caress—the touch of the soft, cool water on his flanks. Then they reared out, like great seagods rising from the deep, and grunted and squealed their way up the banks into the jungle again.

But the smells were the book that he read best; he understood them even better than the sounds of green things growing.

[11] SAMBUR—The elk of the hill-country of India.

Flowers that he could not see hung like bells from the arching branches. Every fern and every seeding grass had its own scent that told sweet tales. The very mud that his four feet sank into emitted scent that told the history of jungle life from the world's beginning. When dawn burst over the eastern hills, he was weary in every muscle of his young body, but much too happy to admit it.

This day was just the first of three thousand joyous days. The jungle, old as the world itself, is ever new. Not even the wisest elephant, who, after all, is king of the jungle, knows what will turn up at the next bend in the elephant trail. It may be a native woodcutter, whose long hair is stirred with fright. It may easily be one of the great breed of bears, large as the American grizzly, that some naturalists believe are to be found in the Siamese and Burman jungles. It may be a herd of wild buffalo, always looking for a fight, or simply some absurd armadillo-like [12] thing, to make him shake his vast sides with mirth.

The herd was never still. They ranged from one mysterious hill to another, to the ranges of the Himalayas and back again. There were no rivers that they did not swim, no jungles that they did not penetrate, no elephant trails that they did not follow, in the whole northeastern corner of British India. And all the time Muztagh's strength grew upon him until it became too vast a thing to measure or control.

Whether or not he kept with the herd was by now a matter of supreme indifference to him. He no longer needed its protection. Except for the men who came with the ropes and guns and shoutings, there was nothing in the jungle for him to fear. He was twenty years old, and he stood nearly eleven feet to the top of his shoulders. He would have broken any scales in the Indian Empire that tried to weigh him.

He had had his share of adventures, yet he knew that life in reality had just begun. The time would come when he would

[12] ARMADILLO—A four-footed animal, armed with a bony shell resembling a coat of mail.

want to fight the great, arrogant bull for the leadership of the herd. He was tired of fighting the young bulls of his own age. He always won, and to an elephant constant winning is almost as dull as constant losing. He was a great deal like a youth of twenty in any breed of any land—light-hearted, self-confident, enjoying every minute of wakefulness between one midnight and another. He loved the jungle smells and the jungle sounds, and he could even tolerate the horrible laughter of the hyenas that sometimes tore to shreds the silence of the grassy plains below.

But India is too thickly populated by human beings for a wild elephant to escape observation entirely. Many natives had caught sight of him, and at last the tales reached a little circle of trackers and hunters in camp on a distant range of hills. They did not work for Dugan Sahib, for Dugan Sahib was dead long since. They were a determined little group, and one night they sat and talked softly over their fire. If Muztagh's ears had been sharp enough to hear their words across the space of hills, he wouldn't have gone to his mud baths with such complacency the next day. But the space between them was fifty miles of sweating jungle, and of course he did not hear.

"You will go, Khusru," said the leader, "for there are none here half so skillful with horsehair rope as you. If you do not come back within twelve months we shall know you have failed."

Of course all of them knew what he meant. If a man failed in the effort to capture a wild elephant by the hair-rope method, he very rarely lived to tell of it.

"In that case," Ahmad Din went on, "there will be a great drive after the monsoon[13] of next year. Picked men will be chosen. No detail will be overlooked. It will cost more, but it will be sure. And our purses will be fat from the selling price of this king of elephants with a white coat!"

[13] Monsoon—Periodical winds, usually bearing rain.

IV

There is no need to follow Khusru on his long pursuit through the elephant trails. He was an able hunter and, after the manner of the elephant trackers, the scared little man followed Muztagh through jungle and river, over hill and into dale, for countless days, and at last, as Muztagh slept, he crept up within a half dozen feet of him. He intended to loop a horsehair rope about his great feet—one of the oldest and most hazardous methods of elephant catching. But Muztagh wakened just in time.

And then a curious thing happened. The native could never entirely believe it, and it was one of his best stories to the day he died. Any other wild tusker would have charged in furious wrath, and there would have been a quick and certain death beneath his great knees. Muztagh started out as if he had intended to charge. He lifted his trunk out of the way—the elephant trunk is for a thousand uses, but fighting is not one of them—and sprang forward. He went just two paces. Then his little eyes caught sight of the brown figure fleeing through the bamboos. And at once the elephant set his great feet to brake himself, and drew to a sliding halt six feet beyond.

He did not know why. He was perfectly aware that this man was an enemy, jealous of his most-loved liberty. He knew perfectly it was the man's intention to put him back into his bonds. He did not feel fear, either—because an elephant's anger is too tremendous an emotion to leave room for any other impulse such as fear. It seemed to him that memories came thronging from long ago, so real and insistent that he could not think of charging.

He remembered his days in the elephant lines. These brown creatures had been his masters then. They had cut his grass for him in the jungle, and brought him bundles of sugar cane. The hill people say that the elephant memory is the greatest single marvel in the jungle, and it was that memory that saved

Khusru then. It wasn't deliberate gratitude for the grass cutting of long ago. It wasn't any particular emotion that he could reach out his trunk and touch. It was simply an impulse—another one of the thousand mysteries that envelop, like a cloud, the mental processes of these largest of forest creatures.

These were the days when he lived apart from the herd. He did it from choice. He liked the silence, the solitary mud baths, the constant watchfulness against danger.

One day a rhino [14] charged him—without warning or reason. This is quite a common thing for a rhino to do. They have the worst tempers in the jungle, and they would just as soon charge a mountain if they didn't like the look of it. Muztagh had awakened the great creature from his sleep, and he came bearing down like a tank over "no man's land."

Muztagh met him squarely, with the full shock of his tusks, and the battle ended promptly. Muztagh's tusk, driven by five tons of might behind it, would have pierced a ship's side, and the rhino limped away to let his hurt grow well and meditate revenge. Thereafter, for a full year, he looked carefully out of his bleary, drunken eyes and chose a smaller objective before he charged.

Month after month Muztagh wended alone through the elephant trails, and now and then rooted up great trees just to try his strength. Sometimes he went silently, and sometimes like an avalanche. He swam alone in the deep holes, and sometimes shut his eyes and stood on the bottom, just keeping the end of his trunk out of the water. One day he was obliged to kneel on the broad back of an alligator who tried to bite off his foot. He drove the long body down into the muddy bottom, and no living creature, except possibly the catfish that burrow in the mud, ever saw it again.

He loved the rains that flashed through the jungles, the swift-climbing dawns in the east, the strange, tense, breathless

[14] Rhino—Rhinoceros.

nights. And at midnight he loved to trumpet to the herd on some far-away hill, and hear, fainter than the death cry of a battle, its answer come back to him. At twenty-five he had reached full maturity; and no more magnificent specimen of the elephant could be found in all of British India. At last he had begun to learn his strength.

Of course he had known for years his mastery over the inanimate things of the world. He knew how easy it was to tear a tree from its roots, to jerk a great tree-limb from its socket. He knew that under most conditions he had nothing to fear from the great tigers, although a fight with a tiger is a painful thing and well to avoid. But he did not know that he had developed a craft and skill that would avail him in battle against the greatest of his own kind. He made the discovery one sunlit day beside the Manipur River.

He was in the mud-bath, grunting and bubbling with content. It was a bath with just room enough for one. And seeing that he was young, and perhaps failing to measure his size, obscured as it was in the mud, a great "rogue" bull came out of the jungle to take the bath for himself.

He was a huge creature—wrinkled and yellow-tusked and scarred from the wounds of a thousand fights. His little red eyes looked out malignantly, and he grunted all the insults the elephant tongue can compass to the youngster that lolled in the bath. He confidently expected that Muztagh would yield at once, because as a rule young twenty-five-year-olds do not care to mix in battle with the scarred and crafty veterans of sixty years. But he did not know Muztagh.

The latter had been enjoying the bath to the limit, and he had no desire whatever to give it up. Something hot and raging seemed to explode in his brain and it was as if a red glare, such as sometimes comes in the sunset, had fallen over all the stretch of river and jungle before his eyes. He squealed once, reared up with one lunge out of the bath—and charged. They met with a shock.

Of all the expressions of power in the animal world, the elephant fight is the most terrible to see. It is as if two mountains rose up from their roots of strata and went to war. It is terrible to hear, too. The jungle had been still before. The river glided softly, the wind was dead, the mid-afternoon silence was over the thickets.

The jungle people were asleep. A thunderstorm would not have broken more quickly, or could not have created a wilder pandemonium. The jungle seemed to shiver with the sound. They squealed and bellowed and trumpeted and grunted and charged. Their tusks clicked like the noise of a giant's game of billiards. The thickets crackled and broke beneath their feet.

It lasted only a moment. It was so easy, after all. In a very few seconds indeed, the old rogue became aware that he had made a very dangerous and disagreeable mistake. There were better mud-baths on the river, anyway.

He had not been able to land a single blow. And his wrath gave way to startled amazement when Muztagh sent home his third. The rogue did not wait for the fourth.

Muztagh chased him into the thickets. But he was too proud to chase a beaten elephant for long. He halted, trumpeting, and swung back to his mud-bath.

But he did not enter the mud again. All at once he remembered the herd and the fights of his calfhood. All at once he knew that his craft and strength and power were beyond that of any elephant in all the jungle. Who was the great, arrogant herd-leader to stand against him? What yellow tusks were to meet his and come away unbroken?

His little eyes grew ever more red as he stood rocking back and forth, his trunk lifted to catch the sounds and smells of the distant jungle. Why should he abide alone when he could be the ruler of the herd and the jungle king? Then he grunted softly and started away down the river. Far away, beyond the mountains and rivers and the villages of the hill folk, the herd of his youth roamed in joyous freedom. He would find them and assert his mastery.

V

The night fire of a little band of elephant-catchers burned fitfully at the edge of the jungle. They were silent men—for they had lived long on the elephant trails—and curiously scarred and somber. They smoked their cheroots[15] and waited for Ahmad Din to speak.

"You have all heard?" he asked at last.

All but one of them nodded. Of course this did not count the most despised one of them all—old Langur Dass—who sat at the very edge of the shadow. His long hair was gray, and his youth had gone where the sun goes at evening. They scarcely addressed a word to him, or he to them. True, he knew the elephants, but was he not possessed of evil spirits? He was always without rupees,[16] too, a creature of the wild that could not seem to understand the gathering of money. As a man, according to the standards of men, he was an abject failure.

"Khusru has failed to catch White-Skin, but he has lived to tell many lies about it. He comes to-night."

It was noticeable that Langur Dass, at the edge of the circle, pricked up his ears.

"Do you mean the white elephant of which the Manipur people tell so many lies?" he asked. "Do you, skilled catchers that you are, believe that such an elephant is still wild in the jungle?"

Ahmad Din scowled. "The Manipur people tell of him, but for once they tell the truth," was the reply. "He is the greatest elephant, the richest prize, in all of Burma. Too many people have seen him to doubt. I add my word to theirs, thou son of immorality!"

Ahmad Din hesitated a moment before he continued. Perhaps it was a mistake to tell of the great, light-colored elephant until this man should have gone away. But what harm could

[15] Cheroots—Small cigars.
[16] Rupee—An East-Indian coin worth about forty-eight cents.

this wanderer do them? All men knew that the jungle had maddened him.

Langur Dass's face lit suddenly. "Then it could be none but Muztagh, escaped from Dugan Sahib fifteen years ago. That calf was also white. He was also overgrown for his years."

One of the trackers suddenly gasped. "Then that is why he spared Khusru!" he cried. "He remembered men."

The others nodded gravely. "They never forget," said Langur Dass.

"You will be silent while I speak," Ahmad Din went on. Langur grew silent as commanded, but his thoughts were flowing backward twenty years, to days at the elephant lines in distant hills. Muztagh was the one living creature that in all his days had loved Langur Dass. The man shut his eyes, and his limbs seemed to relax as if he had lost all interest in the talk. The evil one took hold of him at such times, the people said, letting understanding follow his thoughts back into the purple hills and the far-off spaces of the jungle. But to-night he was only pretending. He meant to hear every word of the talk before he left the circle.

"He tells a mad story, as you know, of the elephant sparing him when he was beneath his feet," Ahmad Din went on; "that part of his story does not matter to us. *Hai!* He might have been frightened enough to say that the sun set at noon. But what matters to us more is that he knows where the herd is—but a day's journey beyond the river. And there is no time to be lost."

His fellows nodded in agreement.

"So to-morrow we will break camp. There can be no mistake this time. There must be no points overlooked. The chase will cost much, but it will return a hundredfold. Khusru says that at last the white one has started back toward his herd, so that all can be taken in the same *keddah*. And the white sahib that holds the license [17] is not to know that White-Coat is in the herd at all."

[17] License—Proof of ownership.

The circle nodded again, and contracted toward the speaker.

"We will hire beaters and drivers, the best that can be found. To-morrow we will take the elephants and go."

Langur Dass pretended to waken. "I have gone hungry many days," he said. "If the drive is on, perhaps you will give your servant a place among the beaters."

The circle turned and stared at him. It was one of the stories of Langur Dass that he never partook in the elephant hunts. Evidently poor living had broken his resolution.

"You shall have your wish, if you know how to keep a closed mouth," Ahmad Din replied. "There are other hunting parties in the hills."

Langur nodded. He was very adept indeed at keeping a closed mouth. It is one of the first lessons of the jungle.

For another long hour they sat and perfected their plans. Then they lay down by the fire together, and sleep dropped over them one by one. At last Langur sat by the fire alone.

"You will watch the flame to-night," Ahmad Din ordered. "We did not feed you to-night for pity on your gray hairs. And remember—a gypsy died in a tiger's claws on this very slope —not six months past."

Langur Dass was left alone with his thoughts. Soon he got up and stole out into the velvet darkness. The mists were over the hills as always.

"Have I followed the tales of your greatness all these years for this?" he muttered. "It is right for pigs with the hearts of pigs to break their backs in labor. But you, my Muztagh! Jewel among elephants! King of the jungle! Thou art of the true breed! Moreover, I am minded that thy heart and mine are one!"

"Thou art born ten thousand years after thy time, my Muztagh," he went on. "Thou art of the breed of masters, not of slaves! Can I not understand? These are not my people—these brown men about the fire. I have not thy strength, Muztagh, or I would be out there with thee! Yet is not the saying that brother shall serve brother?"

He turned slowly back to the circle of the firelight. Then his brown, scrawny fingers clenched.

"Am I to desert my brother in this hour of need? Am I to see these brown pigs put chains around him, in the moment of his power? A king, falling to the place of a slave? Muztagh, we will see what can be done! Muztagh, my king, my pearl, my pink baby, for whom I dug grass in the long ago! Thy Langur Dass is old, and his whole strength is not that of thy trunk, and men look at him as a worm in the grass. But *Hai!* perhaps thou wilt find him an ally not to be despised!"

VI

The night had just fallen, moist and heavy, over the jungle, when Muztagh caught up with his herd. He found them in an open, grassy glade, encircled by hills, and they were all waiting, silent, as he sped down the hills toward them. They had heard him coming a long way. He was not attempting silence. The jungle people had not got out of his way.

The old bull that led the herd, seventy years of age and at the pride of his wisdom and strength, scarred, yellow-tusked, and noble past any elephant patriarch in the jungle, curled up his trunk when he saw him come. He knew very well what would happen. And because no one knows better than the jungle people what a good thing it is to take the offensive in all battles, and because it was fitting his place and dignity, he uttered the challenge himself.

The silence dropped as something from the sky. The little pink calves, who had never seen the herd grow still in this same way before, felt the dawn of the storm that they could not understand, and took shelter beneath their mothers' bellies. But they did not squeal. The silence was too deep for them to dare to break.

It is always an epoch in the life of the herd when a young bull contests for leadership. It is a much more serious thing than in the herds of deer and buffalo. The latter only live a

handful of years, then grow weak and die. A great bull who has attained strength and wisdom enough to obtain the leadership of an elephant herd may often keep it forty years. Kings do not rise and fall half so often as in the kingdoms of Europe. For, as most men know, an elephant is not really old until he has seen a hundred summers come and go. Then he will linger fifty years more, wise and gray and wrinkled and strange and full of memories of a time no man can possibly remember.

Long years had passed since the leader's place had been questioned. The aristocracy of strength is drawn on quite inflexible lines. It would have been simply absurd for an elephant of the Dwasila or Mierga grades to covet the leadership. They had grown old without making the attempt. Only the great Kumiria, the grand dukes in the aristocracy, had ever made the trial at all. And besides, the bull was a better fighter after thirty years of leadership than on the day he had gained the honor.

The herd stood like heroic figures in stone for a long moment—until Muztagh had replied to the challenge. He was so surprised that he couldn't make any sound at all at first. He had expected to do the challenging himself. The fact that the leader had done it shook his self-confidence to some slight degree. Evidently the old leader still felt able to handle any young and arrogant bulls that desired his place.

Then the herd began to shift. The cows drew back with their calves, the bulls surged forward, and slowly they made a hollow ring, not greatly different from the pugilistic ring known to fight-fans. The calves began to squeal, but their mothers silenced them. Very slowly and grandly, with infinite dignity, Muztagh stamped into the circle. His tusks gleamed. His eyes glowed red. And those appraising old bulls in the ring knew that such an elephant had not been born since the time of their grandfathers.

They looked him over from tail to trunk. They marked the symmetrical form, the legs like mighty pillars, the sloping back, the wide-apart, intelligent eyes. His shoulders were an expression of latent might—power to break a tree-trunk at its base;

by the conformity of his muscles he was agile and quick as a tiger. And knowing these things, and recognizing them, and honoring them, devotees of strength that they were, they threw their trunks in the air till they touched their foreheads and blared their full-voiced salute.

They gave it the same instant—as musicians strike the same note at their leader's signal. It was a perfect explosion of sound, a terrible blare, that crashed out through the jungles and wakened every sleeping thing. The dew fell from the trees. A great tawny tiger, lingering in hope of an elephant calf, slipped silently away. The sound rang true and loud to the surrounding hills and echoed and reëchoed softer and softer, until it was just a tiny tremor in the air.

Not only the jungle folk marveled at the sound. At an encampment three miles distant Ahmad Din and his men heard the wild call, and looked with wondering eyes upon each other. Then out of the silence spoke Langur Dass.

"My lord Muztagh has come back to his herd—that is his salute," he said.

Ahmad Din looked darkly about the circle. "And how long shall he stay?" he asked.

The trap was almost ready. The hour to strike had come.

Meanwhile the grand old leader stamped into the circle, seeming unconscious of the eyes upon him, battle-scarred and old. Even if this fight were his last, he meant to preserve his dignity.

Again the salute sounded—shattering out like a thunderclap over the jungle. Then challenger and challenged closed.

At first the watchers were silent. Then as the battle grew ever fiercer and more terrible, they began to grunt and squeal, surging back and forth, stamping the earth and crashing the underbrush. All the jungle-folk for miles around knew what was occurring. And Ahmad Din wished his *keddah* were completed, for never could there be a better opportunity to surround the herd than at the present moment, when they had forgotten all things except the battling monsters in the center of the ring.

The two bulls were quite evenly matched. The patriarch knew more of fighting, had learned more wiles, but he had neither the strength nor the agility of Muztagh. The late twilight deepened into the intense dark, and the stars of midnight rose above the eastern hills.

All at once Muztagh went to his knees. But as might a tiger, he sprang aside in time to avoid a terrible tusk blow to his shoulder. And his counter-blow, a lashing out with the head, shattered the great leader to the earth. The elephants bounded forward, but the old leader had a trick left in his trunk. As Muztagh bore down upon him he reared up beneath, and almost turned the tables. Only the youngster's superior strength saved him from immediate defeat.

But as the night drew to morning, the bulls began to see that the tide of the battle had turned. Youth was conquering—too mighty and agile to resist. The rushes of the patriarch were ever weaker. He still could inflict punishment, and the hides of both of them were terrible to see, but he was no longer able to take advantage of his openings. Then Muztagh did a thing that reassured the old bulls as to his craft and wisdom. Just as a pugilist will invite a blow to draw his opponent within range, Muztagh pretended to leave his great shoulders exposed. The old bull failed to see the plot. He bore down, and Muztagh was ready with flashing tusk.

What happened thereafter occurred too quickly for the eyes of the elephants to follow. They saw the great bull go down and Muztagh stand lunging above him. And the battle was over.

The great leader, seriously hurt, backed away into the shadowed jungle. His trunk was lowered in token of defeat.

Then the ring was empty except for a great red-eyed elephant, whose hide was no longer white, standing blaring triumph to the stars.

Three times the elephant salute crashed out into the jungle silence—the full-voiced salaam [18] to a new king. Muztagh had come into his birthright.

[18] SALAAM—A form of salutation.

VII

The *keddah* was built at last. It was a strong stockade, opening with great wings spreading out one hundred yards, and equipped with the great gate that lowered like a portcullis[19] at the funnel end of the wings. The herd had been surrounded by the drivers and beaters, and slowly they had been driven, for long days, toward the *keddah* mouth. They had guns loaded with blank cartridges, and firebrands ready to light. At a given signal they would close down quickly about the herd, and stampede it into the yawning mouth of the stockade.

No detail had been overlooked. No expense had been spared. The profit was assured in advance, not only from the matchless Muztagh, but from the herd as well. The king of the jungle, free now as the winds or the waters, was about to go back to his chains. These had been such days! He had led the herd through the hills, and had known the rapture of living as never before. It had been his work to clear the trail of all dangers for the herd. It was his pride to find them the coolest watering places, the greenest hills. One night a tiger had tried to kill a calf that had wandered from its mother's side. Muztagh lifted his trunk high and charged down with great, driving strides—four tons and over of majestic wrath. The tiger leaped to meet him, but the elephant was ready. He had met tigers before. He avoided the terrible stroke of outstretched claws, and his tusks lashed to one side as the tiger was in midspring. Then he lunged out, and the great knees descended slowly, as a hydraulic press descends on yellow apples. And soon after that the kites[20] were dropping out of the sky for a feast.

His word was law in the herd. And slowly he began to overcome the doubt that the great bulls had of him—doubt of his youth and experience. If he had had three months more of leadership, their trust would have been absolute. But in the

[19] Portcullis—A grating hung over the doorway of a fortified place and capable of being let down to defend the gate.

[20] Kites—Birds of prey.

meantime, the slow herding toward the *keddah* had begun.

"We will need brave men to stand at the end of the wings of the *keddah,*" said Ahmad Din. He spoke no less than truth. The man who stands at the end of the wings, or wide-stretching gates, of the *keddah* is of course in the greatest danger of being charged and killed. The herd, mad with fright, is only slightly less afraid of the spreading wings of the stockade than of the yelling, whooping beaters behind. Often they will try to break through the circle rather than enter the wings.

"For two rupees additional I will hold one of the wings," replied old Langur Dass. Ahmad Din glanced at him—at his hard, bright eyes and determined face. Then he peered hard, and tried in vain to read the thoughts behind the eyes. "You are a madman, Langur Dass," he said wonderingly. "But thou shalt lie behind the right-wing men to pass them torches. I have spoken."

"And the two extra rupees?" Langur asked cunningly.

"Maybe." One does not throw away rupees in Upper Burma.

With the hour the signal of *"Maîl, maîl!"* (Go on, go on!) was given, and the final laps of the drive began.

The hills grew full of sound. The beaters sprang up with firebrand and rifle, and closed swiftly about the herd. The animals moved slowly at first. The time was not quite ripe to throw them into a panic. Many times the herd would leave their trail and start to dip into a valley or a creek-bed, but always there was a new crowd of beaters to block their path. But presently the beaters closed in on them. Then the animals began a wild descent squarely toward the mouth of the *keddah.*

"Hai!" the wild men cried. "Oh, you forest pigs! On, on! Block the way through that valley, you brainless sons of jackals! Are you afraid? *Ai!* Stand close! Watch, Puran! Guard your post, Khusru! Now on, on—do not let them halt! *Arre! Aihai!"*

Firebrands waved, rifles cracked, the wild shout of beaters increased in volume. The men closed in, driving the beasts before them.

But there was one man that did not raise his voice. Through all the turmoil and pandemonium [21] he crouched at the end of the stockade wing, tense and silent and alone. To one that could have looked into his eyes, it would have seemed that his thoughts were far and far away. It was just old Langur Dass, named for a monkey and despised of men.

He was waiting for the instant that the herd would come thundering down the hill, in order to pass lighted firebrands to the bold men who held that corner. He was not certain that he could do the thing he had set out to do. Perhaps the herd would sweep past him, through the gates. If he did win, he would have to face alone the screaming, infuriated hill men, whose knives were always ready to draw. But knives did not matter now. Langur Dass had only his own faith and his own creed, and no fear could make him betray them.

Muztagh had lost control of his herd. At their head ran the old leader that he had worsted. In their hour of fear they had turned back to him. What did this youngster know of elephant-drives? Ever the waving firebrands drew nearer, the beaters lessened their circle, the avenues of escape became more narrow. The yawning arms of the stockade stretched just beyond.

"Will I win, jungle gods?" a little gray man at the *keddah* wing was whispering to the forests. "Will I save you, great one that I knew in babyhood? Will you go down into the chains before the night is done? *Ai!* I hear the thunder of your feet! The moment is almost here. And now—your last chance, Muztagh!"

"Close down, close down!" Ahmad Din was shouting to his beaters. "The thing is done in another moment. Hasten, pigs of the hills! Raise your voice! Now! *Aihai!*"

The herd was at the very wings of the stockade. They had halted an instant, milling, [22] and the beaters increased their shouts. Only one of all the herd seemed to know the danger—

[21] Pandemonium—General disorder.
[22] Milling—Swaying or grinding back and forth.

Muztagh himself, and he dropped from the front rank to the very rear. He stood with uplifted trunk, facing the approaching rows of beaters. And there seemed to be no break in the whole line.

The herd started to move on, into the wings of captivity; and they did not heed his warning squeals to turn. The circle of fire drew nearer. Then his trunk seemed to droop, and he turned, too. He could not break the line. He turned, too, toward the mouth of the *keddah*.

But even as he turned, a brown figure darted toward him from the end of the wing. A voice known long ago was calling to him—a voice that penetrated high and clear above the babble of the beaters. "Muztagh!" it was crying, "Muztagh!"

But it was not the words that turned Muztagh. An elephant cannot understand words, except a few elemental sounds such as a horse or dog can learn. Rather it was the smell of the man, remembered from long ago, and the sound of his voice, never quite forgotten. For an elephant never forgets.

"Muztagh! Muztagh!"

The elephant knew him now. He remembered his one friend among all the human beings that he knew in his calfhood; the one mortal from whom he had received love and given love in exchange.

"More firebrands!" yelled the men who held that corner of the wing. "Firebrands! Where is Langur Dass?" But instead of firebrands that would have frightened beast and aided men, Langur Dass stepped out from behind a tree, and beat at the heads of the right-wing guards with a bamboo cane that whistled and whacked and scattered them into a panic—yelling all the while—"Muztagh! O my Muztagh! Here is an opening! Muztagh, come!"

And Muztagh did come—trumpeting—crashing like an avalanche, with Langur Dass hard after him, afraid, now that he had done the trick. And hot on the trail of Langur Dass ran Ahmad Din, with his knife drawn, not meaning to let that prize be lost to him at less than the cost of the trickster's life.

But it was not written that the knife should ever enter the flesh of Langur Dass. The elephant never forgets, and Muztagh was monarch of his breed. He turned back two paces, and struck with his trunk. Ahmad Din was knocked aside as the wind whips straw.

For an instant elephant and man stood front to front. To the left of them the gates of the stockade dropped shut behind the herd. The elephant stood with trunk slightly lifted, for the moment motionless. The long-haired man who had saved him stood lifting upstretched arms.

It was such a scene as one might remember in an old legend, wherein beasts and men were brothers, or such as sometimes might steal, like something remembered from another age, into a man's dreams. Nowhere but in India, where men have a little knowledge of the mystery of the elephant, could it have taken place at all.

For Langur Das was speaking to my lord the elephant:

"Take me with thee, Muztagh! Monarch of the hills! Thou and I are not of the world of men, but of the jungle and the rain, the silence, and the cold touch of rivers. We are brothers, Muztagh. O beloved, wilt thou leave me here to die!"

The elephant slowly turned his head and looked scornfully at the group of beaters bearing down on Langur Dass, murder shining no less from their knives than from their lighted eyes.

"Take me," the old man pleaded; "thy herd is gone."

The elephant seemed to know what he was asking. He had lifted him to his great shoulders many times, in the last days of his captivity. And besides, his old love for Langur Dass had never been forgotten. It all returned, full and strong as ever. For an elephant never can forget.

It was not one of the man-herd that stood pleading before him. It was one of his own jungle people, just as, deep in his heart, he had always known. So with one motion light as air, he swung him gently to his shoulder.

The jungle, vast and mysterious and still, closed its gates behind them.

EDISON MARSHALL

The Story of His Life

(1894——)

Edison Marshall, a present-day author and magazine writer, was born in Rensselaer, Indiana, August 28, 1894. He was educated at the University of Oregon and in 1913, while still in college, he wrote his first short story. Since January, 1925, he has devoted his entire time to writing fiction and is a contributor to the *American Magazine, Everybody's* and *The Saturday Evening Post.* At the present time he lives in Augusta, Georgia.

The Type of His Stories

The best known of Edison Marshall's stories are those in which he portrays animal life. In the animal story, animals, not men, furnish the chief interest, and to write such stories naturally demands a close knowledge of the ways of animals. To obtain this intimate knowledge of the life of the wild, Edison Marshall spends three months each year in the wilderness studying animal life. Some of his stories are *The Voice of the Pack, The Snowshoe Trail,* and *The Strength of the Pines.*

The Elephant Remembers—One of His Representative Stories

The Elephant Remembers is an animal story, the scene of which is laid in India. It has all the atmosphere of India and we are transported to a strange land inhabited by people whose ways of life are entirely different from ours. The despised old Langur Dass, friend of the elephants, makes Muztagh, king of the jungle, almost into a human being. He loves the elephant and does not wish to see him taken into captivity. Yet we do not understand how this old man, frail and weak and alone as he is, will be able to save "the white one" in the wild stampede towards the *keddah.* We are in suspense until the very end of the story when the elephant recognizes his friend, swings him from the ground and both disappear into the jungle. Langur Dass well knew that "an elephant never can forget."

Other Animal Stories

Moti Guj—Mutineer	*Rudyard Kipling*
Gulliver the Great	*Walter A. Dyer*
A Passion in the Desert	*Honoré Balzac*
Stickeen	*John Muir*
Rikki-tikki-tavi	*Rudyard Kipling*
Lobo, the King of Currumpaw	*E. Thompson Seton*

MARKHEIM

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

"Yes," said the dealer, "our windfalls[1] are of various kinds. Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch a dividend on my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest," and here he held up the candle, so that the light fell strongly on his visitor, "and in that case," he continued, "I profit by my virtue."

Markheim had but just entered from the daylight streets, and his eyes had not yet grown familiar with the mingled shine and darkness in the shop. At these pointed words, and before the near presence of the flame, he blinked painfully and looked aside.

The dealer chuckled. "You come to me on Christmas Day," he resumed, "when you know that I am alone in my house, put up my shutters, and make a point of refusing business. Well, you will have to pay for that; you will have to pay for my loss of time, when I should be balancing my books; you will have to pay, besides, for a kind of manner that I remark in you to-day very strongly. I am the essence of discretion, and ask no awkward question; but when a customer cannot look me in the eye, he has to pay for it." The dealer once more chuckled; and then, changing to his usual business voice, though still with a note of irony, "You can give, as usual, a clear account of how you came into the possession of the object?"[2] he continued. "Still your uncle's cabinet? A remarkable collector, sir!"

[1] Windfalls—Unexpected profits or good fortune.

[2] Markheim has evidently visited the shop before. The reference to the uncle is a blind, a pretended explanation. Markheim's "uncle" doesn't exist.

And the little pale, round-shouldered dealer stood almost on tiptoe, looking over the top of his gold spectacles, and nodding his head with every mark of disbelief. Markheim returned his gaze with one of infinite pity, and a touch of terror.

"This time," said he, "you are in error. I have not come to sell, but to buy. I have no curios to dispose of; my uncle's cabinet is bare to the wainscot;[3] even were it still intact, I have done well on the Stock Exchange, and should more likely add to it than otherwise, and my errand to-day is simplicity itself. I seek a Christmas present for a lady," he continued, waxing more fluent as he struck into the speech he had prepared; "and certainly I owe you every excuse for thus disturbing you upon so small a matter. But the thing was neglected yesterday; I must produce my little compliment[4] at dinner; and, as you very well know, a rich marriage is not a thing to be neglected."

There followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the curious lumber[5] of the shop, and the faint rushing of the cabs in a near thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence.

"Well, sir," said the dealer, "be it so. You are an old customer after all; and if, as you say, you have the chance of a good marriage, far be it from me to be an obstacle. Here is a nice thing for a lady now," he went on, "this hand glass—fifteenth century, warranted; comes from a good collection, too; but I reserve the name, in the interests of my customer, who was just like yourself, my dear sir, the nephew and sole heir of a remarkable collector."

The dealer, while he thus ran on in his dry and biting voice, had stooped to take the object from its place; and, as he had done so, a shock had passed through Markheim, a start both of hand and foot, a sudden leap of many tumultuous passions to the face. It passed as swiftly as it came, and left no trace beyond

[3] BARE TO THE WAINSCOT—Bare to the boards. Wainscot being used by the English to mean any fine grained wood used in cabinet making.

[4] COMPLIMENT—Gift.

[5] CURIOUS LUMBER—Old merchandise.

a certain trembling of the hand that now received the glass.

"A glass," he said hoarsely, and then paused, and repeated it more clearly. "A glass? For Christmas? Surely not!"

"And why not?" cried the dealer. "Why not a glass?"

Markheim was looking upon him with an indefinable expression. "You ask me why not?" he said. "Why, look here—look in it—look at yourself! Do you like to see it? No! nor I—nor any man."

The little man had jumped back when Markheim had so suddenly confronted him with the mirror; but now, perceiving there was nothing worse on hand, he chuckled. "Your future lady, sir, must be pretty hard favored," said he.

"I ask you," said Markheim, "for a Christmas present, and you give me this—this damned reminder of years, and sins and follies—this hand-conscience! Did you mean it? Had you a thought in your mind? Tell me. It will be better for you if you do. Come, tell me about yourself. I hazard a guess now, that you are in secret a very charitable man?"

The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was very odd, Markheim did not appear to be laughing; there was something in his face like an eager sparkle of hope, but nothing of mirth.

"What are you driving at?" the dealer asked.

"Not charitable?" returned the other, gloomily. "Not charitable; not pious; not scrupulous; unloving, unbeloved; a hand to get money, a safe to keep it. Is that all? Dear God, man, is that all?"

"I will tell you what it is," began the dealer, with some sharpness, and then broke off again into a chuckle. "But I see this is a love match of yours, and you have been drinking the lady's health."

"Ah!" cried Markheim, with a strange curiosity. "Ah, have you been in love? Tell me about that."

"I," cried the dealer. "I in love! I never had the time, nor have I the time to-day for all this nonsense. Either make your purchase, or walk out of my shop."

"True, true," said Markheim. "Enough fooling. To business. Show me something else."

The dealer stooped once more, this time to replace the glass upon the shelf, his thin blond hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim moved a little nearer, with one hand in the pocket of his greatcoat; he drew himself up and filled his lungs; at the same time many different emotions were depicted together on his face—terror, horror, and resolve, fascination and a physical repulsion; and through a haggard lift of his upper lip, his teeth looked out.

"This, perhaps, may suit," observed the dealer; and then, as he began to re-arise, Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long, skewerlike dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.

Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him awfully. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught; and by that inconsiderable movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea; the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that leaguer of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

From these fear-stricken rovings, Markheim's eyes returned to the body of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strangely meaner than in life. In these poor, miserly clothes, in that ungainly attitude, the dealer lay like so much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and,

lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomotion—there it must lie till it was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry that would ring over England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice—one deep as the bell from the cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz—the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.

The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir himself, going to and fro with the candle, beleaguered[6] by moving shadows, and startled to the soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home designs, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated and repeated, as it were an army of spies; his own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the surrounding quiet. And still as he continued to fill his pockets, his mind accused him, with a sickening iteration,[7] of the thousand faults of his design. He should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have prepared an alibi; he should not have used a knife; he should have been more cautious, and only bound and gagged the dealer and not killed him; he should have been more bold, and killed the servant also; he should have done all things otherwise; poignant[8] regrets, weary, incessant toiling of the mind to change what was unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be the architect of the irrevocable past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like the scurrying of rats in a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his

[6] Beleaguered—Besieged.
[7] Iteration—Repetition.
[8] Poignant—Piercing, painful.

brain with riot; the hand of the constable would fall heavy on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish; or he beheld, in galloping defile, the dock,[9] the prison, the gallows, and the black coffin.

Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. It was impossible, he thought, but that some rumor of the struggle must have reached their ears and set on edge their curiosity. Sometimes it seemed to him he could not move too softly; the clink of the tall Bohemian goblets rang out loudly like a bell; and alarmed by the bigness of the ticking, he was tempted to stop the clocks. And then, again, with a swift transition of his terrors, the very silence of the place appeared a source of peril, and a thing to strike and freeze the passer-by; and he would step more boldly, and bustle aloud among the contents of the shop, and imitate, with elaborate bravado,[10] the movements of a busy man at ease in his own house.

But he was now so pulled about by the different alarms that, while one portion of his mind was still alert and cunning, another trembled on the brink of lunacy. One hallucination[11] in particular took a strong hold on his credulity. The neighbor hearkening[12] with white face beside his window, the passer-by arrested by a horrible surmise on the pavement—these could at worst suspect, they could not know; through the brick walls and shuttered windows only sounds could penetrate. But here within the house, was he alone? He knew he was; he had watched the servant set forth sweethearting, in her poor best, "out for the day" written in every ribbon and smile. Yes, he was alone, of course; and yet, in the bulk of empty house above him, he could surely hear a stir of delicate footing—he was surely conscious, inexplicably[13] conscious of some presence.

[9] Dock—The place where a prisoner stands to be tried.
[10] Bravado—Defiance.
[11] Hallucination—Delusion.
[12] Hearkening—Listening.
[13] Inexplicably—Uuexplainably.

Ay, surely; to every room and corner of the house his imagination followed it; and now it was a faceless thing, and yet had eyes to see with; and again it was a shadow of himself; and yet again behold the image of the dead dealer, reinspired with cunning and hatred.

At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at the open door which still seemed to repel his eyes. The house was tall, the skylight small and dirty, the day blind with fog; and the light that filtered down to the ground story was exceedingly faint, and showed dimly on the threshold of the shop. And yet, in that strip of doubtful brightness, did there not hang wavering a shadow?

Suddenly, from the street outside, a very jovial gentleman began to beat with a staff on the shop-door, accompanying his blows with shouts and railleries[14] in which the dealer was continually called upon by name. Markheim, smitten into ice glanced at the dead man. But no! he lay quite still; he was fled away far beyond earshot of these blows and shoutings; he was sunk beneath seas of silence; and his name, which would once have caught his notice above the howling of a storm, had become an empty sound. And presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed.

Here was a broad hint to hurry what remained to be done, to get forth from this accusing neighborhood, to plunge into a bath of London multitudes, and to reach, in the other side of day,[15] that haven of safety and apparent innocence—his bed. One visitor had come: at any moment another might follow and be more obstinate. To have done the deed, and yet not to reap the profit, would be too abhorrent a failure. The money, that was now Markheim's concern; and as a means to that, the keys.

He glanced over his shoulder at the open door, where the shadow was still lingering and shivering; and with no conscious

[14] Railleries—Banter, jests.
[15] Other side of the day—Night.

repugnance of the mind, yet with a tremor of the belly, he drew near the body of his victim. The human character had quite departed. Like a suit half-stuffed with bran, the limbs lay scattered, the trunk doubled, on the floor; and yet the thing repelled him. Although so dingy and inconsiderable to the eye, he feared it might have more significance to the touch. He took the body by the shoulders, and turned it on its back. It was strangely light and supple, and the limbs, as if they had been broken, fell into the oddest postures. The face was robbed of all expression; but it was as pale as wax, and shockingly smeared with blood about one temple. So little a while ago that face had moved with every change of sentiment, that pale mouth had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable energies; and now, and by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist,[16] with interjected finger, arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no more remorseful consciousness. At best, he felt a gleam of pity for one who had been endowed in vain with all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment, one who had never lived and who was now dead. But of penitence, no, not a tremor.

With that, shaking himself clear of these considerations, he found the keys and advanced towards the open door of the shop. Outside, it had begun to rain smartly; and the sound of the shower upon the roof had banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were haunted by an incessant echoing, which filled the ear and mingled with the ticking of the clocks. And, as Markheim approached the door, he seemed to hear, in answer to his own cautious tread, the steps of another foot withdrawing up the stair. The shadow still palpitated loosely on the threshold. He threw a ton's weight of resolve upon his muscles, and drew back the door.

The faint, foggy daylight glimmered dimly on the bare floor

[16] Horologist—Clockmaker, repairer.

and stairs; on the bright suit of armor posted, halbert [17] in hand, upon the landing; and on the dark wood-carvings, and framed pictures that hung against the yellow panels of the wainscot. So loud was the beating of the rain through all the house that, in Markheim's ears, it began to be distinguished into many different sounds. Footsteps and sighs, the tread of regiments marching in the distance, the chink of money in the counting, and the creaking of doors held stealthily ajar, appeared to mingle with the patter of the drops upon the cupola and the gushing of the water in the pipes. The sense that he was not alone grew upon him to the verge of madness. On every side he was haunted and begirt [18] by presences. He heard them moving in the upper chambers; from the shop, he heard the dead man getting to his legs; and as he began with a great effort to mount the stairs, feet fled quietly before him and followed stealthily behind. If he were but deaf, he thought, how tranquilly he would possess his soul! And then again, and hearkening with ever fresh attention, he blessed himself for that unresting sense which held the outposts and stood a trusty sentinel upon his life. His head turned continually on his neck; his eyes, which seemed starting from their orbits, scouted on every side, and on every side were half-rewarded as with the tail of something nameless vanishing. The four-and-twenty steps to the first floor were four-and-twenty agonies.

On that first story, the doors stood apart, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. He could never again, he felt, be sufficiently immured [19] and fortified from men's observing eyes; he longed to be home, girt in by walls, buried among bedclothes, and invisible to all but God. About God himself he was at ease; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.

[17] Halbert—A medieval weapon.
[18] Begirt—Surrounded.
[19] Immured—Concealed against.

When he had got safe into the drawing-room, and shut the door behind him, he was aware of a respite from alarms. The room was quite dismantled, uncarpeted besides, and strewn with packing cases and incongruous furniture; several great pier-glasses, in which he beheld himself at various angles, like an actor on a stage; many pictures, framed and unframed, standing, with their faces to the wall; a fine Sheraton sideboard, a cabinet of marquetry,[20] and a great old bed, with tapestry hangings. The windows opened to the floor; but by great good fortune the lower part of the shutters had been closed, and this concealed him from the neighbors. Here, then, Markheim drew in a packing case before the cabinet, and began to search among the keys. It was a long business, for there were many; and it was irksome, besides; for, after all, there might be nothing in the cabinet, and time was on the wing. But the closeness of the occupation sobered him. With the tail of his eye he saw the door—even glanced at it from time to time directly, like a besieged commander pleased to verify the good estate of his defences. But in truth he was at peace. The rain falling in the street sounded natural and pleasant. Presently, on the other side, the notes of a piano were wakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the air and words. How stately, how comfortable was the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it smilingly, as he sorted out the keys.

And as he sat thus, at once busy and absent, he was startled to his feet. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, a bursting gush of blood, went over him, and then he stood transfixed and thrilling. A step mounted the stair slowly and steadily, and presently a hand was laid upon the knob, and the lock clicked, and the door opened.

Fear held Markheim in a vice. What to expect he knew not, whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers of human justice, or some chance witness blindly stumbling in to

[20] MARQUETRY—Inlaid work.

consign him to the gallows. But when a face was thrust into the aperture,[21] glanced round the room, looked at him, nodded and smiled as if in friendly recognition, and then withdrew again, and the door closed behind it, his fear broke loose from his control in a hoarse cry. At the sound of this the visitant returned.

"Did you call me?" he asked, pleasantly, and with that he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes. Perhaps there was a film upon his sight, but the outlines of the newcomer seemed to change and waver like those of the idols in the wavering candle-light of the shop; and at times he thought he knew him; and at times he thought he bore a likeness to himself; and always, like a lump of living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God.

And yet the creature had a strange air of the commonplace, as he stood looking on Markheim with a smile; and when he added: "You are looking for the money, I believe?" it was in the tones of everyday politeness.

Markheim made no answer.

"I should warn you," resumed the other, "that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual and will soon be here. If Mr. Markheim be found in this house, I need not describe to him the consequences."

"You know me?" cried the murderer.

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favorite of mine," he said; "and I have long observed and often sought to help you."

"What are you?" cried Markheim: "the devil?"

"What I may be," returned the other, "cannot affect the service I propose to render you."

"It can," cried Markheim, "it does! Be helped by you? No, never; not by you! You do not know me yet; thank God, you do not know me!"

[21] APERTURE—Opening.

"I know you," replied the visitant, with a sort of kind severity or rather firmness. "I know you to the soul."

"Know me!" cried Markheim. "Who can do so? My life is but a travesty [22] and slander on myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men do; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each dragged away by life, like one whom bravos have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control—if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints! I am worse than most; myself is more overlaid; my excuse is known to me and God. But, had I the time, I could disclose myself."

"To me?" inquired the visitant.

"To you before all," returned the murderer. "I supposed you were intelligent. I thought—since you exist—you would prove a reader of the heart. And yet you would propose to judge me by my acts! Think of it; my acts! I was born and I have lived in a land of giants; giants have dragged me by the wrists since I was born out of my mother—the giants of circumstance. And you would judge me by my acts! But can you not look within? Can you not understand that evil is hateful to me? Can you not see within me the clear writing of conscience, never blurred by any willful sophistry,[23] although too often disregarded? Can you not read me for a thing that surely must be common as humanity—the unwilling sinner?" [24]

"All this is very feelingly expressed," was the reply, "but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my province, and I care not in the least by what compulsion you may have been dragged away, so as you are but carried in the right direction. But time flies; the servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and at the pictures on the boardings,[25] but

[22] TRAVESTY—Burlesque, parody.
[23] SOPHISTRY—Unsound argument.
[24] Markheim's better self is arguing with his lower self.
[25] BOARDINGS—Billboards.

still she keeps moving nearer; and remember, it is as if the gallows itself were striding towards you through the Christmas streets! Shall I help you; I, who know all? Shall I tell you where to find the money?"

"For what price?" asked Markheim.

"I offer you the service for a Christmas gift," returned the other.

Markheim could not refrain from smiling with a kind of bitter triumph. "No," said he, "I will take nothing at your hands; if I were dying of thirst, and it was your hand that put the pitcher to my lips, I should find the courage to refuse. It may be credulous, but I will do nothing to commit myself to evil."

"I have no objection to a deathbed repentance," observed the visitant.

"Because you disbelieve their efficacy!"[26] Markheim cried.

"I do not say so," returned the other; "but I look on these things from a different side, and when the life is done my interest falls. The man has lived to serve me, to spread black looks under color of religion, or to sow tares in the wheat field, as you do, in a course of weak compliance with desire. Now that he draws so near to his deliverance, he can add but one act of service—to repent, to die smiling, and thus to build up in confidence and hope the more timorous of my surviving followers. I am not so hard a master. Try me. Accept my help. Please yourself in life as you have done hitherto; please yourself more amply, spread your elbows at the board; and when the night begins to fall and the curtains to be drawn, I tell you, for your greater comfort, that you will find it even easy to compound your quarrel with your conscience, and to make a truckling peace[27] with God."

"And do you, then, suppose me such a creature?" asked Markheim. "Do you think I have no more generous aspirations

[26] EFFICACY—Power to produce results.

[27] A TRUCKLING PEACE—A servile peace; a peace at any price.

than to sin, and sin, and sin, and, at last, sneak into heaven? My heart rises at the thought. Is this, then, your experience of mankind? or is it because you find me with red hands that you presume such baseness? and is this crime of murder indeed so impious as to dry up the very springs of good?"

"Murder has to me no special category," [28] replied the other. "All sins are murder, even as all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding on each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the last consequence is death; and to my eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human gore than such a murderer as yourself. Do I say that I follow sins? I follow virtues also; they differ not by the thickness of a nail, they are both scythes for the reaping angel of Death. Evil, for which I live, consists not in action but in character. The bad man is dear to me; not the bad act, whose fruits, if we could follow them far enough down the hurtling cataract of the ages, might yet be found more blessed than those of the rarest virtues. And it is not because you have killed a dealer, but because you are Markheim, that I offered to forward your escape."

"I will lay my heart open to you," answered Markheim. "This crime on which you find me is my last. On my way to it I have learned many lessons; itself is a lesson, a momentous lesson. Hitherto I have been driven with revolt to what I would not; I was a bond-slave to poverty, driven and scourged. There are robust virtues that can stand in these temptations; mine was not so: I had a thirst for pleasure. But to-day, and out of this deed, I pluck both warning and riches—both the power and a fresh resolve to be myself. I become in all things a free actor in the world; I begin to see myself all changed, these hands the agents of good, this heart at peace. Something comes over me out of the past; something of what I have dreamed on Sabbath

[28] CATEGORY—Classification.

evenings to the sound of the church organ, of what I forecast when I shed tears over noble books, or talked, an innocent child, with my mother. There lies my life; I have wandered a few years, but now I see more my city of destination."

"You are to use this money on the Stock Exchange, I think?" remarked the visitor; "and there, if I mistake not, you have already lost some thousands?"

"Ah," said Markheim, "but this time I have a sure thing."

"This time, again, you will lose," replied the visitor quietly.

"Ah, but I keep back the half!" cried Markheim.

"That also you will lose," said the other.

The sweat started upon Markheim's brow. "Well, then, what matter?" he exclaimed. "Say it be lost, say I am plunged again in poverty, shall one part of me, and that the worse, continue until the end to override the better? Evil and good run strong in me, haling me both ways. I do not love the one thing, I love all. I can conceive great deeds, renunciations, martyrdoms; and though I be fallen to such a crime as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor; who knows their trials better than myself? I pity and help them; I prize love, I love honest laughter; there is no good thing nor true thing on earth but I love it from my heart. And are my vices only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind? Not so; good, also, is the spring of acts."

But the visitant raised his finger. "For six-and-thirty years that you have been in this world," said he, "through many changes of fortune and varieties of humor, I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen years ago you would have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blanched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, is there any cruelty or meanness, from which you still recoil?—five years from now I shall detect you in the act! Downward, downward, lies your way; nor can anything but death avail to stop you."

"It is true," Markheim said huskily, "I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all: the very saints, in the

mere exercise of living, grow less dainty, and take on the tone of their surroundings."

"I will propound to you one simple question," said the other; "and as you answer, I shall read to you your moral horoscope.[20] You have grown in many things more lax; possibly you do right to be so; and at any account, it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?"

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added, with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all."

"Then," said the visitor, "content yourself with what you are, for you will never change; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written down."

Markheim stood for a long while silent, and indeed it was the visitor who first broke the silence. "That being so," he said, "shall I show you the money?"

"And grace?" cried Markheim.

"Have you not tried it?" returned the other. "Two or three years ago, did I not see you on the platform of revival meetings, and was not your voice the loudest in the hymn?"

"It is true," said Markheim; "and I see clearly what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for these lessons from my soul; my eyes are opened, and I behold myself at last for what I am."

At this moment, the sharp note of the door-bell rang through the house; and the visitant, as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once in his demeanor.

"The maid!" he cried. "She has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say, is ill; you must let her in, with an assured but rather serious countenance—no smiles, no overacting, and I promise you success! Once the girl within, and

[20] Horoscope—Fortune.

the door closed, the same dexterity that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your path. Thenceforward you have the whole evening—the whole night, if needful—to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with the mask of danger. Up!" he cried, "up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales; up, and act!"

Markheim steadily regarded his counselor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open—I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my hatred of evil; and from that, to your galling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage."

The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change: they brightened and softened with a tender triumph; and, even as they brightened, faded and dislimned.[30] Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door and went downstairs very slowly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before him; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance-medley—a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus reviewed it, tempted him no longer; but on the further side he perceived a quiet haven for his bark. He paused in the passage, and looked into the shop, where the candle still burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind, as he stood gazing. And then the bell once more broke out into impatient clamour.

He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile.

"You had better go for the police," said he: "I have killed your master."

[30] Dislimned—Grew dim.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The Story of His Life

(1850–1894)

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, November 30, 1850. He was an only child in a family in very comfortable circumstances. He was happy as a child, though frail, and many of his most delightful boyhood memories are associated with his nurse, Allison Cunningham.

He was expected to follow the family profession, lighthouse engineering, but after contributing a very successful device to the lamp, he turned to law. In law he was also successful, but his heart was in authorship from the beginning. Soon he abandoned law and devoted himself wholeheartedly to literature and he spent years working at a mastery of technique.

Partly in search of health, and partly in search of adventure, he started upon wanderings which were to continue all his life. First he went to the continent, and at an artists' colony in France he met an American, Mrs. Osborne, whom he made his wife and took back to Scotland with him. The climate was not conducive to his health, and again he went to the Continent, trying various places without success. The Stevensons then sailed for America and lived for a time at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks.

Becoming restless, he chartered a small sailing vessel, *The Casco*, and went for a long cruise in the South Pacific. Finding the climate in the tropics favorable, the family settled at Apia, Samoa. Here Stevenson took a great interest in the natives and they returned his interest with an unswerving love and devotion. To his house they built a road which they called "The Road to the Loving Heart." Here he died in 1894. The natives carried his body to a high peak of Vaea, where he now lies under a stone bearing an epitaph which he himself wrote:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

The Type of His Stories

Robert Louis Stevenson was a born story teller, and that this natural talent might have a proper setting, he developed a most polished style of expression. The method he used is well known—he studied great masters and painstakingly imitated them. He was a close student of Hawthorne in particular, and most of his stories, like Hawthorne's, inquire into the moral nature of man. He added to the moral tone, however, his own originality in the way of romantic atmosphere. He appeals to a variety of readers because of his wide range of interests and his mastery of many forms of expression. He traveled much and turned his travels to literary account. *An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey* were inspired by some of his travels. He liked adventure and romance and gave them expression in *Treasure Island*, *Prince Otto* and *Kidnapped*. In *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, he made a powerful psychological study of the powers of good and evil. In *A Child's Garden of Verse* there is a strong emotional appeal.

Markheim—One of His Representative Stories

Markheim is one of the masterpieces of the short story. It is psychological and in this type of story the interest is not so much in what happens as in why it happens. It is the story of a man who commits a murder and then begins to realize what he has done. He argues with his lower self concerning his actions—his lower self urging him to escape the scene of the crime and his better self pleading for his love of good. His better nature wins and we are not surprised when he meets the maid at the door and confesses his crime.

Other Psychological Stories

The Dàn-nan-Ròn	*Fiona Macleod*
The Inward Empire	*Horace Fish*
Ligeia	*Edgar Allan Poe*
The Sacrificial Altar	*Gertrude Atherton*
A Coward	*Guy de Maupassant*
The Solitary	*George W. Cable*
The Recovery	*Edith Wharton*
Another Gambler	*Paul Bourget*

PENROD'S BUSY DAY

BOOTH TARKINGTON

PENROD had slumped far down in the pew with his knees against the back of that in front, and he also languished to one side, so that the people sitting behind were afforded a view of him consisting of a little hair and one bored ear. The sermon—a noble one, searching and eloquent—was but a persistent sound in that ear, though, now and then Penrod's attention would be caught by some detached portion of a sentence; then his mind would dwell dully upon the phrases for a little while and lapse into a torpor.[1] At intervals, his mother, without turning her head, would whisper, "Sit up, Penrod," causing him to sigh profoundly and move his shoulders about an inch, this mere gesture of compliance exhausting all the energy that remained to him.

The black backs and gray heads of the elderly men in the congregation oppressed him; they gave him a lethargic[2] and indefinite feeling that he was immersed among lives of repellent dullness. But he should have been grateful to the lady with the artificial cherries upon her hat. His gaze lingered there, wandered away, and hopelessly returned, again and again, to be a little refreshed by the glossy scarlet of the cluster of tiny globes. He was not so fortunate as to be drowsy; that would have brought him some relief—and yet, after a while, his eyes became slightly glazed; he saw dimly, and what he saw was distorted.

[1] TORPOR—Numbness, stupor.
[2] LETHARGIC—Drowsy.

The church had been built in the early 'seventies, and it contained some gaudy stained glass of that period. The arch at the top of a window facing Penrod was filled with a gigantic Eye. Of oyster-white and raw blues and reds, inflamed by the pouring sun, it had held an awful place in the infantile life of Penrod Schofield, for, in his tenderer years, he accepted it without question as the literal Eye of Deity. He had been informed that the church was the divine dwelling—and there was the Eye!

Nowadays, being no longer a little child, he had somehow come to know better without being told, and though the great flaming Eye was no longer the terrifying flying thing it had naturally been to him during his childhood, it nevertheless retained something of its ominous character. It made him feel spied upon and guilty, and its awful glare still pursued him, sometimes, as he was falling asleep at night. When he faced the gaudy window, his feeling toward it was one of dull resentment.

His own glazed eyes, becoming slightly crossed with an *ennui*[3] which was peculiarly intense this morning, rendered the Eye more monstrous than it was. It expanded to horrible size, growing mountainous; it turned into a volcano in the tropics, and yet it stared at him, indubitably[4] an Eye implacably[5] hostile to all rights of privacy forever. Penrod blinked and clinched his eyelids to be rid of this dual image, and he managed to shake off the volcano. Then, lowering the angle of his glance, he saw something most remarkable—and curiously out of place.

An inverted white soup plate was lying miraculously balanced upon the back of a pew a little distance in front of him, and upon the upturned bottom of the soup plate was a brown cocoanut. Mildly surprised, Penrod yawned and, in the effort to straighten his eyes, came to life temporarily. The cocoanut was revealed as Georgie Basset's head, and the soup plate as

[3] Ennui—Listlessness.
[4] Indubitably—Beyond doubt.
[5] Implacably—With resentment not to be appeased.

Georgie's white collar. Georgie was sitting up straight, as he always did in church, and Penrod found this vertical rectitude [6] unpleasant. He knew that he had more to fear from the Eye than Georgie had, and he had the impression (a correct one) that Georgie felt on intimate terms with it and was actually fond of it.

Penrod himself would have maintained that he was fond of it, if he had been asked. He would have said so, because he feared to say otherwise; and the truth is that he never consciously looked at the Eye disrespectfully. He would have been alarmed if he thought the Eye had any way of finding out how he really felt about it. When not off his guard, he always looked at it placatively.[7]

By and by, he sagged so far to the left that he had symptoms of a "stitch in the side," and, rousing himself, sat partially straight for several moments. Then he rubbed his shoulders slowly from side to side against the back of the seat until his mother whispered, "Don't do that, Penrod."

Upon this he allowed himself to slump inwardly till the curve in back of his neck rested against the curved top of the back of the seat. It was a congenial fit, and Penrod again began to move slowly from side to side, finding the friction soothing. Continuance was denied him by a husky, "Stop that!" from his father.

Penrod sighed, and slid farther down. He scratched his head, his left knee, his right biceps, and his left ankle, after which he scratched his right knee, his right ankle, and his left biceps. Then he said, "Oh, hum!" unconsciously, but so loudly that there was a reproving stir in the neighborhood of the Schofield pew, and his father looked at him angrily.

Finally, his nose began to trouble him. It itched, and after scratching it, he rubbed it harshly. Another "Stop that!" from his father proved of no avail, being greeted by a desperate-sounding whisper, "I *got* to!"

And continuing to rub his nose with his right hand, Penrod

[6] Rectitude—Right attitude or practice.
[7] Placatively—As if asking forgiveness.

began to search his pockets with his left. The quest proving fruitless, he rubbed his nose with his left hand and searched with his right. Then he abandoned his nose and searched feverishly with both hands, going through all of his pockets several times.

"What *do* you want?" whispered his mother.

But Penrod's sister Margaret had divined his need, and she thoughtfully passed him her own handkerchief. This was both thoughtful and thoughtless—the latter because Margaret was in the habit of thinking that she became faint in crowds, especially at the theater or in church, and she had just soaked her handkerchief with spirits of ammonia from a small phial which she carried in her muff.

Penrod hastily applied the handkerchief to his nose and even more hastily exploded. He sneezed stupendously; he choked, sneezed again, wept, passed into a light convulsion of coughing and sneezing together—a mergence of sound which attracted much attention—and, after a few recurrent spasms, convalesced into a condition marked by silent tears and only sporadic[8] instances of sneezing.

By this time, his family were unanimously scarlet—his father and mother with mortification, and Margaret with the effort to control the almost irresistible mirth which the struggles and vociferations[9] of Penrod had inspired within her. And yet her heart misgave her, for his bloodshot and tearful eyes were fixed upon her from the first and remained upon her, even when half-blinded with his agony; and their expression—as terrible as that of the windowed Eye confronting her—was not for an instant to be misunderstood. Absolutely, he considered that she had handed him the ammonia-soaked handkerchief deliberately and with malice, and well she knew that no power on earth could now or at any time henceforth persuade him otherwise.

"Of course I didn't mean it, Penrod," she said, at the first opportunity upon their homeward way; "I didn't notice—that

[8] SPORADIC—Occasional.
[9] VOCIFERATIONS—Violent outcries.

is, I didn't think—" Unfortunately for the effect of sincerity which she hoped to produce, her voice became tremulous and her shoulders moved suspiciously.

"Just you wait; you'll see!" he prophesied, in a voice now choking, not with ammonia but with emotion. "Poison a person, and then laugh in his face!"

He spoke no more until they had reached their own house, though she made some further futile efforts at explanation and apology.

And after brooding abysmally [10] throughout the meal that followed, he disappeared from the sight of his family for a while, having answered with one frightful look his mother's timid suggestion that it was almost time for Sunday school. He retired to his eyrie [11]—the sawdust-box in the empty stable—and there gave rein to his embittered reflections, incidentally forming many plans for Margaret.

Most of these were much too elaborate, but one was so alluring that he dwelt upon it, working on the details with gloomy pleasure, even after he had perceived its defects. It involved a considerable postponement—in fact, until Margaret should have become the mother of a boy about Penrod's present age. This boy would be precisely like Georgie Bassett—Penrod conceived that as inevitable—and, like Georgie, he would be his mother's idol. Penrod meant to take him to church and force him to blow his nose with an ammonia-soaked handkerchief in the presence of the Eye and all the congregation.

Then Penrod meant to say to the boy, after church, "Well, that's exactly what your mother did to me, and if you don't like it, you better look out!"

And the real Penrod in the sawdust-box clenched his fists. "Come ahead, then!" he muttered. "You talk too much!" Whereupon, the Penrod of his dream gave Margaret's puny son a contemptuous thrashing under the eyes of his mother, who

[10] ABYSMALLY—Deeply.
[11] EYRIE—Nest, refuge.

besought in vain for mercy. This plan was finally dropped, not because of any lingering nepotism [12] within Penrod but because his injury called for action less belated.

One after another, he thought of impossible things; one after another, he thought of things merely inane [13] and futile,[14] for he was trying to do something beyond his power. Penrod was never brilliant, or even successful, save by inspiration.

At four o'clock he came into the house, still nebulous,[15] and as he passed the open door of the library, he heard a man's voice, not his father's.

"To me," said this voice, "the finest lines in all literature are those in Tennyson's '*Maud*'—

> 'Had it lain for a century dead,
> My dust would hear her and beat,
> And blossom in purple and red,
> There somewhere around near her feet.'

"I think I have quoted correctly," continued the voice nervously, "but, at any rate, what I wished to—ah—say was that I often think of those—ah—words; but I never think of them without thinking of—of—of—of *you*. I—ah——"

The nervous voice paused, and Penrod took an oblique [16] survey of the room, himself unobserved. Margaret was seated in an easy chair with her face turned away from Penrod, so that her expression of the moment remained unknown to him. Facing her, and leaning toward her with perceptible emotion, was Mr. Claude Blakely—a young man with whom Penrod had no acquaintance, though he had seen him, was aware of his identity, and had heard speech between Mrs. Schofield and Margaret which indicated that Mr. Blakely had formed the habit of calling frequently at the house. He was a brilliantly handsome young man; indeed, his face was so beautiful that even Penrod

[12] Nepotism—Favoritism to a relative.
[13] Inane—Senseless, silly.
[14] Futile—Vain, useless.
[15] Nebulous—Perplexed.
[16] Oblique—Indirect.

was able to perceive something about it which might be explicably[17] pleasing—at least to women. And Penrod remembered that, on the last memorable evening before Mr. Robert Williams's departure for college, Margaret had been peevish because Penrod had genially spent the greater portion of the evening with Robert and herself upon the porch. Margaret made it clear, later, that she strongly preferred to conduct her conversations with friends unassisted—and as Penrod listened to the faltering words of Mr. Claude Blakely, he felt instinctively that, in a certain contingency,[18] Margaret's indignation would be even more severe to-day than on the former occasion.

Mr. Blakely coughed faintly and was able to continue.

"I mean to say that when I say that what Tennyson says—ah —seems to—to apply to—to a feeling about you——"

At this point, finding too little breath in himself to proceed, in spite of the fact that he had spoken in an almost inaudible tone, Mr. Blakely stopped again.

Something about this little scene was making a deep impression upon Penrod. What that impression was, he could not possibly have stated; but he had a sense of the imminence[19] of a tender crisis, and he perceived that the piquancy[20] of affairs in the library had reached a point which would brand an intentional interruption as the act of a cold-blooded ruffian. That decided him; his inspiration, so long waited for, had come.

"I—I feel that perhaps I am not plain," said Mr. Blakely, and immediately became red, whereas he had been pale. He was at least modest enough about his looks to fear that Margaret might think he had referred to them. "I mean, not plain in another way—that is, I mean not that *I* am not plain in saying what I mean to you—I mean, what you mean to *me!* I feel——"

[17] Explicably—Explainably.
[18] Contingency—Possibility, chance.
[19] Imminence—Nearness.
[20] Piquancy—Keenness.

This was the moment selected by Penrod. He walked carelessly into the library, inquiring in a loud, bluff voice, "Has anybody seen my dog around here anywheres?"

Mr. Blakely had inclined himself so far toward Margaret, and he was sitting so near the edge of the chair, that only a really wonderful bit of instinctive gymnastics landed him upon his feet instead of his back. As for Margaret, she said, "Good gracious!" and regarded Penrod blankly.

"Well," said Penrod breezily, "I guess it's no use lookin' for him—he isn't anywheres around. I guess I'll sit down." Herewith, he sank into an easy chair, and remarked, as in comfortable explanation. "I'm kind of tired standin' up, anyway." Even in this crisis, Margaret was a credit to her mother's training.

"Penrod, have you met Mr. Blakely?"

"What?"

Margaret primly performed the rite.

"Mr. Blakely, this is my little brother, Penrod."

Mr. Blakely was understood to murmur, "How d'ye do?"

"I'm well," said Penrod.

Margaret bent a perplexed gaze upon him, and he saw that she had not divined his intentions, though the expression of Mr. Blakely was already beginning to be a little compensation for the ammonia outrage. Then, as the protracted silence which followed the introduction began to be a severe strain upon all parties, Penrod felt called upon to relieve it.

"I didn't have anything much to do this afternoon, anyway," he said. And at that there leaped a spark in Margaret's eye; her expression became severe.

"You should have gone to Sunday school," she told him crisply.

"Well, I didn't!" said Penrod, with a bitterness so significant of sufferings connected with religion, ammonia, and herself, that Margaret, after giving him a thoughtful look, concluded not to urge the point.

Mr. Blakely smiled pleasantly.

"I was looking out of the window a minute ago," he said, "and I saw a dog run across the street and turn the corner."

"What kind of a lookin' dog was it?" Penrod inquired, with languor.

"Well," said Mr. Blakely, "it was a—it was a nice-looking dog."

"What color was he?"

"He was—ah—white. That is, I think—"

"It wasn't Duke," said Penrod. "Duke's kind of brownish-gray-like."

Mr. Blakely brightened.

"Yes, that was it," he said. "This dog I saw first had another dog with him—a brownish-gray dog."

"Little or big?" Penrod asked, without interest.

"Why, Duke's a little dog!" Margaret intervened. "Of course, if it was little, it must have been Duke."

"It *was* little," said Mr. Blakely too enthusiatically. "It was a little bit of a dog. I noticed it because it was so little."

"Couldn't 'a' been Duke, then," said Penrod. "Duke's a kind of a middle-sized dog." He yawned, and added: "I don't want him now. I want to stay in the house this afternoon, anyways. And it's better for Duke to be out in the fresh air."

Mr. Blakely coughed again and sat down, openly nonplused[21] and finding little to say. It was evident, also, that Margaret shared his perplexity: and another silence became so embarrassing that Penrod broke it.

"I was out in the sawdust-box," he said, "but it got kind of chilly." Neither of his auditors felt called upon to offer any comment, and presently he added, "I thought I better come in here where it's warmer."

"It's too warm," said Margaret at once. "Mr. Blakely, would you mind opening the window?"

"By all means!" the young man responded earnestly, as he rose. "Maybe I'd better open two?"

[21] NONPLUSED—Perplexed, puzzled.

"Yes," said Margaret; "that would be much better."

But Penrod watched Mr. Blakely open two windows to their widest, and betrayed no anxiety. His remarks upon the relative temperatures of the sawdust-box and the library had been made merely for the sake of creating sound in a silent place. When the windows had been open for several minutes, Penrod's placidity,[22] though gloomy, denoted anything but discomfort from the draft, which was powerful, the day being windy.

It was Mr. Blakely's turn to break a silence, and he did it so unexpectedly that Margaret started. He sneezed.

"Perhaps—" Margaret began, but paused apprehensively. "Perhaps—per—per—" Her apprehensions became more and more poignant,[23] her eyes seemed fixed upon some incredible disaster; she appeared to inflate and swell, while the catastrophe she foresaw became more and more imminent. All at once she collapsed, but the power decorum[24] had over her was attested by the mildness of her sneeze after so threatening a prelude.

"Perhaps I'd better put one of the windows down," Mr. Blakely suggested.

"Both, I believe," said Margaret. "The room has cooled off nicely, now, I think."

Mr. Blakely closed the windows, and, returning to a chair near Margaret, did his share in the production of another long period of quiet. Penrod allowed this one to pass without any vocal disturbance on his part. It may be, however, that his gaze was disturbing to Mr. Blakely, upon whose person it was glassily fixed with a self-forgetfulness that was almost morbid.[25]

"Didn't you enjoy the last meeting of the Cotillion Club?" Margaret said finally.

And upon Mr. Blakely's answering absently in the affirma-

[22] Placidity—Calmness.
[23] Poignant—Keen, piercing, painful.
[24] Decorum—Propriety.
[25] Morbid—Sickly.

tive, she suddenly began to be talkative. He seemed to catch a meaning in her fluency, and followed her lead, a conversation ensuing which, at first, had all the outward signs of eagerness. They talked with warm interest of people and events unknown to Penrod; they laughed enthusiastically about things beyond his ken; they appeared to have arranged a perfect way to enjoy themselves, no matter whether he was with them or elsewhere—but presently their briskness began to slacken; the appearance of interest became all too plainly perfunctory.[26] Within ten minutes, the few last scattering semblances of gayety had passed, and they lapsed into the longest and most profound of all their silences indoors that day. Its effect on Penrod was to make him yawn and settle himself in his chair.

Then Mr. Blakely, coming to the surface out of deep inward communings, snapped his thumb against the palm of his hand impulsively.

"By George!" he exclaimed, under his breath.

"What is it?" Margaret asked. "Did you remember something?"

"No; it's nothing," he said. "Nothing at all. But, by the way, it seems a pity for you to be missing the fine weather. I wonder if I could persuade you to take a little walk?"

Margaret, somewhat to the surprise of both the gentlemen present, looked uncertain.

"I don't know—" she said.

Mr. Blakely saw that she missed his point.

"One can talk better in the open, don't you think?" he urged, with a significant glance toward Penrod.

Margaret also glanced keenly at Penrod.

"Well, perhaps." And then, after another quick view of her brother's face, "I'll get my hat," she said.

Penrod was on his feet before she left the room. He stretched himself.

"I'll get mine, too," he said.

But he carefully went to find it in a direction different from

[26] PERFUNCTORY—Half-hearted.

that taken by his sister, and he joined her and her adult escort not till they were at the front door, whither Mr. Blakely—with a last flickering of hope—had urged a flight in haste.

"I have been thinkin' of takin' a walk, all afternoon," said Penrod pompously. "Don't matter to me which way we go."

The exquisite oval of Mr. Claude Blakely's face emerged into outlines more rugged than usual; the conformation of his jaw became perceptible, and it could be seen that he had conceived an idea which was crystallizing into a set of determination.

"I believe it happens that this is our first walk together," he said to Margaret, as they reached the pavement, "but, from the kind of tennis you play, I judge that you could go a pretty good gait. Do you like walking fast?"

She nodded.

"For exercise."

"Shall we try it then?"

"You set the pace," said Margaret. "I think I can keep up."

He took her at her word, and the amazing briskness of their start seemed a little sinister[27] to Penrod, though he was convinced that he could do anything that Margaret could do, and also that neither she nor her comely friend could sustain such a pace for long. On the contrary, they actually increased it with each fleeting block they covered.

"Here," he panted, when they had thus put something more than a half-mile behind them; "there isn't anybody has to have a doctor, I guess! What's the use our walkin' so fast?"

In truth, Penrod was not walking, for his shorter legs permitted no actual walking at such a speed; his gait was a half-trot.

"Oh, we're out for a *walk!*" Mr. Blakely returned, a note of cheer beginning to sound in his voice. "Marg—ah—Miss Schofield, keep your head up and breathe through your nose. That's it. You'll find I was right in suggesting this walk. It's going to turn out gloriously. Now, let's make it a little faster."

[27] SINISTER—Ill-omened.

Margaret murmured inarticulately, for she would not waste her breath in a more coherent reply. Her cheeks were flushed; her eyes were brimming with the wind, but when she looked at Penrod, they were brimming with something more. Gurgling sounds came from her.

Penrod's expression had become grim. He offered no second protest, mainly because he, likewise, would not waste his breath, and if he would, he could not. Of breath in the ordinary sense —breath, breathed automatically—he had none. He had only gasps to feed his straining lungs, and his half-trot, which had long since become a trot, was changed for a lope when Mr. Blakely reached his own best burst of speed.

And now people stared at the flying three. The gait of Margaret and Mr. Blakely could be called a walk only by courtesy, while Penrod's was becoming a kind of blind scamper. At times, he zigzagged; other times, he fell behind, wabbling. Anon, with elbows flopping and his face sculptured like an antique mask, he would actually forge ahead a few feet, but then back again.

Thus the trio sped through the coming of autumn dusk outflying the fallen leaves that tumbled upon the wind. And still Penrod held to the task that he had set himself. The street-lamps flickered into life, but on and on Claude Blakely led the lady, and on and on reeled the grim Penrod. Never once was he so far from them that they could have exchanged a word unchaperoned by his throbbing ear.

"Oh!" Margaret cried, and, halting suddenly, she draped herself about a lamp-post like a strip of bunting. "Guh—uh—guh—*goodness!*" she sobbed.

Penrod immediately drooped to the curbstone, which he reached, by pure fortune, in a sitting position. Mr. Blakely leaned against a fence, and said nothing, though his breathing was eloquent. "We—we must go—go home," Margaret gasped. "We must, if—if we can drag ourselves!"

Penrod showed them what mettle they had tried to crack.

A paroxysm[28] of coughing shook him; he spoke through it sobbingly.

"'*Drag!*' 'S jus' lul-luke a girl! Ha-why I walk—*oof!*—faster'n that every day—on my—way to school." He managed to subjugate[29] a tendency to nausea, and even to cover it from detection underneath a protracted cough. "What you—want to go—home for?" he said. "Le's go on!"

In the darkness, Mr. Claude Blakely's expression was not to be seen, nor was his voice heard. For those and other reasons, his opinions and sentiments could not be stated.

Mrs. Schofield was looking rather anxiously forth from her front door when the two adult figures and the faithful smaller one came up the walk.

"I was getting uneasy," she said. "Papa and I came in and found the house empty. It's after seven. Oh, Mr. Blakely, is that you?"

"Good-evening," he said, "I fear I must be keeping an engagement. Good-night. Good-night, Miss Schofield."

"Good-night."

"Well, good-night," Penrod called, staring after him. But Mr. Blakely was already too far away to hear him, and a moment later Penrod followed his mother and sister into the house.

"I let Della go to church," Mrs. Schofield said to Margaret. "You and I might help Mary get supper."

"Not for a few minutes," Margaret returned gravely, looking at Penrod. "Come upstairs, mamma; I want to tell you something."

Penrod cackled hoarse triumph and defiance.

"Go on! Tell! What d' *I* care? You try to poison a person in church again, and then laugh in his face, you'll see what you get!"

But after his mother had retired with Margaret to the latter's

[28] Paroxysm—Sudden spasm.
[29] Subjugate—Overcome.

room, he began to feel disturbed, in spite of his firm belief that his cause was wholly that of justice victorious. Margaret had insidious ways of stating a case, and her point of view, no matter how absurd or unjust, was almost always adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Schofield in cases of controversy. Penrod became uneasy. Perceiving himself to be in danger, he decided that certain measures were warranted. Unquestionably, it would be well to know beforehand in what terms Margaret would couch the charges which he supposed he must face in open court—that is to say, at the supper table. He stole softly up the stairs, and, flattening himself against the wall, approached Margaret's door, which was about an inch ajar.

He heard his mother making sounds which appalled him—he took them for sobs. And then Margaret's voice rang out in a peal of insane laughter. Trembling, he crept nearer the door. Within the room, Margaret was clinging to her mother, and both were trying to control their hilarity.

"He did it all to get even!" Margaret exclaimed, wiping her eyes. "He came in at just the right time. That *goose* was beginning to talk silly, soft talk—the way he does with every girl in town—and he was almost proposing, and I didn't know how to stop him. And then Penrod came in and did it for me. I could have hugged Penrod, mamma—I actually could! And I saw he meant to stay to get even for that ammonia—and, oh, I worked so hard to make him think I wanted him to *go!* Mamma, mamma, if you could have seen that walk! That *goose* kept thinking he could wear Penrod out or drop him behind, but I knew he couldn't as long as Penrod believed he was worrying us and getting even. And that *goose* thought I *wanted* to get rid of Penrod, too; and the conceited thing said it would turn out gloriously, meaning we'd be alone together pretty soon—I'd like to shake him! You see, I pretended so well, in order to make Penrod stick to us, that *goose* believed I meant it! And if he hadn't tried to walk Penrod off his legs, he wouldn't have wilted his own collar and worn himself out, and I think he'd have hung on until you'd have had to invite

him to stay to supper, and he'd have stayed on all evening, and I wouldn't have had a chance to write to Robert Williams. Mamma, there have been lots of times when I haven't been thankful for Penrod, but to-day I could have got down on my knees to you and papa for giving me such a brother!"

In the darkness of the hall, as a small but crushed and broken form stole away from the crack in the door, a gigantic Eye seemed to form—seemed to glare down upon Penrod—warning him that the way of vengeance is the way of bafflement, and that genius may not prevail against the trickeries of women.

"This has been a *nice* day!" Penrod muttered hoarsely.

BOOTH TARKINGTON

The Story of His Life

(1869——)

In the latter part of the nineteenth century there lived in Indianapolis, Indiana, a little boy with a very vivid imagination, so vivid in fact that he could scarcely tell the real from the imaginary. He surrounded himself by a family with the strange name of Hunchberg and had many adventures with Tom, Grandee, and Noble, with Miss Queen, Miss Marble, Miss Molanna, with Mr. and Mrs. Hunchberg, his uncle, Colonel Hunchberg, and Aunty Hunchberg. When he was eleven, a real person came into his life, one with whom, we are sure, he had more delightful, exciting adventures than with his imaginary playmates, James Whitcomb Riley.

The happy lad from the midwest came east to college, and if we may believe his companions, sang his way through the halls of old Princeton. He became associated with a group of young people in producing a magazine, *John-a-Dreams*. Not only did he write for the paper, but he illustrated his own and others' productions.

Tarkington had no sudden rise to fame. For eight years his mail consisted largely of rejection slips, and he spent years writing and rewriting his poems, stories, and plays. Like de Maupassant and Stevenson, he served an apprenticeship. He regarded writing as a trade and found that it required practice to perfect his workmanship.

The Type of His Stories

Booth Tarkington stands out as a writer of true-to-life stories. He can treat common things in a common way and produce stories which everybody loves. In his stories the interest is usually in character. His plots are negligible. He does not seem to be particularly concerned with the technique of the short story, yet most people enjoy his stories for his sympathy with and his understanding of human nature, for his infectious humor and for the personality of the author himself which shines through everything he writes. Some of his best short stories are *Seventeen*, *Penrod*, *Penrod and Sam*, *In the Arena*, and *Monsieur Beaucaire*.

Penrod's Busy Day—One of His Representative Stories

The story of *Penrod's Busy Day* is one of the stories in a volume called *Penrod and Sam*. The way in which a small boy tries to "get even" with his older sister for something he feels sure she had deliberately done to embarrass him is the theme of the story. We, ourselves, feel the protracted and embarrassed silences which fall when he interrupts his sister and her gentleman caller, and refuses to take all hints that he leave. But after spending the whole day in doing that which he believed would most irritate and annoy her, it is too much for him to find out that he was really doing her a good turn after all and that "genius may not prevail against the trickeries of women."

Other True-to-Life Stories

Buck Parvin and the Movies	*Charles E. Van Loan*
Little Citizens	*Myra Kelly*
Friendship Village	*Zona Gale*
A Soul Above Buttons	*Myra Kelly*
Cappy Ricks	*Peter B. Kyne*
The Three Godfathers	*Peter B. Kyne*
A Reward of Merit	*Booth Tarkington*
Helen's Babies	*John Habberton*
Seventeen	*Booth Tarkington*
A Boy and his Dog	*Booth Tarkington*
The Two Families	*Booth Tarkington*

THE HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

A FRIEND of mine, who is a man of letters and a philosopher, said to me one day, as if between jest and earnest,—"Fancy! since we last met, I have discovered a haunted house in the midst of London."

"Really haunted?—and by what? ghosts?"

"Well, I can't answer that question; all I know is this—six weeks ago my wife and I were in search of a furnished apartment. Passing a quiet street, we saw on the window of one of the houses a bill, 'Apartments Furnished.' The situation suited us: we entered the house—liked the rooms—engaged them by the week—and left them the third day. No power on earth could have reconciled my wife to stay longer; and I don't wonder at it."

"What did you see?"

"Excuse me—I have no desire to be ridiculed as a superstitious dreamer—nor, on the other hand, could I ask you to accept on my affirmation what you would hold to be incredible without the evidence of your own senses. Let me only say this, it was not so much what we saw or heard (in which you might fairly suppose that we were the dupes of our own excited fancy, or the victims of imposture in others) that drove us away, as it was an undefinable terror which seized both of us whenever we passed by the door of a certain unfurnished room, in which we neither saw nor heard anything. And the strangest marvel of all was, that for once in my life I agreed with my wife—silly woman though she be—and allowed, after the third night, that it was impossible to stay a fourth in that house. Accordingly, on the fourth morning I summoned the

woman who kept the house and attended on us, and told her that the rooms did not quite suit us, and we would not stay out our week. She said, dryly, 'I know why; you have stayed longer than any other lodger. Few ever stayed a second night; none before you a third. But I take it they have been very kind to you.'

"'They—who?' I asked, affecting to smile.

"'Why, they who haunt the house, whoever they are. I don't mind them; I remember them many years ago, when I lived in this house, not as a servant; but I know they will be the death of me some day. I don't care—I'm old, and must die soon anyhow; and then I shall be with them, and in this house still.' The woman spoke with so dreary a calmness that really it was a sort of awe that prevented my conversing with her further. I paid for my week, and too happy were my wife and I to get off so cheaply."

"You excite my curiosity," said I; "there is nothing I should like better than to sleep in a haunted house. Pray give me the address of the one which you left so ignominiously."[1]

My friend gave me the address; and when we parted, I walked straight towards the house thus indicated.

It is situated on the north side of Oxford Street, in a dull but respectable thoroughfare. I found the house shut up—no bill at the window, and no response to my knock. As I was turning away, a beer boy, collecting pewter pots at the neighboring areas, said to me, "Do you want any one at that house, sir?"

"Yes, I heard it was to be let."

"Let!—why, the woman who kept it is dead—has been dead these three weeks, and no one can be found to stay there, though Mr. J—— offered ever so much. He offered mother, who chars[2] for him, £1 a week just to open and shut the windows, and she would not."

"Would not!—and why?"

[1] Ignominiously—Disgracefully.
[2] Chars—Acts as a servant.

"The house is haunted; and the old woman who kept it was found dead in her bed, with her eyes wide open. They say the devil strangled her."

"Pooh!—you speak of Mr. J——. Is he the owner of the house?"

"Yes."

"Where does he live?"

"In G—— Street, No ——."

"What is he?—in any business?"

"No, sir—nothing particular; a single gentleman."

I gave the potboy the gratuity[3] earned by his liberal information, and proceeded to Mr. J——, in G—— Street, which was close by the street that boasted the haunted house. I was lucky enough to find Mr. J—— at home—an elderly man, with intelligent countenance and prepossessing[4] manners.

I communicated my name and my business frankly. I said I heard the house was considered to be haunted—that I had a strong desire to examine a house with so equivocal[5] a reputation—that I should be greatly obliged if he would allow me to hire it, though only for a night. I was willing to pay for that privilege whatever he might be inclined to ask. "Sir," said Mr. J——, with great courtesy, "the house is at your service, for as short or as long a time as you please. Rent is out of the question—the obligation will be on my side should you be able to discover the cause of the strange phenomena which at present deprive it of all value. I cannot let it, for I cannot even get a servant to keep it in order or answer the door. Unluckily the house is haunted, if I may use that expression, not only by night, but by day; though at night the disturbances are of a more unpleasant and sometimes of a more alarming character. The poor old woman who died in it three weeks ago was a pauper whom I took out of a workhouse, for in her childhood she had been known to some of my family, and had once

[3] Gratuity—Gift, reward.
[4] Prepossessing—Attractive.
[5] Equivocal—Open to suspicion.

been in such good circumstances that she had rented that house of my uncle. She was a woman of superior education and strong mind, and was the only person I could ever induce to remain in the house. Indeed, since her death, which was sudden, and the coroner's inquest, which gave it a notoriety in the neighborhood, I have so despaired of finding any person to take charge of the house, much more a tenant, that I would willingly let it rent-free for a year to any one who would pay its rates and taxes."

"How long is it since the house acquired this sinister character?"

"That I can scarcely tell you, but very many years since. The old woman I spoke of said it was haunted when she rented it between thirty and forty years ago. The fact is that my life has been spent in the East Indies and in the civil service of the Company. I returned to England last year, on inheriting the fortune of an uncle, among whose possessions was the house in question. I found it shut up and uninhabited. I was told that it was haunted, that no one would inhabit it. I smiled at what seemed to me so idle a story. I spent some money in repairing it—added to its old-fashioned furniture a few modern articles—advertised it, and obtained a lodger for a year. He was a colonel retired on half-pay. He came in with his family, a son and a daughter, and four or five servants: they all left the house the next day; and, although each of them declared that he had seen something different from that which had scared the others, a something still was equally terrible to all. I really could not in conscience sue, nor even blame, the colonel for breach of agreement. Then I put in the old woman I have spoken of, and she was empowered to let the house in apartments. I never had one lodger who stayed more than three days. I do not tell you their stories—to no two lodgers have there been exactly the same phenomena repeated. It is better that you should judge for yourself, than enter the house with an imagination influenced by previous narratives; only be prepared to see and to hear something or other, and take whatever precautions you yourself please."

"Have you never had a curiosity yourself to pass a night in that house?"

"Yes. I passed not a night, but three hours in broad daylight alone in that house. My curiosity is not satisfied, but it is quenched. I have no desire to renew the experiment. You cannot complain, you see, sir, that I am not sufficiently candid; and unless your interest be exceedingly eager and your nerves unusually strong, I honestly add, that I advise you *not* to pass a night in that house."

"My interest *is* exceedingly keen," said I, "and though only a coward will boast of his nerves in situations wholly unfamiliar to him, yet my nerves have been seasoned in such variety of danger that I have the right to rely on them—even in a haunted house."

Mr. J—— said very little more; he took the keys of the house out of his bureau, gave them to me,—and, thanking him cordially for his frankness, and his urbane[6] concession to my wish, I carried off my prize.

Impatient for the experiment, as soon as I reached home, I summoned my confidential servant—a young man of gay spirits, fearless temper, and as free from superstitious prejudice as any one I could think of.

"F——," said I, "you remember in Germany how disappointed we were at not finding a ghost in that old castle, which was said to be haunted by a headless apparition? Well, I have heard of a house in London which, I have reason to hope, is decidedly haunted. I mean to sleep there to-night. From what I hear, there is no doubt that something will allow itself to be seen or to be heard—something, perhaps, excessively horrible. Do you think if I take you with me, I may rely on your presence of mind, whatever may happen?"

"Oh, sir! pray trust me," answered F—, grinning with delight.

[6] URBANE—Polite.

"Very well; then here are the keys of the house—this is the address. Go now,—select for me any bedroom you please; and since the house has not been inhabited for weeks, make up a good fire—air the bed well—see, of course, that there are candles as well as fuel. Take with you my revolver and my dagger—so much for my weapons—arm yourself equally well; and if we are not a match for a dozen ghosts, we shall be but a sorry couple of Englishmen."

I was engaged for the rest of the day on business so urgent that I had not leisure to think much on the nocturnal [7] adventure to which I had plighted my honor. I dined alone, and very late, and while dining, read, as is my habit. I selected one of the volumes of Macaulay's *Essays*. I thought to myself that I would take the book with me; there was so much of healthfulness in the style, and practical life in the subjects, that it would serve as an antidote [8] against the influences of superstitious fancy.

Accordingly, about half-past nine, I put the book into my pocket, and strolled leisurely toward the haunted house. I took with me a favorite dog,—an exceedingly sharp, bold, and vigilant bull-terrier,—a dog fond of prowling about strange ghostly corners and passages at night in search of rats—a dog of dogs for a ghost.

It was a summer night, but chilly, the sky somewhat gloomy and overcast. Still there was a moon—faint and sickly, but still a moon—and if the clouds permitted, after midnight it would be brighter.

I reached the house, knocked, and my servant opened with a cheerful smile.

"All right, sir, and very comfortable."

"Oh!" said I, rather disappointed; "have you not seen nor heard anything remarkable?"

"Well, sir, I must own I have heard something queer."

[7] NOCTURNAL—Pertaining to night.
[8] ANTIDOTE—Remedy.

"What?—what?"

"The sound of feet pattering behind me; and once or twice small noises like whispers close at my ear—nothing more."

"You are not at all frightened?"

"I! not a bit of it sir"; and the man's bold look reassured me on one point—viz. that happen what might, he would not desert me.

We were in the hall, the street door closed, and my attention was now drawn to my dog. He had at first run in eagerly enough, but had sneaked back to the door, and was scratching and whining to get out. After patting him on the head, and encouraging him gently, the dog seemed to reconcile himself to the situation, and followed me and F—— through the house, but keeping close at my heels instead of hurrying inquisitively in advance, which was his usual and normal habit in all strange places. We first visited the subterranean[9] apartments, the kitchen and other offices, and especially the cellars, in which last there were two or three bottles of wine still left in a bin, covered with cobwebs, and evidently, by their appearance, undisturbed for many years. It was clear that the ghosts were not winebibbers. For the rest we discovered nothing of interest. There was a gloomy little back yard, with very high walls. The stones of this yard were very damp; and what with the damp, and what with the dust and smoke grime on the pavement, our feet left a light impression where we passed. And now appeared the first strange phenomenon witnessed by myself in this strange abode. I saw, just before me, the print of a foot suddenly form itself, as it were. I stopped, caught hold of my servant, and pointed to it. In advance of that footprint as suddenly dropped another. We both saw it. I advanced quickly to the place; the footprint kept advancing before me, a small footprint—the foot of a child: the impression was too faint thoroughly to distinguish the shape, but it seemed to us both that it was the print of a naked foot. This phenomenon ceased when we ar-

[9] SUBTERRANEAN—Below the street level.

rived at the opposite wall, nor did it repeat itself on returning. We remounted the stairs, and entered the rooms on the ground floor, a dining parlor, a small back parlor, and a still smaller third room that had been probably appropriated to a footman —all still as death. We then visited the drawing-rooms, which seemed fresh and new. In the front room I seated myself in an armchair. F—— placed on the table the candlestick with which he had lighted us. I told him to shut the door. As he turned to do so, a chair opposite to me moved from the wall quickly and noiselessly, and dropped itself about a yard from my own chair, immediately fronting it.

"Why, this is better than the turning tables," said I, with a half laugh; and as I laughed, my dog put back his head and howled.

F——, coming back, had not observed the movement of the chair. He employed himself now in stilling the dog. I continued to gaze on the chair, and fancied I saw on it a pale blue misty outline of a human figure, but an outline so indistinct that I could only distrust my own vision. The dog now was quiet.

"Put back that chair opposite to me," said I to F——; "put it back to the wall."

F—— obeyed. "Was that you, sir?" said he, turning abruptly.

"I!—what?"

"Why, something struck me. I felt it sharply on the shoulder —just here."

"No," said I. "But we have jugglers present, and though we may not discover their tricks, we shall catch *them* before they frighten *us*."

We did not stay long in the drawing-rooms,—in fact, they felt so damp and so chilly that I was glad to get to the fire upstairs. We locked the doors of the drawing-rooms—a precaution which, I should observe, we had taken with all the rooms we had searched below. The bedroom my servant had selected for me was the best on the floor—a large one, with two windows fronting the street. The four-posted bed, which

took up no inconsiderable space, was opposite to the fire, which burnt clear and bright; a door in the wall to the left, between the bed and the window, communicated with the room which my servant appropriated to himself. This last was a small room with a sofa-bed, and had no communication with the landing place—no other door but that which conducted to the bedroom I was to occupy. On either side of my fireplace was a cupboard, without locks, flush with[10] the wall, and covered with the same dull brown paper. We examined these cupboards —only hooks to suspend female dresses—nothing else; we sounded the walls—evidently solid—the outer walls of the building. Having finished the survey of these apartments, warmed myself a few moments, and lighted my cigar, I then, still accompanied by F——, went forth to complete my reconnoiter.[11] In the landing place there was another door; it was closed firmly. "Sir," said my servant, in surprise, "I unlocked this door with all the others when I first came; it cannot have got locked from the inside, for——"

Before he had finished his sentence, the door, which neither of us then was touching, opened quietly of itself. We looked at each other a single instant. The same thought seized both—some human agency might be detected here. I rushed in first, my servant followed. A small blank dreary room without furniture—a few empty boxes and hampers in a corner—a small window—the shutters closed—not even a fireplace—no other door but that by which we had entered—no carpet on the floor, and the floor seemed very old, uneven, worm-eaten, mended here and there, as was shown by the whiter patches on the wood; but no living being, and no visible place in which a living being could have hidden. As we stood gazing round, the door by which we had entered closed as quietly as it had before opened: we were imprisoned.

For the first time I felt a creep of undefinable horror. Not

[10] Flush with—Even with.
[11] Reconnoiter—Survey.

so my servant. "Why, they don't think to trap us, sir; I could break that trumpery door with a kick of my foot."

"Try first if it will open to your hand," said I, shaking off the vague apprehension that had seized me, "while I unclose the shutters and see what is without."

I unbarred the shutters—the window looked on the little back yard I have before described; there was no ledge without—nothing to break the sheer descent of the wall. No man getting out of that window would have found any footing till he had fallen on the stones below.

F——, meanwhile, was vainly attempting to open the door. He now turned round to me and asked my permission to use force. And I should here state, in justice to the servant, that, far from evincing any superstitious terrors, his nerve, composure, and even gayety amidst circumstances so extraordinary, compelled my admiration, and made me congratulate myself on having secured a companion in every way fitted to the occasion. I willingly gave him the permission he required. But though he was a remarkably strong man, his force was as idle as his milder efforts; the door did not even shake to his stoutest kick. Breathless and panting, he desisted. I then tried the door myself, equally in vain. As I ceased from the effort, again that creep of horror came over me; but this time it was more cold and stubborn. I felt as if some strange and ghastly exhalation were rising up from the chinks of that rugged floor, and filling the atmosphere with a venomous[12] influence hostile to human life. The door now very slowly and quietly opened as of its own accord. We precipitated[13] ourselves into the landing place. We both saw a large pale light—as large as a human figure, but shapeless and unsubstantial—move before us, and ascend the stairs that led from the landing into the attics. I followed the light, and my servant followed me. It entered, to the right of the landing, a small garret, of which

[12] Venomous—Poisonous.
[13] Precipitated—Threw headlong.

the door stood open. I entered in the same instant. The light then collapsed into a small globule, exceedingly brilliant and vivid; rested a moment on a bed in the corner, quivered, and vanished. We approached the bed and examined it—a half-tester, such as is commonly found in attics devoted to servants. On the drawers that stood near it we perceived an old, faded silk kerchief, with the needle still left in a rent half repaired. The kerchief was covered with dust; probably it had belonged to the old woman who had last died in that house, and this might have been her sleeping room. I had sufficient curiosity to open the drawers: there were a few odds and ends of female dress, and two letters tied round with a narrow ribbon of faded yellow. I took the liberty to possess myself of the letters. We found nothing else in the room worth noticing—nor did the light reappear; but we distinctly heard, as we turned to go, a pattering footfall on the floor—just before us. We went through the other attics (in all four), the footfall still preceding us. Nothing to be seen—nothing but the footfall heard. I had the letters in my hand: just as I was descending the stairs I distinctly felt my wrist seized, and a faint soft effort made to draw the letters from my clasp. I only held them the more tightly, and the effort ceased.

We regained the bedchamber appropriated to myself, and I then remarked that my dog had not followed us when we had left it. He was thrusting himself close to the fire, and trembling. I was impatient to examine the letters; and while I read them, my servant opened a little box in which he had deposited the weapons I had ordered him to bring; took them out, placed them on a table close at my bed head, and then occupied himself in soothing the dog, who, however, seemed to heed him very little.

The letters were short—they were dated; the dates exactly thirty-five years ago. They were evidently from a lover to his mistress, or a husband, to some young wife. Not only the terms of expression, but a distinct reference to a former voyage, indicated the writer to have been a seafarer. The spelling and

handwriting were those of a man imperfectly educated, but still the language itself was forcible. In the expressions of endearment there was a kind of rough wild love; but here and there were dark unintelligible hints at some secret not of love—some secret that seemed of crime. "We ought to love each other," was one of the sentences I remember, "for how every one else would execrate[14] us if all was known." Again: "Don't let any one be in the same room with you at night—you talk in your sleep." And again: "What's done can't be undone: and I tell you there's nothing against us unless the dead could come to life." Here there was underlined in a better handwriting (a female's), "They do!" At the end of the letter latest in date the same female hand had written these words: "Lost at sea the 4th of June, the same day as—."

I put down the letters, and began to muse over their contents.

Fearing, however, that the train of thought into which I fell might unsteady my nerves, I fully determined to keep my mind in a fit state to cope with whatever of marvelous the advancing night might bring forth. I roused myself—laid the letters on the table—stirred up the fire, which was still bright and cheering—and opened my volume of Macaulay. I read quietly enough till about half-past eleven. I then threw myself dressed upon the bed, and told my servant he might retire to his own room, but must keep himself awake. I bade him leave open the door between the two rooms. Thus alone, I kept two candles burning on the table by my bed head. I placed my watch beside the weapons, and calmly resumed my Macaulay. Opposite to me the fire burned clear; and on the hearthrug, seemingly asleep, lay the dog. In about twenty minutes I felt an exceedingly cold air pass by my cheek, like a sudden draught. I fancied the door to my right communicating with the landing place, must have got open: but no—it was closed. I then turned my glance to my left, and saw the flame of the candles violently swayed as by a wind. At the same moment the watch beside the revolver softly slid from the table—softly, softly—

[14] Execrate—Detest, abhor.

no visible hand—it was gone. I sprang up, seizing the revolver with the one hand, the dagger with the other: I was not willing that my weapons should share the fate of the watch. Thus armed, I looked round the floor—no sign of the watch. Three slow, loud, distinct knocks were now heard at the bed head; my servant called out, "Is that you, sir?"

"No; be on your guard."

The dog now roused himself and sat on his haunches, his ears moving quickly backwards and forwards. He kept his eyes fixed on me with a look so strange that he concentrated all my attention on himself. Slowly he rose up, all his hair bristling, and stood perfectly rigid, and with the same wild stare. I had no time, however, to examine the dog. Presently my servant emerged from his room; and if ever I saw horror in the human face, it was then. I should not have recognized him had we met in the street, so altered was every lineament.[15] He passed by me quickly, saying in a whisper that seemed scarcely to come from his lips, "Run—run! it is after me!" He gained the door to the landing, pulled it open, and rushed forth. I followed him into the landing involuntarily, calling him to stop; but, without heeding me, he bounded down the stairs, clinging to the balusters, and taking several steps at a time. I heard, where I stood, the street door open—heard it again clap to. I was left alone in the haunted house.

It was but for a moment that I remained undecided whether or not to follow my servant; pride and curiosity alike forbade so dastardly[16] a flight. I reëntered my room, closing the door after me, and proceeded cautiously into the interior chamber. I encountered nothing to justify my servant's terror. I again carefully examined the walls, to see if there were any concealed door. I could find no trace of one—not even a seam in the dull brown paper with which the room was hung. How, then, had the THING, whatever it was, which had so scared him, obtained ingress[17] except through my own chamber?

[15] LINEAMENT—Feature, outline.
[16] DASTARDLY—Cowardly.
[17] INGRESS—Entrance.

I returned to my room, shut and locked the door that opened upon the interior one, and stood on the hearth, expectant and prepared. I now perceived that the dog had slunk into an angle of the wall, and was pressing himself close against it, as if literally striving to force his way into it. I approached the animal and spoke to it; the poor brute was evidently beside itself with terror. It showed all its teeth and would certainly have bitten me if I had touched it. It did not seem to recognize me. Whoever has seen at the Zoölogical Gardens a rabbit fascinated by a serpent, cowering in a corner, may form some idea of the anguish which the dog exhibited. Finding all efforts to soothe the animal in vain, and fearing that his bite might be as venomous in that state as in the madness of hydrophobia, I left him alone, placed my weapons on the table beside the fire, seated myself, and recommenced my Macaulay.

Perhaps, in order not to appear seeking credit for a courage, or rather a coolness, which the reader may conceive I exaggerate, I may be pardoned if I pause to indulge in one or two egotistical [18] remarks.

As I hold presence of mind, or what is called courage, to be precisely proportioned to familiarity with the circumstances that lead to it, so I should say that I had been long sufficiently familiar with all experiments that appertain to the Marvelous. I had witnessed many very extraordinary phenomena in various parts of the world—phenomena that would be either totally disbelieved if I stated them, or ascribed to supernatural agencies. Now, my theory is that the Supernatural is the Impossible, and that what is called supernatural is only a something in the laws of nature of which we have been hitherto ignorant. Therefore, if a ghost rise before me, I have not the right to say, "So, then, the supernatural is possible," but rather, "So, then, the apparition of a ghost is, contrary to received opinion, within the laws of nature—i.e., not supernatural."

[18] Egotistical—Vain, self-exalting.

I now became aware that something interposed between the page and the light—the page was overshadowed: I looked up and I saw what I shall find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

It was a Darkness shaping itself forth from the air in very undefined outline. I cannot say it was of a human form, and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than to anything else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air and the light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touching the ceiling. While I gazed, a feeling of intense cold seized me. An iceberg before me could not more have chilled me; nor could the cold of any iceberg have been more purely physical. I feel convinced that it was not the cold caused by fear. As I continued to gaze, I thought —but this I cannot say with precision—that I distinguished two eyes looking down on me from the height. One moment I fancied that I distinguished them clearly, the next they seemed gone; but still two rays of a pale blue light frequently shot through the darkness, as from the height on which I half believed, half doubted, that I had encountered the eyes.

I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me; I could only think to myself, "Is this fear? It is *not* fear!" I strove to rise—in vain; I felt as if weighed down by an irresistible force. Indeed, my impression was that of an immense and overwhelming Power opposed to my volition[10]—that sense of utter inadequacy to cope with a force beyond man's, which one may feel *physically* in a storm at sea, in a conflagration, or when confronting some terrible wild beast, or rather, perhaps, the shark of the ocean, I felt *morally*. Opposed to my will was another will, as far superior to its strength as storm, fire, and shark are superior in material force to the force of man.

And now, as this impression grew on me—now came, at last, horror—horror to a degree that no words can convey. Still I retained pride, if not courage; and in my own mind I said,

[10] VOLITION—Will.

"This is horror, but it is not fear; unless I fear I cannot be harmed; my reason rejects this thing; it is an illusion—I do not fear." With a violent effort I succeeded at last in stretching out my hand towards the weapon on the table: as I did so, on the arm and shoulder I received a strange shock, and my arm fell to my side powerless. And now, to add to my horror, the light began slowly to wane from the candles—they were not, as it were, extinguished, but their flame seemed very gradually withdrawn: it was the same with the fire—the light was extracted from the fuel; in a few minutes the room was in utter darkness. The dread that came over me, to be thus in the dark with that dark Thing, whose power was so intensely felt, brought a reaction of nerve. In fact, terror had reached that climax, that either my senses must have deserted me, or I must have burst through the spell. I did burst through it. I found voice, though the voice was a shriek. I remember that I broke forth with words like these—"I do not fear, my soul does not fear"; and at the same time I found the strength to rise. Still in that profound gloom I rushed to one of the windows—tore aside the curtain—flung open the shutters; my first thought was—LIGHT. And when I saw the moon high, clear, and calm, I felt a joy that almost compensated for the previous terror. There was the moon, there was also the light from the gas lamps in the deserted slumberous street. I turned to look back into the room; the moon penetrated its shadow very palely and partially—but still there was light. The dark Thing, whatever it might be, was gone—except that I could yet see a dim shadow, which seemed the shadow of that shade, against the opposite wall.

My eye now rested on the table, and from under the table (which was without cloth or cover—an old mahogany round table) there rose a hand, visible as far as the wrist. It was a hand, seemingly, as much of flesh and blood as my own, but the hand of an aged person—lean, wrinkled, small too—a woman's hand. That hand very softly closed on the two letters that lay on the table: hand and letters both vanished. There

then came the same three loud measured knocks I had heard at the bed head before this extraordinary drama had commenced.

As these sounds slowly ceased, I felt the whole room vibrate sensibly; and at the far end there rose, as from the floor, sparks or globules like bubbles of light, many-colored—green, yellow, fire-red, azure. Up and down, to and fro, hither, thither, as tiny Will-o'the-Wisps, the sparks moved, slow or swift, each at its own caprice.[20] A chair (as in the drawing-room below) was now advanced from the wall without apparent agency, and placed at the opposite side of the table. Suddenly, as forth from the chair, there grew a shape—a woman's shape. It was distinct as a shape of life—ghastly as a shape of death. The face was that of youth, with a strange mournful beauty; the throat and shoulders were bare, the rest of the form in a loose robe of cloudy white. It began sleeking its long yellow hair, which fell over its shoulders; its eyes were not turned towards me, but to the door; it seemed listening, watching, waiting. The shadow of the shade in the background grew darker; and again I thought I beheld the eyes gleaming out from the summit of the shadow—eyes fixed upon that shape.

As if from the door, though it did not open, there grew out another shape, equally distinct, equally ghastly—a man's shape—a young man's. It was in the dress of the last century, or rather in a likeness of such dress (for both the male shape and the female, though defined, were evidently unsubstantial, impalpable[21]—phantasms[22]); and there was something incongruous, grotesque, yet fearful, in the contrast between the elaborate finery, the courtly precision of that old-fashioned garb, with its ruffles and lace and buckles, and the corpse-like aspect and ghost-like stillness of the flitting wearer. Just as the male shape approached the female, the dark Shadow started from the wall, all three for a moment wrapped in darkness.

[20] Caprice—Fancy.
[21] Impalpable—Immaterial.
[22] Phantasms—Specters.

When the pale light returned, the two phantoms were as if in the grasp of the Shadow that towered between them; and there was blood-stain on the breast of the female; and the phantom male was leaning on its phantom sword, and blood seemed trickling fast from the ruffles, from the lace; and the darkness of the intermediate Shadow swallowed them up—they were gone. And again the bubbles of light shot, and sailed, and undulated,[23] growing thicker and thicker and more wildly confused in their movements.

The closet door to the right of the fireplace now opened, and from the aperture[24] there came the form of an aged woman. In her hand she held letters,—the very letters over which I had seen *the* Hand close; and behind her I heard a footstep. She turned round as if to listen, and then she opened the letters and seemed to read; and over her shoulder I saw a livid face, the face as of a man long drowned—bloated, bleached—seaweed tangled in its dripping hair; and at her feet lay a form as of a corpse, and beside the corpse there cowered a child, a miserable squalid child, with famine in its cheeks and fear in its eyes. And as I looked in the old woman's face, the wrinkles and lines vanished, and it became a face of youth—hard-eyed, stony, but still youth; and the Shadow darted forth, and darkened over these phantoms as it had darkened over the last.

Nothing now was left but the Shadow, and on that my eyes were intently fixed, till again eyes grew out of the Shadow—malignant,[25] serpent eyes. And the bubbles of light again rose and fell, and in their disordered, irregular, turbulent maze, mingled with the wan moonlight. And now from these globules themselves, as from the shell of an egg, monstrous things burst out; the air grew filled with them; larvæ[26] so bloodless and so hideous that I can in no way describe them except to remind the reader of the swarming life which the solar microscope

[23] UNDULATED—Waved, vibrated.
[24] APERTURE—Opening.
[25] MALIGNANT—Evil.
[26] LARVÆ—Insects in the first stage after leaving the eggs.

brings before his eyes in a drop of water—things transparent, supple, agile, chasing each other, devouring each other—forms like nought ever beheld by the naked eye. As the shapes were without symmetry, so their movements were without order. In their very vagrancies[27] there was no sport; they came faster and swifter, swarming over my head, crawling over my right arm, which was outstretched in involuntary command against all evil things. Sometimes I felt myself touched, but not by them: invisible hands touched me. Once I felt the clutch as of cold soft fingers at my throat. I was still equally conscious that if I gave way to fear I should be in bodily peril; and I concentred all my faculties in the single focus of resisting, stubborn will. And I turned my sight from the Shadow—above all, from those strange serpent eyes—eyes that had now become distinctly visible. For there, though in nought else around me, I was aware that there was a WILL, and a will of intense, creative, working evil which might crush down my own.

The pale atmosphere in the room began now to redden as if in the air of some near conflagration. The larvæ grew lurid[28] as things that live in fire. Again the room vibrated; again were heard the three measured knocks; and again all things were swallowed up in the darkness of the dark Shadow, as if out of that darkness all had come, into that darkness all returned.

As the gloom receded, the Shadow was wholly gone. Slowly as it had been withdrawn, the flame grew again into the candles on the table, again into the fuel in the grate. The whole room came once more calmly, healthfully into sight.

The two doors were still closed, the door communicating with the servant's room still locked. In the corner of the wall, into which he had so convulsively niched himself, lay the dog. I called to him—no movement: I approached—the animal was dead; his eyes protruded; his tongue out of his mouth; the

[27] VAGRANCIES—Wanderings.
[28] LURID—Ghastly.

froth gathered round his jaws. I took him in my arms; I brought him to the fire; I felt acute grief for the loss of my poor favorite—acute self-reproach; I accused myself of his death; I imagined he had died of fright. But what was my surprise on finding that his neck was actually broken. Had this been done in the dark?—Must it not have been by a hand human as mine?—Must there not have been a human agency all the while in that room? Good cause to suspect it. I cannot tell. I cannot do more than state the fact fairly; the reader may draw his own inference.

Another surprising circumstance—my watch was restored to the table from which it had been so mysteriously withdrawn; but it had stopped at the very moment it was so withdrawn; nor, despite all the skill of the watchmaker, has it ever gone since—that is, it will go in a strange erratic [29] way for a few hours, and then come to a dead stop—it is worthless.

Nothing more chanced for the rest of the night. Nor, indeed, had I long to wait before the dawn broke. Nor till it was broad daylight did I quit the haunted house. Before I did so, I revisited the little blind room in which my servant and myself had been for a time imprisoned. I had a strong impression—for which I could not account—that from that room had originated the mechanism of the phenomena—if I may use the term—which had been experienced in my chamber. And though I entered it now in the clear day, with the sun peering through the filmy window, I still felt, as I stood on its floor, the creep of the horror which I had first there experienced the night before, and which had been so aggravated by what had passed in my own chamber. I could not, indeed, bear to stay more than half a minute within those walls. I descended the stairs, and again I heard the footfall before me; and when I opened the street door, I thought I could distinguish a very low laugh. I gained my own home, expecting to find my runaway servant there. But he had not presented himself; nor did I hear more

[29] Erratic—Irregular.

of him for three days, when I received a letter from him, dated from Liverpool, to this effect:—

> "Honored Sir,—I humbly entreat your pardon, though I can scarcely hope that you will think I deserve it, unless—which Heaven forbid!—you saw what I did. I feel that it will be years before I can recover myself; and as to being fit for service, it is out of the question. I am therefore going to my brother-in-law at Melbourne. The ship sails to-morrow. Perhaps the long voyage may set me up. I do nothing now but start and tremble, and fancy IT is behind me. I humbly beg you, honored sir, to order my clothes, and whatever wages are due to me, to be sent to my mother's, at Walworth,—John knows her address."

The letter ended with additional apologies, somewhat incoherent, and explanatory details as to effects that had been under the writer's charge.

This flight may perhaps warrant a suspicion that the man wished to go to Australia, and had been somehow or other fraudulently mixed up with the events of the night. I say nothing in refutation[30] of that conjecture;[31] rather, I suggest it as one that would seem to many persons the most probable solution of improbable occurrences. My belief in my own theory remained unshaken. I returned in the evening to the house, to bring away in a hack cab the things I had left there, with my poor dog's body. In this task I was not disturbed, nor did any incident worth note befall me, except that still, on ascending and descending the stairs, I heard the same footfall in advance. On leaving the house, I went to Mr. J—'s. He was at home. I returned him the keys, told him that my curiosity was sufficiently gratified, and was about to relate quickly what had passed, when he stopped me, and said, though with much politeness, that he had no longer any interest in a mystery which none had ever solved.

I determined at least to tell him of the two letters I had read, as well as of the extraordinary manner in which they

[30] REFUTATION—The act of proving something false.
[31] CONJECTURE—Guess.

had disappeared, and I then inquired if he thought they had been addressed to the woman who had died in the house, and if there were anything in her early history which could possibly confirm the dark suspicions to which the letters gave rise. Mr. J—— seemed startled, and, after musing a few moments, answered, "I am but little acquainted with the woman's earlier history, except, as I before told you, that her family were known to mine. But you revive some vague reminiscences to her prejudice. I will make inquiries, and inform you of their result. Still, even if we could admit the popular superstition that a person who had been either the perpetrator[32] or the victim of dark crimes in life could revisit, as a restless spirit, the scene in which those crimes had been committed, I should observe that the house was infested by strange sights and sounds before the old woman died—you smile—what would you say?"

"I would say this, that I am convinced, if we could get to the bottom of these mysteries, we should find a living human agency."

"What! you believe it is all an imposture? for what object?"

"Not an imposture in the ordinary sense of the word. If suddenly I were to sink into a deep sleep, from which you could not awake me, but in that sleep could answer questions with an accuracy which I could not pretend to when awake—tell you what money you had in your pocket—nay, describe your very thoughts—it is not necessarily an imposture, any more than it is necessarily supernatural. Sure I am, that of all I saw or heard, a man, human as myself, was the remote originator; some material force must have killed my dog; the same force might, for aught I know, have sufficed to kill myself, had I been as subjugated by terror as the dog—had my intellect or my spirit given me no countervailing[33] resistance in my will."

"It killed your dog! that is fearful! indeed it is strange that

[32] PERPETRATOR—One who commits.
[33] COUNTERVAILING—Counterbalancing.

no animal can be induced to stay in that house; not even a cat. Rats and mice are never found in it."

"The instincts of the brute creation detect influences deadly to their existence. Man's reason has a sense less subtle, because it has a resisting power more supreme. But enough; do you comprehend my theory?"

"Yes, though imperfectly—and I accept any crotchet [34] (pardon the word), however odd, rather than embrace at once the notion of ghosts and hobgoblins we imbibed in our nurseries. Still, to my unfortunate house the evil is the same. What on earth can I do with the house?"

"I will tell you what I would do. I am convinced from my own internal feelings that the small unfurnished room at right angles to the door of the bedroom which I occupied, forms a starting point or receptacle for the influences which haunt the house; and I strongly advise you to have the walls opened, the floor removed—nay, the whole room pulled down. I observe that it is detached from the body of the house, built over the small back yard, and could be removed without injury to the rest of the building."

"And you think, if I did that——"

"You would cut off the telegraph wires. Try it. I am so persuaded that I am right, that I will pay half the expense if you will allow me to direct the operations."

"Nay, I am well able to afford the cost; for the rest, allow me to write to you."

About ten days afterwards I received a letter from Mr. J——, telling me that he had visited the house since I had seen him; that he had found the two letters I had described, replaced in the drawer from which I had taken them; that he had read them with misgivings like my own; that he had instituted a cautious inquiry about the woman to whom I rightly conjectured they had been written. It seemed that thirty-six years ago (a year before the date of the letters) she had married, against the wish of her relations, an American of very suspicious char-

[34] Crotchet—Whim or fancy.

acter; in fact, he was generally believed to have been a pirate. She herself was the daughter of very respectable tradespeople, and had served in the capacity of a nursery governess before her marriage. She had a brother, a widower, who was considered wealthy, and who had one child of about six years old. A month after the marriage, the body of this brother was found in the Thames, near London Bridge; there seemed some marks of violence about his throat, but they were not deemed sufficient to warrant the inquest in any other verdict than that of "found drowned."

The American and his wife took charge of the little boy, the deceased brother having by his will left his sister the guardian of his only child—and in event of the child's death, the sister inherited. The child died about six months afterwards—it was supposed to have been neglected and ill-treated. The neighbors deposed[35] to have heard it shriek at night. The surgeon who had examined it after death, said that it was emaciated[36] as if from want of nourishment, and the body was covered with livid[37] bruises. It seemed that one winter night the child had sought to escape—crept out into the back yard—tried to scale the wall—fallen back exhausted, and been found at morning on the stones in a dying state. But though there was some evidence of cruelty, there was none of murder; and the aunt and her husband had sought to palliate[38] cruelty by alleging the exceeding stubbornness and perversity of the child, who was declared to be half-witted. Be that as it may, at the orphan's death the aunt inherited her brother's fortune. Before the first wedded year was out, the American quitted England abruptly, and never returned to it. He obtained a cruising vessel, which was lost in the Atlantic two years afterwards. The widow was left in affluence[39] but reverses of various kinds had befallen

[35] Deposed—Testified on oath.
[36] Emaciated—Thin, pined away.
[37] Livid—Black and blue.
[38] Palliate—Excuse or cover over.
[39] Affluence—Wealth.

her: a bank broke—an investment failed—she went into a small business and became insolvent—then she entered into service, sinking lower and lower, from housekeeper to maid-of-all-work —never long retaining a place, though nothing decided against her character was ever alleged. She was considered sober, honest, and peculiarly quiet in her ways; still nothing prospered with her. And so she had dropped into the workhouse, from which Mr. J—— had taken her, to be placed in charge of the very house which she had rented as mistress in the first year of her wedded life.

Mr. J—— added that he had passed an hour alone in the unfurnished room which I had urged him to destroy, and that his impressions of dread while there were so great, though he had neither heard nor seen anything, that he was eager to have the walls bared and the floors removed as I had suggested. He had engaged persons for the work, and would commence any day I would name.

The day was accordingly fixed. I repaired to the haunted house—we went into the blind dreary room, took up the skirting,[40] and then the floors.—Under the rafters, covered with rubbish, was found a trapdoor, quite large enough to admit a man. It was closely nailed down, with clamps and rivets of iron. On removing these we descended into a room below, the existence of which had never been suspected. In this room there had been a window and a flue, but they had been bricked over, evidently for many years. By the help of candles we examined this place; it still retained some moldering furniture—three chairs, an oak settle, a table—all of the fashion of about eighty years ago. There was a chest of drawers against the wall, in which we found, half-rotted away, old fashioned articles of a man's dress, such as might have been worn eighty or a hundred years ago by a gentleman of some rank—costly steel buckles and buttons, like those yet worn in court dresses, a handsome court sword—in a waistcoat which had once been rich with

[40] Skirting—Narrow, vertical board placed round the margin of a floor.

gold lace, but which was now blackened and foul with damp, we found five guineas, a few silver coins, and an ivory ticket, probably for some place of entertainment long since passed away. But our main discovery was in a kind of iron safe fixed to the wall, the lock of which it cost us much trouble to get picked.

In this safe were three shelves, and two small drawers. Ranged on the shelves were several small bottles of crystal, hermetically [41] stopped. They contained colorless volatile [42] essences, of the nature of which I shall only say that they were not poisons—phosphor and ammonia entered into some of them. There were also some very curious glass tubes, and a small pointed rod of iron, with a large lump of rock crystal, and another of amber—also a loadstone [43] of great power.

In one of the drawers we found a miniature portrait set in gold, and retaining the freshness of its color most remarkably, considering the length of time it had probably been there. The portrait was that of a man who might be somewhat advanced in middle life, perhaps forty-seven or forty-eight.

It was a remarkable face—a most impressive face. If you could fancy some mighty serpent transformed into a man, preserving in the human lineaments the old serpent type, you would have a better idea of that countenance than long descriptions can convey: the width and flatness of frontal [44]—the tapering elegance of contour [45] disguising the strength of the deadly jaw—the long, large terrible eye, glittering and green as the emerald—and withal a certain ruthless calm, as if from the consciousness of an immense power.

Mechanically I turned round the miniature to examine the back of it, and on the back was engraved the date 1765. Examining still more minutely, I detected a spring; this, on

[41] HERMETICALLY—In an air-tight manner.
[42] VOLATILE—Easily passing into the air.
[43] LOADSTONE—Magnet.
[44] FRONTAL—Forehead.
[45] CONTOUR— Outline.

being pressed, opened the back of the miniature as a lid. Within-side the lid were engraved,

"Marianna to thee— Be faithful in life and in death to ——."

Here follows a name that I will not mention, but it was not unfamiliar to me. I had heard it spoken of by old men in my childhood as the name borne by a dazzling charlatan[46] who had made a great sensation in London for a year or so, and had fled the country on the charge of a double murder within his own house—that of his mistress and his rival. I said nothing of this to Mr. J——, to whom reluctantly I resigned the miniature.

We had found no difficulty in opening the first drawer within the iron safe; we found great difficulty in opening the second: it was not locked, but it resisted all efforts, till we inserted in the chinks the edge of a chisel. When we had thus drawn it forth, we found a very singular apparatus in the nicest order. Upon a small thin book, or rather tablet, was placed a saucer of crystal; this saucer was filled with a clear liquid—on that liquid floated a kind of compass, with a needle shifting rapidly round; but instead of the usual points of a compass were seven strange characters, not very unlike those used by astrologers[47] to denote the planets. A peculiar, but not strong nor displeasing odor, came from this drawer, which was lined with a wood that we afterwards discovered to be hazel. Whatever the cause of the odor, it produced a material effect on the nerves. We all felt it, even the two workmen who were in the room—a creeping tingling sensation from the tips of the fingers to the roots of the hair. Impatient to examine the tablet, I removed the saucer. As I did so the needle of the compass went round and round with exceeding swiftness, and I felt a shock that ran through my whole frame, so that I dropped the saucer on the floor. The liquid was spilt—the saucer was broken—the compass rolled to the end of the room—and at that instant

[46] Charlatan—Quack or impostor.
[47] Astrologers—Those who study the skies.

the walls shook to and fro, as if a giant had swayed them. The two workmen were so frightened that they ran up the ladder by which we had descended from the trapdoor; but seeing that nothing happened, they were induced to return.

Meanwhile I had opened the tablet: it was bound in plain red leather, with a silver clasp; it contained but one sheet of thick vellum,[48] and on that sheet were inscribed, words in old monkish Latin, which are literally to be translated thus:

> "On all that it can reach within these walls—sentient [49] or inanimate, living or dead—as moves the needle, so work my will! Accursed be the house, and restless be the dwellers therein."

We found no more. Mr. J—— burnt the tablet and its anathema.[50] He razed [51] to the foundations the part of the building containing the secret room with the chamber over it. He had then the courage to inhabit the house himself for a month, and a quieter, better conditioned house could not be found in all London. Subsequently he let it to advantage, and his tenant has made no complaints.

[48] VELLUM—Fine parchment.
[49] SENTIENT—Living, having the feeling of sensation.
[50] ANATHEMA—Curse.
[51] RAZED—Leveled.

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

(1803–1873)

Edward Bulwer-Lytton was born in London, May 25, 1803, the youngest son of General William Bulwer. He was a delicate, nervous, discontented child, whose childhood was spent in various boarding schools. While in college, he won the Chancellor's medal for English verse with a poem on *Sculpture*. After being graduated from Cambridge, he spent some time in Paris. His marriage, resulting in an estrangement with his family, made it necessary that he work, and plays and novels followed one another in quick succession. He was very active in politics.

He was a member of Parliament from 1831 to 1841 and again from 1852 to 1866. In 1836 he was made a baronet and raised to the peerage as Bulwer-Lytton in 1866. He died in 1873.

The Type of His Stories

Bulwer-Lytton's works have always been popular. *Richelieu* is one of his best plays and *The Last Days of Pompeii* one of his best novels. His style is often criticized as being artificial and affected, but his writings all show good workmanship.

The Haunted and the Haunters—One of His Representative Stories

The Haunted and the Haunters is a plot story which appeals to our interest in the supernatural. It was written at a time when stories of the weird and the terrible were very popular and it is a good example of that type of story. We all like stories which appeal to our imagination from the fairy tales and "ghost" stories to seemingly impossible situations explained by scientific fact. In this story we are prepared for something supernatural and terrible when we find that no tenant of the house had ever remained in it for more than three days and that the owner himself, after spending two or three hours in it in broad daylight refused to remain over night. But a very matter-of-fact gentleman who had no faith in ghosts spent a night in the house—a night whose horror is as thrilling now as it could have been in 1859. He refused to let himself fear and through the power of his will overcame the ghostly visitors and was able to discover a scientific explanation for his terrible experiences.

Other Stories of the Supernatural

The Turn of the Screw	*Henry James*
Wandering Willie's Tale	*Sir Walter Scott*
They	*Rudyard Kipling*
Wood Ladies	*Percival Gibbon*
The Battle of the Monsters	*Morgan Robertson*
Descent into the Maelstrom	*Edgar Allan Poe*
The Shadows on the Wall	*Mary E. W. Freeman*
The Lifted Veil	*George Eliot*
Rappacini's Daughter	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*

CREE QUEERY AND MYSY DROLLY

JAMES M. BARRIE

THE children used to fling stones at Grinder Queery because he loved his mother. I never heard the Grinder's real name. He and his mother were Queery and Drolly,[1] contemptuously so called, and they answered to these names. I remember Cree best as a battered old weaver, who bent forward as he walked, with his arms hanging limp as if ready to grasp the shafts of the barrow behind which it was his life to totter up hill and down hill, a rope of yarn suspended round his shaking neck and fastened to the shafts, assisting him to bear the yoke and slowly strangling him. By and by there came a time when

[1] QUEERY AND DROLLY—Nicknames, meaning "Queer" and "Droll."

the barrow and the weaver seemed both palsy-stricken,[2] and Cree, gasping for breath, would stop in the middle of a brae,[3] unable to push his load over a stone. Then he laid himself down behind it to prevent the barrow's slipping back. On those occasions only the barefooted boys who jeered at the panting weaver could put new strength into his shriveled arms. They did it by telling him that he and Mysy would have to go to the "poorhouse" after all, at which the gray old man would wince, as if "joukin"[4] from a blow, and, shuddering, rise and, with a desperate effort, gain the top of the incline. Small blame perhaps attached to Cree if, as he neared his grave, he grew a little dottle.[5] His loads of yarn frequently took him past the workhouse, and his eyelids quivered as he drew near. Boys used to gather round the gate in anticipation of his coming, and make a feint of driving him inside. Cree, when he observed them, sat down on his barrow shafts terrified to approach, and I see them now pointing to the workhouse till he left his barrow on the road and hobbled away, his legs cracking as he ran.

It is strange to know that there was once a time when Cree was young and straight, a callant[6] who wore a flower in his buttonhole and tried to be a hero for a maiden's sake.

Before Cree settled down as a weaver, he was knife and scissors grinder for three counties, and Mysy, his mother, accompanied him wherever he went. Mysy trudged alongside him till her eyes grew dim and her limbs failed her, and then Cree was told that she must be sent to the pauper's home. After that a pitiable and beautiful sight was to be seen. Grinder Queery, already a feeble man, would wheel his grindstone along the long high-road, leaving Mysy behind. He took the stone on a few hundred yards, and then, hiding it by the roadside in a ditch or behind

[2] PALSY-STRICKEN—Stricken with paralysis.
[3] BRAE—Hill.
[4] JOUKIN'—Dodging.
[5] DOTTLE—Crazy.
[6] CALLANT—Fine young fellow.

a paling,[7] returned for his mother. Her he led—sometimes he almost carried her—to the place where the grindstone lay, and thus by double journeys kept her with him. Every one said that Mysy's death would be a merciful release—every one but Cree.

Cree had been a grinder from his youth, having learned the trade from his father, but he gave it up when Mysy became almost blind. For a time he had to leave her in Thrums[8] with Dan'l Wilkie's wife, and find employment himself in Tillidrum. Mysy got me to write several letters for her to Cree, and she cried while telling me what to say. I never heard either of them use a term of endearment to the other, but all Mysy could tell me to put in writing was: "Oh, my son Cree; oh, my beloved son; oh, I have no one but you; oh, thou God watch over my Cree!" On one of these occasions Mysy put into my hands a paper, which she said would perhaps help me to write the letter. It had been drawn up by Cree many years before, when he and his mother had been compelled to part for a time, and I saw from it that he had been trying to teach Mysy to write. The paper consisted of phrases such as "Dear son Cree," "Loving mother," "I am takin' my food weel," "Yesterday," "Blankets," "The peats is near done," "Mr. Dishart," "Come home, Cree." The grinder had left this paper with his mother, and she had written letters to him from it.

When Dan'l Wilkie objected to keeping a cranky old body like Mysy in his house, Cree came back to Thrums and took a single room with a hand loom in it. The flooring was only lumpy earth, with sacks spread over it to protect Mysy's feet. The room contained two dilapidated old coffin beds, a dresser, a high-backed armchair, several three-legged stools, and two tables, of which one could be packed away beneath the other. In one corner stood the wheel at which Cree had to fill his own pirns.[9] There was a plate rack on one wall, and near the chimney piece hung the wag-at-the-wall clock, the timepiece that

[7] PALING—Fence.
[8] THRUMS—A village in Scotland.
[9] PIRNS—The bobbin of a spinning wheel.

was commonest in Thrums at that time, and that got this name because its exposed pendulum swung along the wall. The two windows in the room faced each other on opposite walls, and were so small that even a child might have stuck in trying to crawl through them. They opened on hinges, like a door. In the wall of the dark passage leading from the outer door into the room was a recess where a pan and pitcher of water always stood wedded, as it were, and a little hole, known as the "bole," in the wall opposite the fireplace contained Cree's library. It consisted of Baxter's *Saints' Rest,* Harvey's *Meditations,* the *Pilgrim's Progress,* a work on folklore, and several Bibles. The saut-backet, or salt-bucket, stood at the end of the fender, which was half of an old cart-wheel. Here Cree worked, whistling "Ower the watter for Charlie," to make Mysy think that he was as gay as a mavis.[10] Mysy grew querulous[11] in her old age, and up to the end she thought of poor, done Cree as a handsome gallant. Only by weaving far into the night could Cree earn as much as six shillings a week. He began at six o'clock in the morning, and worked until midnight by the light of his cruizey. The cruizey was all the lamp Thrums had in those days, though it is only to be seen in use now in a few old-world houses in the glens. It is an ungainly thing in iron, the size of a man's palm, and shaped not unlike the palm when contracted and deepened to hold a liquid. Whale oil, lying open in the mold, was used, and the wick was a rash[12] with the green skin peeled off. These rashes were sold by herdboys at a halfpenny the bundle, but Cree gathered his own wicks. The rashes skin readily when you know how to do it. The iron mold was placed inside another of the same shape, but slightly larger, for in time the oil dripped through the iron, and the whole was then hung by a cleek or hook close to the person using it. Even with three wicks it gave but a stime[13] of light, and never allowed the weaver to see more than the half of his

[10] Mavis—Thrush.
[11] Querulous—Complaining, discontented.
[12] Rash—A rush, a marsh plant having a hollow stem.
[13] Stime—Glimmer.

loom at a time. Sometimes Cree used threads for wicks. He was too dull a man to have many visitors, but Mr. Dishart called occasionally and reproved him for telling his mother lies. The lies Cree told Mysy were that he was sharing the meals he won for her, and that he wore the overcoat which he had exchanged years before for a blanket to keep her warm.

There was a terrible want of spirit about Grinder Queery. Boys used to climb on to his stone roof with clods of damp earth in their hands, which they dropped down the chimney. Mysy was bedridden by this time, and the smoke threatened to choke her; so Cree, instead of chasing his persecutors, bargained with them. He gave them fly-hooks which he had busked [14] himself, and when he had nothing left to give he tried to flatter them into dealing gently with Mysy by talking to them as men. One night it went through the town that Mysy now lay in bed all day listening for her summons to depart. According to her ideas this would come in the form of a tapping at the window, and their intention was to forestall the spirit. Dite Gow's boy, who is now a grown man, was hoisted up to one of the little windows, and he has always thought of Mysy since as he saw her then for the last time. She lay sleeping, so far as he could see, and Cree sat by the fireside looking at her.

Every one knew that there was seldom a fire in that house unless Mysy was cold. Cree seemed to think that the fire was getting low. In the little closet, which, with the kitchen, made up his house, was a corner shut off from the rest of the room by a few boards, and behind this he kept his peats.[15] There was a similar receptacle for potatoes in the kitchen. Cree wanted to get another peat for the fire without disturbing Mysy. First he took off his boots, and made for the peats on tiptoe. His shadow was cast on the bed, however, so he next got down on his knees and crawled softly into the closet. With the peat in his hands he returned in the same way, glancing every moment at the bed where Mysy lay. Though Tammy Gow's face was pressed against a broken window, he did not hear Cree putting

[14] BUSKED—Prepared.
[15] PEATS—Turf cut for fuel.

that peat on the fire. Some say that Mysy heard, but pretended not to do so for her son's sake; that she realized the deception he played on her and had not the heart to undeceive him. But it would be too sad to believe that. The boys left Cree alone that night.

The old weaver lived on alone in that solitary house after Mysy left him, and by and by the story went abroad that he was saving money. At first no one believed this except the man who told it, but there seemed after all to be something in it. You had only to hit Cree's trouser pocket to hear the money clinking, for he was afraid to let it out of his clutch. Those who sat on dykes[16] with him when his day's labor was over said that the weaver kept his hand all the time in his pocket, and that they saw his lips move as he counted his hoard by letting it slip through his fingers. So there were boys who called "Miser Queery" after him instead of Grinder, and asked him whether he was saving up to keep himself from the workhouse.

But we had all done Cree wrong. It came out on his deathbed what he had been storing up his money for. Grinder, according to the doctor, died of getting a good meal from a friend of his earlier days after being accustomed to starve on potatoes and a very little oatmeal indeed. The day before he died this friend sent him half a sovereign, and when Grinder saw it he sat up excitedly in his bed and pulled his corduroys from beneath his pillow. The woman who, out of kindness, attended him in his last illness, looked on curiously while Cree added the sixpences and coppers in his pocket to the half-sovereign. After all they only made some two pounds, but a look of peace came into Cree's eyes as he told the woman to take it all to a shop in the town. Nearly twelve years previously Jamie Lownie had lent him two pounds, and though the money was never asked for, it preyed on Cree's mind that he was in debt. He paid off all he owed, and so Cree's life was not, I think, a failure.

[16] Dykes—Embankments.

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

The Story of His Life

(1860——)

Sir James M. Barrie, a present-day British writer, was born in 1860 in Kirriemuir, Scotland. He was educated at Edinburgh University and early turned his attention to depicting the life and scenes of his native village. His first stories were those of Scotch localities in which he reflected the village life and rustic characters of his beloved Scotland. In 1885 he went to London to engage in journalism. He rapidly gained fame as a writer and is to-day known as one of the best loved of the contemporary novelists and dramatists.

The Type of His Stories

Barrie's peculiar talent for depicting Scottish life and characters with fidelity, pathos, humor and poetic charm which first brought him fame as a writer of short stories, is the quality which makes him loved as a novelist and playwright. His sympathy with the characters in his stories makes them real human beings and it is for his characterizations that he is best known. Many of his short stories of Scottish life are collected in *A Window in Thrums and Auld Licht Idylls,* and some of his best known novels are *Sentimental Tommy, Tommy and Grizel, The Little Minister* and *The Little White Bird. Peter Pan* is one of his best known dramas.

Cree Queery and Mysy Drolly—One of His Representative Stories

Cree Queery and Mysy Drolly is a character sketch strongly tinged with local color. The scene is laid in a Scottish village, but the setting is entirely subordinated, for Cree himself is the story. There is no plot, but the incidents are so related that each adds something to the reader's understanding of Cree's character. We feel Cree's devotion to his mother, his pride and courage in his fight against bodily weakness and in his efforts to support his mother and himself, his honesty, and his unselfishness. He becomes a real person, pathetic but noble.

Other Character Sketches

Brother Leo	*Phyllis Bottome*
A Bank Fraud	*Rudyard Kipling*
Will o' the Mill	*Robert Louis Stevenson*
The Friends	*Stacy Aumonier*
A Retrieved Reformation	*O. Henry*

THE RANSOM OF RED CHIEF

O. HENRY

It looked like a good thing; but wait till I tell you. We were down south, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterwards expressed it, "during a moment of temporary mental apparition"; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious[1] and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a town lot scheme in Western Illinois. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness,[2] says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables and, maybe, some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe[3] or two in the Weekly Farmers' Budget. So it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and

[1] UNDELETERIOUS—Harmless.
[2] PHILOPROGENITIVENESS—Instinctive love of parents for their children.
[3] DIATRIBE—Bitter criticism.

tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief[4] freckles, and hair the color of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain covered with a dense cedar brake.[5] On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

"Hey, little boy!" said Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?"

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

That boy put up a fight like a welterweight cinnamon bear: but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

"Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?"

"He's all right now," says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic lantern views

[4] BAS-RELIEF—In a bas-relief the figures stand out very slightly from the background.

[5] CEDAR BRAKE—A woods of cedar covered with dense underbrush.

of Palestine in the town hall. I'm old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard."

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

"I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?"

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a war whoop that made Old Hank, the Trapper, shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

"Red Chief," says I to the kid, "would you like to go home?"

"Aw, what for?" says he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?"

"Not right away," says I. "We'l stay here in the cave a while."

"All right!" says he. "That'll be he. I never had such fun in all my life."

We went to bed about eleven olock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and pt Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. H kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching forhis rifle and screeching: "Hist! pard!" in mine and Bill's earsas the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealecto his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw and. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that Ihad been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pira with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakend by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd epect from a manly set of vocal organs—they were simply indcent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit whe they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hea a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently[6] in a cave t daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the mater was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one handtwined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistrally trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that lad been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He lay down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sunup I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

[6] INCONTINENTLY—Without restraint.

"What you getting up so soon for, Sam?" asked Bill.

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it."

"You're a liar!" says Bill. "You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?"

"Sure," said I. "A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoiter."

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man plowing with a dunmule. Nobody was dragging the creek, no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alalama that lay exposed to my view. "Perhaps," says I to myself, "it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!" says I, and went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

"He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back," explained Bill, "and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?"

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. "I'll fix you," says the kid to Bill. "No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!"

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

"What's he up to now?" says Bill, anxiously. "You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?"

"No fear of it," says I. "He don't seem to be much of a home body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbors. Anyhow, he'll be missed to-day. To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return."

Just then we heard a kind of war whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like one a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: "Sam, do you know who my favorite Biblical character is?"

"Take it easy," says I. "You'll come to your senses presently."

"King Herod," says he. "You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?"

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

"If you don't behave," says I, "I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?"

"I was only funning," says he sullenly. "I didn't mean to

hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout to-day."

"I don't know the game," says I. "That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once."

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

"You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquake, fire, and flood—in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies, and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?"

"I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. "I ain't attempting," says he, "to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me."

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:

"Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.:

"We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skillful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply—as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

"The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

"If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

"If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them, no further communication will be attempted.

Two Desperate Men."

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

"Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone."

"Play it, of course," says I. "Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?"

"I'm the Black Scout," says Red Chief, "and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout."

"All right," says I. "It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages."

"What am I to do?" asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

"You are the hoss," says Black Scout. "Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?"

"You'd better keep him interested," said I, "till we get the scheme going. Loosen up."

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit when you catch it in a trap.

"How far is it to the stockade, kid?" he asks in a husky manner of voice.

"Ninety miles," says the Black Scout. "And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!"

The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his side.

"For Heaven's sake," says Bill, "hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me, or I'll get up and warm you good."

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the post office and store, talking with the chawbacons that come in to trade. One whiskerando says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously and came away. The postmaster said the mail carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wabbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

"Sam," says Bill, "I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine

proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominence fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit."

"What's the trouble, Bill?" I asks him.

"I was rode," says Bill, "the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways, and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-an-blue from the knees down; and I've got two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized."

"But he's gone,"—continues Bill—"gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse."

"Bill," says I, "there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?"

"No," says Bill, "nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?"

"Then you might turn around," says I, "and have a look behind you."

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a

weak sort of smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnappers. The tree under which the answer was to be left—and the money later on—was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for anyone to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields, or in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence post, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern, and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

"Two Desperate Men.

"Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbors believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

"Very respectfully,
Ebenezer Dorset."

"Great pirates of Penzance!" says I, "of all the impudent—"

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

"Sam," says he, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kind will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?"

"Tell you the truth, Bill," says I, "this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves, too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom, and make our getaway."

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

"How long can you hold him?" asks Bill.

"I'm not as strong as I used to be," says old Dorset, "but I think I can promise you ten minutes."

"Enough," says Bill. "In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern, and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border."

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

WILLIAM SIDNEY PORTER (O. HENRY)

The Story of His Life

(1862–1910)

William Sidney Porter was born in 1862 in Greensboro, North Carolina. His early education he received from an aunt, and this was supplemented by a few months in the graded school in Greensboro. As a boy, he was a great reader, and he enjoyed reproducing for the amusement of his schoolmates, the stories he read, with his own humorous interpretations and additions.

At sixteen he went to work in his uncle's drug store where he amused himself in his spare time drawing cartoons. As later he interpreted the world through his stories, as a boy, he interpreted his little world of Greensboro in cartoons.

Life in the drug store was very confining, and as a result, his health began to fail. At the invitation of a doctor, a friend of his, he went west to Texas in 1884 and became for a time an amateur ranchman. While in Austin he became teller in a bank. He also attempted a humorous weekly story paper, *The Rolling Stone*, but the experiment proved a failure.

He then went to Houston as a reporter on the *Houston Post,* but while there he was summoned back to Austin to stand trial for a misappropriation of funds. He insisted he was innocent and started back. On the way he changed his mind and boarded a fruiter for Honduras. He remained in South America, experimenting in banana culture, until he learned his wife was very ill, when he returned immediately to Austin, surrendered, and was sentenced to five years in the federal prison in Columbus, Ohio. No one in Austin believed him guilty, and he probably would have been acquitted had he not run away.

In the federal prison he began writing stories and assumed the now famous pen name, O. Henry. Upon his release, he moved to New York where in 1903 he contracted with the *New York World* for a story a week at a hundred dollars a story. For two and one-half years he produced his weekly stories, and through these stories, his fame quickly spread.

He died June 5, 1910.

The Type of His Stories

O. Henry is the most popular of the American short story writers. More than two million sets of his works have been sold and there is no falling off in the sales. He is master of the art of surprise. His plots are carefully planned, everything seemingly aimed at a sensational ending. Electric currents run through his sentences, and even his vocabulary is startling. His expression is idiomatic, and yet there is a neatness in his choice of words. The chief ingredient in his style is humor. His main purpose is to entertain. In subject matter he keeps close to the lives and scenes with which he has had actual contact. His plots usually hinge upon some trivial event. He takes an objective attitude toward his characters and rarely is serious in his treatment of a subject. Interesting stories by him may be found in his *Roads of Destiny*, *The Voice of the City*, *Whirligigs*, *The Gentle Grafter*, *Heart of the West*, and *The Trimmed Lamp*.

The Ransom of Red Chief—A Representative Story

The Ransom of Red Chief is a plot story with the typical O. Henry surprise ending. Much of the enjoyment of this story is due to the humor. Sam tells the story of how he and his friend Bill decided to go kidnapping. They were unfortunate, however, in their choice of a victim, and the descriptions of the way "Red Chief" terrorized poor Bill and broke his spirit make one feel for Bill the heartiest sympathy. The way the old Deacon turned the tables on the "Two Desperate Men" when they demanded a ransom for his son, capped the climax, at least as far as Bill was concerned, and it is safe to assume that Bill and Sam never tried kidnapping again.

Other Humorous Stories of Childhood

Sonny's Schoolin'	*Ruth McEnery Stuart*
Sonny's Diploma	*Ruth McEnery Stuart*
The Peggy-Mary Stories	*Kay Cleaver Strahay*
The Genevieve Gertrude Stories	*Mariel Brady*
Ain't She the Beautiful?	*Elinore Cowan Stone*
Tom Sawyer	*Mark Twain*
The Story of a Bad Boy	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*
The Misadventures of Three Good Boys	*Henry Shute*
The Court of Boyville	*William Allen White*

THE MAN WHO WAS

RUDYARD KIPLING

Let it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt.[1] As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of western peoples instead of the most westerly of easterns that he becomes a racial anomaly[2] extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

Dirkovitch was a Russian—a Russian of the Russians—who appeared to get his bread by serving the Czar as an officer in a Cossack regiment,[3] and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice alike. He was a handsome young Oriental, fond of wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular. At least no living man could ascertain whether it was by way of Balkh, Badakshan, Chitral, Beluchistan, or Nepaul, or anywhere else. The Indian Government, being in an unusually affable mood, gave orders that he was to be civilly treated and shown everything that was to be seen. So he drifted, talking bad English and worse French, from one city to another, till he foregathered with Her Majesty's[4] White Hussars[5] in the city of Peshawur, which stands at the mouth of that narrow sword cut in the hills that men call the Khyber Pass.[6] He was un-

[1] Tucks in His Shirt—Adopts Western manners and customs. The outer shirt of the Russian hangs loose down to his knees.
[2] Anomaly—Deviation.
[3] Cossack Regiment—A daring regiment of the Russians.
[4] Her Majesty's—Queen Victoria of England.
[5] White Hussars—A famous cavalry regiment.
[6] Khyber Pass—Strategic gateway into India from the northwest.

doubtedly an officer, and he was decorated after the manner of the Russians with little enameled crosses, and he could talk, and (though this has nothing to do with his merits) he had been given up as a hopeless task, or cask, by the Black Tyrone,[7] who individually and collectively, with hot whisky and honey, mulled brandy, and mixed spirits of every kind, had striven in all hospitality to make him drunk. And when the Black Tyrone, who are exclusively Irish, fail to disturb the peace of head of a foreigner—that foreigner is certain to be a superior man.

The White Hussars were as conscientious in choosing their wine as in charging the enemy. All that they possessed, including some wondrous brandy, was placed at the absolute disposition of Dirkovitch, and he enjoyed himself hugely—even more than among the Black Tyrones.

But he remained distressingly European through it all. The White Hussars were "My dear true friends," "Fellow-soldiers glorious," and "Brothers inseparable." He would unburden himself by the hour on the glorious future that awaited the combined arms of England and Russia when their hearts and their territories should run side by side and the great mission of civilizing Asia should begin. That was unsatisfactory, because Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable[8] in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday school or learn to vote save with swords for tickets.

Dirkovitch knew this as well as anyone else, but it suited him to talk special-correspondently and to make himself as genial as he could. Now and then he volunteered a little, a very little, information about his own sotnia[9] of Cossacks, left apparently to look after themselves somewhere at the back of

[7] Black Tyrone—An Irish regiment.
[8] Insatiable—Unsatisfied.
[9] Sotnia—Cavalry squadron.

beyond. He had done rough work in Central Asia, and had seen rather more help-yourself fighting than most men of his years. But he was careful never to betray his superiority, and more than careful to praise on all occasions the appearance, drill, uniform, and organization of Her Majesty's White Hussars. And indeed they were a regiment to be admired. When Lady Durgan, widow of the late Sir John Durgan, arrived in their station, and after a short time had been proposed to by every single man at mess, she put the public sentiment very neatly when she explained that they were all so nice that unless she could marry them all, including the colonel and some majors already married, she was not going to content herself with one hussar. Wherefore she wedded a little man in a rifle regiment, being by nature contradictious; and the White Hussars were going to wear crape on their arms, but compromised by attending the wedding in full force, and lining the aisle with unutterable reproach. She had jilted them all—from Basset-Holmer the senior captain to little Mildred the junior subaltern,[10] who could have given her four thousand a year and a title.

The only persons who did not share the general regard for the White Hussars were a few thousand gentlemen of Jewish extraction who lived across the border, and answered to the name of Pathan.[11] They had once met the regiment officially[12] and for something less than twenty minutes, but the interview, which was complicated with many casualties, had filled them with prejudice. They even called the White Hussars children of the devil and sons of persons whom it would be perfectly impossible to meet in decent society. Yet they were not above making their aversion fill their money-belts. The regiment possessed carbines[13]—beautiful Martini-Henri carbines that would cob[14] a bullet into an enemy's camp at one thousand yards,

[10] SUBALTERN—An officer under the rank of captain.
[11] PATHAN—An Afghan tribe.
[12] OFFICIALLY—In action.
[13] CARBINES—Cavalry muskets.
[14] COB—Throw.

and were even handier than the long rifle. Therefore they were coveted all along the border, and since demand inevitably breeds supply, they were supplied at the risk of life and limb for exactly their weight in coined silver—seven and one half pounds weight of rupees,[15] or sixteen pounds sterling reckoning the rupee at par. They were stolen at night by snaky-haired thieves who crawled on their stomachs under the nose of the sentries; they disappeared mysteriously from locked arm-racks, and in the hot weather, when all the barrack doors and windows were open, they vanished like puffs of their own smoke. The border people desired them for family vendettas[16] and contingencies. But in the long cold nights of the northern Indian winter they were stolen most extensively. The traffic of murder was liveliest among the hills at that season, and prices ruled high. The regimental guards were first doubled and then trebled. A trooper does not much care if he loses a weapon—Government must make it good—but he deeply resents the loss of his sleep. The regiment grew very angry, and one rifle thief bears the visible marks of their anger upon him to this hour. That incident stopped the burglaries for a time, and the guards were reduced accordingly, and the regiment devoted itself to polo with unexpected results; for it beat by two goals to one that very terrible polo corps the Lushkar Light Horse,[17] though the latter had four ponies apiece for a short hour's fight, as well as a native officer who played like a lambent flame across the ground.

They gave a dinner to celebrate the event. The Lushkar team came, and Dirkovitch came, in the fullest full uniform of a Cossack officer, which is as full as a dressing-gown, and was introduced to the Lushkars, and opened his eyes as he regarded. They were lighter men than the Hussars, and they carried themselves with the swing that is the peculiar right of

[15] Rupees—Coins worth about 32 cents.
[16] Vendettas—Feuds.
[17] Lushkar Light Horse—Another cavalry regiment.

the Punjab[18] Frontier Force. Like everything else in the Service it has to be learnt, but, unlike many things, it is never forgotten, and remains on the body till death.

The great beam-roofed mess room of the White Hussars was a sight to be remembered. All the mess plate[19] was out on the long table—the same table that had served up the bodies of five officers after a forgotten fight long and long ago—the dingy, battered standards faced the door of entrance, clumps of winter roses lay between the silver candlesticks, and the portraits of eminent officers deceased looked down on their successors from between the heads of sambhur, nilghai, markhor,[20] and, pride of all the mess, two grinning snow leopards that had cost Basset-Holmer four months' leave that he might have spent in England, instead of on the road to Tibet and the daily risk of his life by ledge, snowslide, and grassy slope.

The servants in spotless white muslin and the crest of their regiments on the brow of their turbans waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars, and the cream and silver of the Lushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big onyx eyes made up for it. He was fraternizing effusively with the captain of the Lushkar team, who was wondering how many of Dirkovitch's Cossacks his own dark wiry down-countrymen could account for in a fair charge. But one does not speak of these things openly.

The talk rose higher and higher, and the regimental band played between the courses, as is the immemorial custom, till all tongues ceased for a moment with the removal of the dinner-slips and the first toast of obligation, when an officer rising said, "Mr. Vice,[21] the Queen," and little Mildred from the bottom of the table answered, "The Queen, God bless her," and the

[18] Punjab—A province in northwest India.
[19] Plate—Silver.
[20] Sambhur, Nilghai, Markhor—Game animals.
[21] Mr. Vice—Probably little Mildred was addressing the viceroy, who is the Governor-General of India, appointed by the Queen of England.

big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the Queen upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to settle their mess-bills. That Sacrament of the Mess never grows old, and never ceases to bring a lump into the throat of the listener wherever he be, by sea or by land. Dirkovitch rose with his "brothers glorious," but he could not understand. No one but an officer can tell what the toast means; and the bulk have more sentiment than comprehension. Immediately after the little silence that follows on the ceremony there entered the native officer who had played for the Lushkar team. He could not, of course, eat with the mess, but he came in at dessert, all six feet of him, with the blue and silver turban atop, and the big black boots below. The mess rose joyously as he thrust forward the hilt of his saber in token of fealty[22] for the colonel of the White Hussars to touch, and dropped into a vacant chair amid shouts of: "*Rung ho,* Hira Singh!" (which being translated means "Go in and win"). "Did I whack you over the knee, old man?" "Ressaidar[23] Sahib,[24] what the devil made you play that kicking pig of a pony in the last ten minutes?" "*Shabash,*[25] Ressaidar Sahib!" Then the voice of the colonel, "The health of Ressaidar Hira Singh!"

After the shouting had died away Hira Singh rose to reply, for he was the cadet of a royal house, the son of a king's son, and knew what was due on these occasions. Thus he spoke in the vernacular:—"Colonel Sahib and officers of this regiment. Much honor have you done me. This will I remember. We came down from afar to play you. But we were beaten." ("No fault of yours, Ressaidar Sahib. Played on our own ground y' know. Your ponies were cramped from the railway. Don't apologize!") "Therefore perhaps we will come again if it be so ordained." ("Hear! Hear! Hear, indeed! Bravo! Hsh!") "Then we will play you afresh" ("Happy to meet you.") "Till

[22] FEALTY—Loyalty.
[23] RESSAIDAR—A native captain.
[24] SAHIB—A title of courtesy meaning Honorable. Ressaidar Sahib means Honorable Captain.
[25] SHABASH—Bravo!

there are left no feet upon our ponies. Thus far for sport." He dropped one hand on his sword hilt and his eyes wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his chair. "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game, then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we will play it out side by side, though *they*," again his eye sought Dirkovitch, "though *they* I say have fifty ponies to our one horse." And with a deep-mouthed *Rung ho!* that sounded like a musket-butt on flagstones he sat down amid leaping glasses.

Dirkovitch who had devoted himself steadily to the brandy —the terrible brandy aforementioned—did not understand, nor did the expurgated translations offered to him at all convey the point. Decidedly Hira Singh's was the speech of the evening, and the clamor might have continued to the dawn had it not been broken by the noise of a shot without that sent every man feeling at his defenseless left side. Then there was a scuffle and a yell of pain.

"Carbine-stealing again!" said the adjutant calmly sinking back in his chair. "This comes of reducing the guards. I hope the sentries have killed him."

The feet of armed men pounded on the veranda flags,[26] and it was as though something was being dragged.

"Why don't they put him in the cells till the morning?" said the colonel testily. "See if they've damaged him, sergeant."

The mess sergeant fled out into the darkness and returned with two troopers and a corporal, all very much perplexed.

"Caught a man stealin' carbines, sir," said the corporal. "Leastways 'e was crawlin' towards the barricks, sir, past the main road sentries, an' the sentry 'e sez, sir—"

The limp heap of rags upheld by the three men groaned. Never was seen so destitute and demoralized an Afghan. He was turbanless, shoeless, caked with dirt, and all but dead

[26] FLAGS—Flagstones.

with rough handling. Hira Singh started slightly at the sound of the man's pain. Dirkovitch took another glass of brandy.

"What does the sentry say?" said the colonel.

"Sez 'e speaks English, sir," said the corporal.

"So you brought him into mess instead of handing him over to the sergeant! If he spoke all the Tongues of the Pentecost[27] you've no business—"

Again the bundle groaned and muttered. Little Mildred had risen from his place to inspect. He jumped back as though he had been shot.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, to send the men away," said he to the colonel, for he was a much privileged subaltern. He put his arms round the rag-bound horror as he spoke, and dropped him into a chair. It may not have been explained that the littleness of Mildred lay in his being six feet four and big in proportion. The corporal seeing that an officer was disposed to look after the capture, and that the colonel's eye was beginning to blaze, promptly removed himself and his men. The mess was left alone with the carbine thief, who laid his head on the table and wept bitterly, hopelessly, and inconsolably, as little children weep.

Hira Singh leapt to his feet. "Colonel Sahib," said he, "that man is no Afghan, for they weep *Ai! Ai!* Nor is he of Hindustan, for they weep *Oh! Ho!* He weeps after the fashion of the white men, who say *Ow! Ow!*"

"Now, where the dickens did you get that knowledge, Hira Singh?" said the captain of the Lushkar team.

"Hear him!" said Hira Singh simply, pointing at the crumpled figure that wept as though it would never cease.

"He said, 'My God!'" said little Mildred. "I heard him say it."

The colonel and the mess room looked at the man in silence. It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but

[27] Tongues of the Pentecost—Tongues of the earth.

a man must cry from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces.

"Poor devil!" said the colonel, coughing tremendously. "We ought to send him to hospital. He's been manhandled."

Now the adjutant loved his carbines. They were to him as his grandchildren, the men standing in the first place. He grunted rebelliously: "I can understand an Afghan stealing, because he's built that way. But I can't understand his crying. That makes it worse."

The brandy must have affected Dirkovitch, for he lay back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing special in the ceiling beyond a shadow as of a huge black coffin. Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of the mess room this shadow was always thrown when the candles were lighted. It never disturbed the digestion of the White Hussars. They were in fact rather proud of it.

"Is he going to cry all night?" said the colonel, "or are we supposed to sit up with little Mildred's guest until he feels better?"

The man in the chair threw up his head and stared at the mess. "Oh, my God!" he said, and every soul in the mess rose to his feet. Then the Lushkar captain did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross[28]—distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curiosity. He picked up his team with his eyes as the hostess picks up the ladies at the opportune moment, and pausing only by the colonel's chair to say, "This isn't *our* affair, you know, sir," led them into the veranda and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last to go, and he looked at Dirkovitch. But Dirkovitch had departed into a brandy paradise of his own. His lips moved without sound and he was studying the coffin on the ceiling.

"White—white all over," said Basset-Holmer, the adjutant.

[28] Victoria Cross—A British award for bravery.

"What a pernicious renegade he must be. I wonder where he came from?"

The colonel shook the man gently by the arm, and "Who are you?" said he.

There was no answer. The man stared round the mess room and smiled in the colonel's face. Little Mildred, who was always more of a woman than a man till "Boot and saddle" was sounded repeated the question in a voice that would have drawn confidences from a geyser. The man only smiled. Dirkovitch at the far end of the table slid gently from his chair to the floor. No son of Adam in this present imperfect world can mix the Hussar's champagne with the Hussar's brandy by five and eight glasses of each without remembering the pit whence he was digged and descending thither. The band began to play the tune with which the White Hussars from the date of their formation have concluded all their functions. They would sooner be disbanded than abandon that tune; it is a part of their system. The man straightened himself in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I don't see why we should entertain lunatics," said the colonel. "Call a guard and send him off to the cells. We'll look into the business in the morning. Give him a glass of wine first though."

Little Mildred filled a sherry glass with the brandy and thrust it over to the man. He drank, and the tune rose louder, and he straightened himself yet more. Then he put out his long-taloned hands to a piece of plate opposite and fingered it lovingly. There was a mystery connected with that piece of plate, in the shape of a spring which converted what was a seven-branched candlestick, three springs on each side and one in the middle, into a sort of wheel-spoke candelabrum. He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly. He rose from his chair and inspected a picture on the wall, then moved on to another picture, the mess watching him without a word. When he came to the mantelpiece he shook his head and seemed distressed. A piece of plate representing a mounted hussar in full uni-

form caught his eye. He pointed to it, and then to the mantelpiece with inquiry in his eyes.

"What is it—Oh, what is it?" said little Mildred. Then as a mother might speak to a child, "That is a horse. Yes, a horse."

Very slowly came the answer in a thick, passionless guttural "—Yes, I—have seen. But—where is *the* horse?"

You could have heard the hearts of the mess beating as the men drew back to give the stranger full room in his wanderings. There was no question of calling the guard.

Again he spoke—very slowly, "Where is *our* horse?"

There is but one horse in the White Hussars, and his portrait hangs outside the door of the mess room. He is the piebald drum horse, the king of the regimental band, that served the regiment for seven-and-thirty years, and in the end was shot for old age. Half the mess tore the thing down from its place and thrust it into the man's hands. He placed it above the mantelpiece, it clattered on the ledge as his poor hands dropped it, and he staggered towards the bottom of the table, falling into Mildred's chair. Then all the men spoke to one another something after this fashion, "The drum horse hasn't hung over the mantelpiece since '67." "How does he know?" "Mildred, go and speak to him again." "Colonel, what are you going to do?" "Oh, dry up, and give the poor devil a chance to pull himself together." "It isn't possible anyhow. The man's a lunatic."

Little Mildred stood at the colonel's side talking in his ear. "Will you be good enough to take your seats please, gentlemen!" he said, and the mess dropped into the chairs. Only Dirkovitch's seat, next to little Mildred's, was blank, and little Mildred himself had found Hira Singh's place. The wide-eyed mess sergeant filled the glasses in deep silence. Once more the colonel rose, but his hand shook and the port spilled on the table as he looked straight at the man in little Mildred's chair and said hoarsely, "Mr. Vice, the Queen." There was a little pause, but the man sprung to his feet and answered without

hesitation, "The Queen, God bless her!" and as he emptied the thin glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Long and long ago, when the Empress of India was a young woman and there were no unclean ideals in the land, it was the custom of a few messes to drink the Queen's toast in broken glass, to the vast delight of the mess-contractors. The custom is now dead, because there is nothing to break anything for, except now and again the word of a Government, and that has been broken already.

"That settles it," said the colonel, with a gasp. "He's not a sergeant. What in the world is he?"

The entire mess echoed the word, and the volley of questions would have scared any man. It was no wonder that the ragged, filthy invader could only smile and shake his head.

From under the table, calm and smiling, rose Dirkovitch, who had been roused from healthful slumber by feet upon his body. By the side of the man he rose, and the man shrieked and groveled. It was a horrible sight coming so swiftly upon the pride and glory of the toast that had brought the strayed wits together.

Dirkovitch made no offer to raise him, but little Mildred heaved him up in an instant. It is not good that a gentleman who can answer to the Queen's toast should lie at the feet of a subaltern of Cossacks.

The hasty action tore the wretch's upper clothing nearly to the waist, and his body was seamed with dry black scars. There is only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat.[29] Dirkovitch saw the marks, and the pupils of his eyes dilated. Also his face changed. He said something that sounded like *Shto ve takete,*[30] and the man fawning answered, *Chetyre.*

"What's that?" said everybody together.

[29] CAT—Cat-o-nine-tails, a flogging whip.
[30] SHTO VE TAKETE—Who are you?

"His number. That is number four, you know." Dirkovitch spoke very thickly.

"What has a Queen's officer to do with a qualified number?" said the Colonel, and an unpleasant growl ran round the table.

"How can I tell?" said the affable Oriental with a sweet smile. "He is a—how you have it?—escape—run-a-way, from over there.[31] He nodded towards the darkness of the night.

"Speak to him if he'll answer you, and speak to him gently," said little Mildred, settling the man in a chair. It seemed most improper to all present that Dirkovitch should sip brandy as he talked in purring, spitting Russian to the creature who answered so feebly and with such evident dread. But since Dirkovitch appeared to understand no one said a word. All breathed heavily, leaning forward, in the long gaps of the conversation. The next time that they have no engagements on hand the White Hussars intend to go to St. Petersburg in a body to learn Russian.

"He does not know how many years ago," said Dirkovitch, facing the mess, "but he says it was very long ago in a war. I think that there was an accident. He says he was of this glorious and distinguished regiment in the war."

"The rolls! The rolls! Holmer, get the rolls!" said little Mildred, and the adjutant dashed off bareheaded to the orderly-room where the muster rolls of the regiment were kept. He returned just in time to hear Dirkovitch conclude, "Therefore, my dear friends, I am most sorry to say there was an accident which would have been reparable if he had apologized to that our colonel, which he had insulted."

Then followed another growl which the colonel tried to beat down. The mess was in no mood just then to weigh insults to Russian colonels.

"He does not remember, but I think that there was an accident, and so he was not exchanged among the prisoners, but he was sent to another place—how do you say?—the country. *So*, he says, he came here. He does not know how he came. Eh? He was at Chepany"—the man caught the word, nodded

[31] THERE—Probably Siberia.

and shivered—"at Zhigansk and Irkutsk.[32] I cannot understand how he escaped. He says, too, that he was in the forests for many years, but how many years he has forgotten—that with many things. It was an accident; done because he did not apologize to that our colonel. Ah!"

Instead of echoing Dirkovitch's sigh of regret, it is sad to record that the White Hussars livelily exhibited unchristian delight and other emotions, hardly restrained by their sense of hospitality. Holmer flung the frayed and yellow regimental rolls on the table, and the men flung themselves at these.

"Steady! Fifty-six—fifty-five—fifty-four," said Holmer. "Here we are. "Lieutenant Austin Limmason. *Missing*. That was before Sebastopol.[33] What an infernal shame! Insulted one of their colonels, and was quietly shipped off. Thirty years of his life wiped out."

"But he never apologized. Said he'd see him damned first," chorused the mess.

"Poor chap! I suppose he never had the chance afterwards. How did he come here?" said the colonel.

The dingy heap in the chair could give no answer.

"Do you know who you are?"

It laughed weakly.

"Do you know that you are Limmason—Lieutenant Limmason of the White Hussars?"

Swiftly as a shot came the answer, in a slightly surprised tone, "Yes, I'm Limmason, of course." The light died out in his eyes, and the man collapsed, watching every motion of Dirkovitch with terror. A flight from Siberia may fix a few elementary facts in the mind, but it does not seem to lead to continuity of thought The man could not explain how, like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his own old mess again. Of what he had suffered or seen he knew nothing.

[32] CHEPANY, ZHIGANSK AND IRKUTSK—Towns in Siberia where Russians exiled their prisoners for life.

[33] SEBASTOPOL—The siege of this city was the most important event in the Crimean war—1855

He cringed before Dirkovitch as instinctively as he had pressed the spring of the candlestick, sought the picture of the drum-horse, and answered to the toast of the Queen. The rest was a blank that the dreaded Russian tongue could only in part remove. His head bowed on his breast, and he giggled and cowered alternately.

The devil that lived in the brandy prompted Dirkovitch at this extremely inopportune moment to make a speech. He rose, swaying slightly, gripped the table-edge, while his eyes glowed like opals, and began:

"Fellow soldiers glorious—true friends and hospitables. It was an accident, and deplorable—most deplorable." Here he smiled sweetly all round the mess. "But you will think of this little, little thing. So little, is it not? The Czar! Posh! I snap my fingers—I snap my fingers at him. Do I believe in him? No! But the Slav[34] who has done nothing, *him* I believe. Seventy—how much—millions peoples that have done nothing—not one thing. Posh! Napoleon[35] was an episode." He banged a hand on the table. "Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our work is to do; and it shall be done, old peoples. Get away!" He waved his hand imperiously, and pointed to the man. "You see him. He is not good to see. He was just one little —oh, so little—accident, that no one remembered. Now he is *That!* So will you be, brother soldiers so brave—so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he is gone, or"—he pointed to the great coffin-shadow on the ceiling, and muttering, "Seventy millions—get away, you old peoples," fell asleep.[36]

"Sweet, and to the point," said little Mildred. "What's the use of getting wroth? Let's make this poor devil comfortable."

[34] The Slav—The Russian.
[35] Napoleon—Tried unsuccessfully to conquer Russia.
[36] This speech discloses the hope of Russia to dominate and rule the world.

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The lieutenant had returned only to go away again[37] three days later, when the wail of the Dead March, and the tramp of the squadrons, told the wondering Station, who saw no gap in the mess table, that an officer of the regiment had resigned his new-found commission.

And Dirkovitch, bland, supple, and always genial, went away too by a night train. Little Mildred and another man saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the colonel with the open hand, the law of that mess allowed no relaxation of hospitality.

"Good-by, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said little Mildred.

"Au revoir,"[38] said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home?"

"Yes, but I will come again. My dear friends, is that road shut?" He pointed to where the North Star burned over the Khyber Pass.[39]

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want? Cheroots, ice, bedding? That's all right. Well, au revoir, Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man as the tail lights of the train grew small. "Of—all—the—unmitigated——!"

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the north star and hummed a selection from a recent Simla burlesque that had much delighted the White Hussars. It ran—

> I'm sorry for Mister Bluebeard,[40]
> I'm sorry to cause him pain;
> But a terrible spree[41] there's sure to be
> When he comes back again.

[37] To Go Away again—To die.
[38] Au Revoir—Good by, till we meet again.
[39] Dirkovitch suggests he will come again with troops through the Khyber Pass.
[40] Mister Bluebeard—Meaning Dirkovitch.
[41] A Terrible Spree—A real battle.

RUDYARD KIPLING

The Story of His Life

(1865——)

"I did no more than others did;
I don't know where the change began,
I started as an average kid,
I finished as a thinkin' man."

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

This is the way Rudyard Kipling accounts for himself—certainly a unique way of summing up his life. He was born Dec. 30, 1865 in Bombay, India, of British parents. As a child he made friends with the natives, learned their language, played their games and loved them like brothers. When Rudyard was five years old, however, he was sent to England to school. When he was about thirteen his father placed him in United Service College, Westward Ho, in Devon, considered one of the finest schools in the world. At the age of sixteen, however, he refused to enter a university and left England for India. He went to work at once as a newspaper man on the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette* where he proved to be a born reporter and journalist. During his seven years in newspaper work he wrote extra sketches and poems and finally ventured to collect some of his poems and publish them. In 1889 he started on a trip around the world and this trip was only the beginning of extensive travels. In 1891 he married, and after a year of travel, built a home near Brattleboro, Vermont, where he and his family lived for several years. Since then he has lived in Cape Town, India, Ireland and England, and it is in England where he is now living, in a pleasant home in Sussex.

The Type of His Stories

Although Kipling has written many poems, it is as a short story writer that he is best known. In his extensive travels he heard, felt and absorbed everything so that when he is ready to write he calls from his mind a character to fit into his story and with wonderful insight he has written on many themes—soldiers in barracks, sand storms, public school boys, beasts of the jungle, the sea and ships, Hindus, patriotism, gov-

ernments, children and fairies, duty and death. His descriptions are like photographs; his characters are real people; he is a master of technique. By many he is considered the greatest living master of the English language. Some of his best known short stories are *They, Wee Willie Winkie, The Man Who Would be King, Without Benefit of Clergy, The Brushwood Boy, On Greenbow Hill* and *The Phantom Rickshaw.*

The Man Who Was—One of His Representative Stories

The Man Who Was is a dramatic story of a banished lieutenant of the White Hussars, a famous cavalry regiment of Great Britain. Captured by the Russians he had insulted their colonel and after years of exile, his mind now a blank, he stumbles home to his regiment. The scene of the story is laid in Peshawur, in the northwest of India at the entrance of the Khyber Pass, the chief gateway between India and Afghanistan. At the time the story was written the Russians were causing serious disturbances in Afghanistan, and the strategic importance of the pass is referred to in the story. The character of the Russian, Dirkovitch, which is so strongly felt throughout the story typifies the Russian attitude toward the British at that time—he calls the exile of the "Man Who Was" a mere accident, and prophesies a clash in the East between Britain and Russia. The Russians had never been able to recover from their jealousy at England's gaining control of the Suez Canal, and of the former Crimean War, and this feeling provides the background for the story. None of Kipling's stories is more striking than *The Man Who Was,* which in one tense evening displays all the horror of exile and of death-in-life.

Other Stories of Dramatic Incident

The Ambitious Guest	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*
Mrs. Knollys	*H. J. Stimson*
The Substitute	*François Coppée*
The Assignation	*Edgar Allan Poe*
The Confessional	*Edith Wharton*
The Taking of the Redoubt	*Prosper Mérimée*
The Insurgent	*Ludovic Halévy*

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

O. HENRY (William S. Porter)

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with silent imputation of parsimony[1] that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy[2] squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were

[1] Parsimony—Closeness, niggardliness.
[2] Mendicancy—State of being a beggar.

thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray back yard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling —something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass[3] between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate her majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the

[3] PIER-GLASS—An ornamental mirror, usually narrow.

janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would nave pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor.[4] She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious[5] ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The

[4] Hashed Metaphor—The mixed figure of speech in the preceding sentence.
[5] Meretricious—Tawdry, showy.

Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfuly like a truant school-boy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair way down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the

scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laborously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you —sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden seriousness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The Magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Della," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshiped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Della," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The Magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise

men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the Magi.

The Gift of the Magi—Another O. Henry Story

The Gift of the Magi is a love story written in the typical O. Henry style. He creates his surprise by keeping back a detail which he reveals at the climax. Neither Jim nor Della has money with which to buy the Christmas present which each longs to give the other. Without letting their plans become known, however, they both manage to raise enough money for the presents, but then find that neither can use his gift. Yet in spite of the fact that "two foolish children in a flat most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house" it is the love that prompted the giving that makes the story beautiful, and the spirit behind the gifts which is the "gift of the Magi."

Other Love Stories

The Poor Dear	*Maria Thompson Daviess*
Moonlight	*Guy de Maupassant*
Happiness	*Guy de Maupassant*
On the Fever Ship	*Richard Harding Davis*
Two of Them	*James M. Barrie*
Sick-a-bed Lady	*Eleanor Hallowell Abbott*
Friendship Village Love Stories	*Zona Gale*
Monsieur Beaucaire	*Booth Tarkington*
The Love Letters of Smith	*H. C. Bunner*

ON THE STAIRS*

ARTHUR MORRISON

THE house had been "genteel." When trade was prospering in the East End, and the ship fitter or block maker thought it no shame to live in the parish where his workshop lay, such a master had lived here. Now, it was a tall, solid, well-bricked, ugly house, grimy and paintless in the joinery, cracked and patched in the windows: where the front door stood open all day long; and the womankind sat on the steps, talking of sickness and death and the cost of things; and treacherous holes lurked in the carpet of road soil on the stairs and in the passage. For when eight families live in a house, nobody buys a doormat, and the street was one of those streets that are always muddy. It smelled, too, of many things, none of them pleasant (one was fried fish); but for all that it was not a slum.

Three flights up, a gaunt woman with bare forearms stayed on her way to listen at a door which, opening, let out a warm, fetid waft from a sick room. A bent and tottering old woman stood on the threshold, holding the door behind her.

"An' is 'e no better now, Mrs. Curtis?" the gaunt woman asked, with a nod at the opening.

The old woman shook her head, and pulled the door closer. Her jaw waggled loosely in her withered chaps: "Nor won't be; till 'e's gone." Then after a certain pause, "'E's goin'," she said.

"Don't doctor give no 'ope?"

* From "Tales of Mean Streets." Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

"Lor' bless ye, I don't want to ast no doctors," Mrs. Curtis replied, with something not unlike a chuckle. "I've seed too many on 'em. The boy's a-goin' fast; I can see that. An' then"—she gave the handle another tug, and whispered—"he's been called." She nodded again. "Three seprit knocks at the bed head las' night; an' I know what *that* means!"

The gaunt woman raised her brows, and nodded. "Ah, well," she said, "we all on us comes to it some day, sooner or later, An' it's often a 'appy release."

The two looked into space beyond each other, the elder with a nod and a croak. Presently the other pursued, " 'E's been a very good son, ain't 'e?"

"Ah, ay, well enough son to me," responded the old woman, a little peevishly; "an' I'll 'ave 'im put away decent, though there's on'y the Union[1] for me after. I can do that, thank Gawd!" she added, meditatively, as chin on fist she stared into the thickening dark over the stairs.

"When I lost my pore 'usband," said the gaunt woman, with a certain brightening, "I give 'im a 'ansome funeral. 'E was a Oddfeller, and I got twelve pound. I 'ad a oak caufin an' a open 'earse. There was a kerridge for the fam'ly an' one for 'is mates—two 'orses each, an' feathers, an' mutes![2] an' it went the furtherest way round to the cimitry. 'Wotever 'appens, Mrs. Manders,' says the undertaker, 'you'll feel as you've treated 'im proper; nobody can't reproach you over that.' An' they couldn't. 'E was a good 'usband to me, an' I buried 'im respectable."

The gaunt woman exulted. The old, old story of Manders's funeral fell upon the other one's ears with a freshened interest, and she mumbled her gums ruminantly. "Bob'll 'ave a 'ansome buryin', too," she said. "I can make it up, with the insurance money, an' this, an' that. On'y I dunno about mutes. It's a expense."

[1] UNION—Work house.
[2] MUTES—Hired mourners, undertakers' assistants.

"Lor' bless ye, I don't want to ast no doctors," Mrs. Curtis replied.

In the East End, when a woman has not enough money to buy a thing much desired, she does not say so in plain words; she says the thing is an "expense," or a "great expense." It means the same thing, but it sounds better. Mrs. Curtis had reckoned her resources, and found that mutes would be an "expense." At a cheap funeral mutes cost half-a-sovereign and their liquor. Mrs. Manders said as much.

"Yus, yus, 'arf-a-sovereign," the old woman assented. Within, the sick man feebly beat the floor with a stick. "I'm a-comin'," she cried shrilly; "yus, 'arf-a-sovereign, but it's a lot, an' I don't see 'ow I'm to do it—not at present." She reached for the door handle again, but stopped and added, by afterthought, "Unless I don't 'ave no plooms."[3]

"It 'ud be a pity not to 'ave plooms. I 'ad—"

There were footsteps on the stairs: then a stumble and a testy word. Mrs. Curtis peered over into the gathering dark. "Is it the doctor, sir?" she asked. It was the doctor's assistant; and Mrs. Manders tramped up to the next landing as the door of the sick room took him in.

For five minutes the stairs were darker than ever. Then the assistant, a very young man, came out again, followed by the old woman with a candle. Mrs. Manders listened in the upper dark. "He's sinking fast," said the assistant. "He *must* have a stimulant. Dr. Mansell ordered port wine. Where is it?" Mrs. Curtis mumbled dolorously. "I tell you he *must* have it," he averred with unprofessional emphasis (his qualification[4] was only a month old). "The man can't take solid food and his strength must be kept up somehow. Another day may make all the difference. Is it because you can't afford it?"

"It's a expense—sich a expense, doctor," the old woman pleaded. "An' wot with 'arf-pints o' milk an'—" She grew inarticulate, and mumbled dismally.

"But he must have it, Mrs. Curtis, if it's your last shilling:

[3] Plooms—Plumes for the horses' heads in the funeral procession.
[4] Qualification—He had been practicing only a month.

it's the only way. If you mean you absolutely haven't the money—" and he paused a little awkwardly. He was not a wealthy young man,—wealthy young men do not devil[5] for East End doctors,—but he was conscious of a certain haul of sixpences at nap[6] the night before; and, being inexperienced, he did not foresee the career of persecution whereon he was entering at his own expense and of his own motion. He produced five shillings: "If you absolutely haven't the money, why—take this, and get a bottle—good: not at a public house. But mind, *at once*. He should have had it before."

It would have interested him, as a matter of coincidence, to know that his principal[7] had been guilty of the selfsame indiscretion—even the amount was identical—on that landing the day before. But, as Mrs. Curtis said nothing of this, he floundered down the stair and out into the wetter mud, pondering whether or not the beloved son of a Congregational minister might take full credit for a deed of charity on the proceeds of sixpenny nap. But Mrs. Curtis puffed her wrinkles, and shook her head sagaciously as she carried in her candle. From the room came a clink as of money falling into a teapot. And Mrs. Manders went about her business.

The door was shut, and the stair was a pit of blackness. Twice a lodger passed down, and up and down, and still it did not open. Men and women walked on the lower flights, and out at the door, and in again. From the street a shout or a snatch of laughter floated up the pit. On the pavement footsteps rang crisper and fewer, and from the bottom passage there were sounds of stagger and sprawl. A demented old clock buzzed divers hours at random, and was rebuked every twenty minutes by the regular tread of a policeman on his beat. Finally, somebody shut the street door with a great bang, and the street was muffled. A key turned inside the

[5] Devil—Act as apprentices or assistants.
[6] Nap—A game of cards.
[7] Principal—The doctor to whom he was an assistant.

door on the landing, but that was all. A feeble light shone for hours along the crack below, and then went out. The crazy old clock went buzzing on, but nothing left that room all night. Nothing that opened the door . . .

When next the key turned, it was to Mrs. Manders's knock, in the full morning; and soon the two women came out on the landing together, Mrs. Curtis with a shapeless clump of a bonnet. "Ah, 'e's a lovely corpse," said Mrs. Manders. "Like wax. So was my 'usband."

"I must be stirrin'," croaked the old woman, "an' go about the insurance an' the measurin' an' that. There's lots to do."

"Ah, there is. 'Oo are you goin' to 'ave,—Wilkins? I 'ad Wilkins. Better than Kedge, *I* think: Kedge's mutes dresses rusty; an' their trousis is frayed. If you was thinkin' of 'avin' mutes—"

"Yus, yus,"—with a palsied nodding,—"I'm a-goin' to 'ave mutes: I can do it respectable, thank Gawd!"

"And the plooms?"

"Ay, yus, and the plooms too. They ain't sich a great expense, after all."

ARTHUR MORRISON

The Story of His Life

(1863-——)

Arthur Morrison was born in the county of Kent in England in 1863. From here he went to London as secretary of a charity trust, and much of his time was spent in the East End, the slum section of London. He was then for a short time a clerk in the Civil Service and in 1890 took to journalism. He had already published scattered tales and sketches of low life in London when a publisher, with whom he was connected as a contributor, suggested their publication in volume form. *Tales of Mean Streets* immediately attracted attention, and was followed by several other stories. Mr. Morrison is known as a collector of pictures and other objects of art, one of his collections of paintings by Chinese and Japanese old masters now being in the British Museum.

The Type of His Stories

Many of Arthur Morrison's stories reflect his interest in the East End slums of London where he spent so much of his time. In these stories we see vagabonds, loafers and crooks in the atmosphere of filth and dirt of what is perhaps the most squalid slum section in the world. Many such stories are in a volume called *Tales of Mean Streets. Martin Hewitt, Investigator* and *The Green Eye of Gorma* are two of his well known detective stories, and *A Child of the Jago, Cunning Murrill,* and *The Hole in the Wall* are some of his other publications.

On the Stairs—One of His Representative Stories

On the Stairs is a realistic tragedy in which the plot structure is of special interest. The entire scene is laid "on the stairs" of an East End tenement house. Back of the main plot, however, we feel the sub-plot —we feel the presence of the sick man, we can hear the clink of the money falling into the teapot, we can see the light go out. We are unpleasantly affected by the old woman who so greedily takes the money which the doctor gives her but which she prefers to use for "mutes" and "plooms" than for the wine that offered the only way to the possible recovery of her sick son, and we dislike no less heartily her gaunt neighbor, who exults with her in "a 'ansome buryin'."

Other Stories of Realism

War	*Jack London*
Motives	*Ward Muir*
Behind the Windows	*Ward Muir*
A Piece of String	*Guy de Maupassant*
The Necklace	*Guy de Maupassant*
A Conversion	*Arthur Morrison*
They that Walk in Darkness	*Israel Zangwill*
The Exiles	*Richard Harding Davis*
A Fight with Death	*Ian Maclaren*

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

CHARLES DICKENS

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning around to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the stars; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And

then she turned her beaming eyes upon him and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried: "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:—

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried: "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet." And the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago:—

"I see the star!"

They whispered one to another, "He is dying."

And he said: "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And, O my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

CHARLES DICKENS

The Story of His Life

(1812–1870)

Charles Dickens was born in Portsea in England, February 7, 1812, but it is to Chatham where the family moved when Charles was four, that his memory most fondly turns in later years. Charles, a delicate boy, was nearly nine when he first went to school. His dreams and aspirations went crumbling in the grimy, musty, foggy byways of London where the family moved when his father, an optimistic ne'er-do-well was thrown into a debtor's prison. Prisons, twinkling taverns, warehouses, curious shops, and quaint, grotesque characters of the alleys of London became Charles's teachers. The beggar, the outcast, and the thief became his associates.

But the father unexpectedly came into a small legacy and the family was reunited. At the age of twelve Charles was again sent to school. He left school, however, at the age of fourteen, and became an office boy in an attorney's office. While there, he studied shorthand, and at

fifteen he left the dingy office to become a reporter. His reports soon attracted attention and he received an offer for a series of humorous sketches which grew into the famous *Pickwick Papers.*

Before Dickens was thirty he was famous. He began writing novels and produced a new one on the average of once a year for fourteen years. In *David Copperfield,* with most readers the favorite, he really tells us his own story. His books became very popular in England and in America. He was greatly loved and his death in 1870 seemed like a personal loss to the thousands who felt they knew him through his books.

The Type of His Stories

Charles Dickens was not primarily a writer of short stories. The novel was his favorite medium of expression. He created characters which he was loath to leave and continued on and on in a kind of serial effect. Some of his stories, however, are neither long nor short, such as *The Christmas Carol, The Cricket on the Hearth, The Signal Man,* and *Dr. Marigold.* He was not interested in the single effect for which Poe strove, but now and then he achieved it, perhaps accidentally.

A Child's Dream of a Star—One of His Representative Stories

A Child's Dream of a Star falls within the short story class because it presents a single theme, very simply. This little story, a lovely poetic fantasy, told with the pathetic sentiment of which Dickens is a master, grew out of a game which Dickens played with his sister Fanny, back in the days when the family lived in Chatham. Fanny died shortly before Dickens wrote the story. The story belongs to the class known as apologues which have for their purpose the teaching of a moral lesson. Fables, parables and allegories are all apologues, and although they may differ greatly as to their style and manner of telling, they all in some way teach a lesson.

Other Apologues

Dream Children	*Charles Lamb*
The Steadfast Tin Soldier	*Hans Andersen*
The Blue Flower	*Henry Van Dyke*
The Other Wise Man	*Henry Van Dyke*
Where Love Is, There God is Also	*Leo Tolstoi*

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER

BRET HARTE

I do not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives[1] were derived from some distinctiveness of dress as in the case of "Dungaree Jack"; or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid newcomer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jaybird Charley,"—an unhallowed inspiration of the moment that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title. That he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals.

[1] Appellatives—Names.

One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week [2] they were married by a justice of the peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar,—in the gulches and barrooms,—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly and chastely retreated,—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a justice of the peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife,—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else,—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis [3] of a copartnership of crime. At last

[2] That Day Week—One week later.
[3] Hypothesis—Supposition.

Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings may get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype,[4] the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate rush through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Cañon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent, and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but in the nineteenth simply "reckless."

"What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee quietly.

"Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife.

"That takes me," returned Tennessee; and, with this gambler's epigram,[5] he threw away his useless pistol and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the chaparral[6]-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated resinous odors, and the

[4] Prototype—The original from which others are copied.
[5] Epigram—Phrase.
[6] Chaparral—Dense thicket.

decaying driftwood on the Bar sent forth faint sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day and its fierce passions still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express-office stood out staringly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands, they were ready to listen patiently to any defense, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defense than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable but good-humored reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight" that morning, but presently dismissed his human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural[7] redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper" and trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpetbag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after shaking the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious perplexed face on a red bandana handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:—

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar,—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological[8] recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say on behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner,—knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'ints in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you,—confidential-like, and between man and man,—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I,—confidential-like, as between man and man, —'what should a man know of his pardner?'"

[7] PRETERNATURAL—More than natural.
[8] METEOROLOGICAL—Pertaining to the atmosphere.

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the judge impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything again' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and don't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger; and you lays for *him,* and you fetches *him;* and the honors is easy.[9] And I put it to you, bein' a fa'r-minded man, and to you, gentlemen all, as fa'r-minded men, ef this isn't so."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner hastily. "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more, some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch,—it's about all my pile,—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpetbag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy.[10] One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offense could not be condoned[11] by money, his face took

[9] Honors Is Easy—The sides are even.
[10] Jeopardy—Danger.
[11] Condoned—Pardoned.

a more serious and sanguinary [12] hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpetbag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back:—

"If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now."

For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, "Euchred,[13] old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it [14] at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported, with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evildoers, in the *Red Dog Clarion*, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that mid-

[12] Sanguinary—Hopeful, cheerful, ruddy.
[13] Euchred—Outwitted.
[14] It—His fate.

summer morning, the blessed amity[15] of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the *Red Dog Clarion* was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse, attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner, used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buckeye tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything"; he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased" he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar,—perhaps it was from something even better than that, but two thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough oblong box,—apparently made from a section of sluicing,—and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated

[15] Amity—Friendship.

with slips of willow and made fragrant with buckeye blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with Jenny even under less solemn circumstances. The men—half curiously, half jestingly, but all good-humoredly—strolled along beside the cart, some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque.[16] But whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on, the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted from a lack of sympathy and appreciation,—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon, by this time clothed in funeral drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside as the cortège[17] went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the bluejays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here with

[16] Catafalque—A temporary structure to support a coffin.
[17] Cortége—Procession.

the dreariness of decay superadded.[18] A few paces from the cabin there was a rough inclosure, which in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it, we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the inclosure, and rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it unaided within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid, and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech, and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home. And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and Jinny have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why"—he paused and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen," he added abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun'l's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

[18] SUPERADDED—Added to all the rest.

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandana handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance, and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude health and great strength seemed visibly to decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying, "It is time to go to Tennessee; I must put Jinny to the cart;" and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now, steady, Jinny,—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts,—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar! I told you so!—thar he is,—coming this way, too,—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

The Story of His Life

(1839–1901)

Bret Harte had a most interesting and varied career, beginning in Albany, New York, continuing in San Francisco, Germany and Scotland, and ending in London.

To the boy, son of a poor schoolmaster, his childhood in Albany meant more or less privation. He left Albany in 1854 to join his widowed mother who had gone to California the year before. His trip, made by way of Panama, was an adventure in itself. For three years he had a variety of experiences as express messenger, printer, teacher, drug clerk, miner, and editor. Finally he settled in San Francisco as a printer in the office of *The Golden Era*. As a result of his excellent contributions, he was promoted to the editorial room.

In 1867, his first collection of poems, *The Last Galleon and Other Tales*, was published, and shortly after this he became editor of *The Overland Monthly*. He adopted a policy in connection with his magazine which quickly made him famous. He conceived the idea of making his magazine a mirror of the stirring events about him, and he depicted the romance and picturesqueness accompanying the sudden rush into California after gold. He developed and made popular the short story of local color, the story in which the environment is an inevitable part of the logical outcome of the story. *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, published in *The Overland* produced quite a sensation, especially in the East, and the *Atlantic Monthly* opened its pages to the author.

He became Professor of Recent Literature in the University of California in 1870. The next year he left the West because of financial difficulties and for a year worked for the *Atlantic Monthly* and then friends secured his appointment as United States Consul to Crefeld, Germany. In 1880 he was transferred to Glasgow, where he remained for five years. He spent the remainder of his life in London, writing, and died there in 1901.

The Type of His Stories

Bret Harte introduced local color into the short story. He did for California what Irving did for the Hudson and he is called our greatest short story writer of pioneer life. The atmosphere of his stories is

vigorous and bracing and we feel that time and place predominate. We are not so much interested in what happens as in the environment, and the characters who are the product of the environment. By being the first one to use the peculiarities of a single section of the country as the main interest in his stories, Harte made a unique contribution to the art of the short story. Some of his other stories are *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *Left Out on Lone Star Mountain*, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, *The Idyl of Red Gulch* and *M'liss*.

Tennessee's Partner—One of His Representative Stories

Tennessee's Partner is a typical Harte story, and is considered one of his best. In fact, it has been said that had all the rest of his stories been left unwritten, *Tennessee's Partner* with *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* would have secured Harte's reputation as a short story writer. This little tragedy reveals life in the West in the days of the gold rush. The main character is "Tennessee's Partner" whom we know only as such and we follow him through the story, watching how, in spite of the popular feeling against Tennessee, his trial and conviction and sentence to death, his partner remains loyal, how he appears at the trial on behalf of his friend, gives him a "fun'l", and pleads for him over the grave, and finally how he meets his friend. It is a glimpse of human nature in the midst of a mining camp.

Other Stories of Local Color

Marse Chan	*Thomas Nelson Page*
Old Creole Days	*George W. Cable*
White Heron	*Sarah Orne Jewett*
Main Traveled Roads	*Hamlin Garland*
The Revolt of Mother	*Mary Wilkins Freeman*
Home Folks in Peace and War	*Joel Chandler Harris*
Voice of the City	*O. Henry*
The Luck of Roaring Camp	*Bret Harte*
Ghetto Comedies	*Israel Zangwill*
Christmas Eve on Lonesome	*John Fox*

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE SHORT STORY

It is from the early nineteenth century that the short story has become most significant in English literature. Yet it has a long and honorable ancestry, its origin having been lost in the unrecorded history of the human race. Years before there were written records, story tellers recounted the deeds of the great heroes of the race and told of the marvels of the mysterious world about them. Wandering minstrels chanted their stories on street corners and sang of wonderful adventures from castle to castle, and with the invention of writing, these old traditions became the first written stories.

The modern short story has passed through many forms on its way down through the ages. Myths, fairy tales, parables, fables, legends and allegories have all played parts in its development, and in the earlier periods of English literature the distinction between the short story and other forms of narrative was so finely drawn that it was often impossible to classify them. About the middle of the fourteenth century, however, Boccaccio, an Italian, composed *The Decameron* which stands out as a land mark in the history of the short story. Believing that literature should deal with life, he discarded the wonder and adventure material commonly used and wrote of the lives of those about him. To bind his stories together, he constructed a framework in which a number of people, taking refuge in a villa outside of Florence to escape a plague, whiled away their time by telling stories. This scheme became very popular and was widely imitated. It was adopted to a certain degree by Chaucer, an English writer who had traveled in Italy, and in his *Canterbury Tales* are found the best of the short stories of the Middle Ages.

After Chaucer came a decline in the short story, but in the early eighteenth century little stories such as those in *The Spectator* appeared, which however, more nearly resembled essays than short stories.

Much of the development in the technique of the short story is due to American writers. In the early nineteenth century Washington Irving wrote his tales, and in his sketches about persons and places some of the characteristics of the modern short story can be found, but most of the sketches had little story interest and were long drawn out. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that the short story began to take definite form. To Edgar Allan Poe belongs the credit of turning

the old unregulated tale, handed down to us from time immemorial, into a literary type with a technique all its own. Feeling that the romantic short stories of his day did not get results, he chose beforehand a certain impression which he wished to make, and then would hold the reader in suspense until at the end the desired effect was produced. Poe believed that the short story should produce a single effect, such as one of mystery, and he illustrated his ideas in the many stories which he contributed to the various magazines of which he was editor.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, a contemporary of Poe, was also interested in producing a single effect, but he placed emphasis upon character development. Bret Harte advanced the development by producing stories in which the background or setting became the dominant factor in the story. With the introduction of humor into our short stories, the names of Mark Twain, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Frank R. Stockton are especially associated. In the latter part of the nineteenth century and early twentieth, William Sidney Porter (O. Henry) became very popular as a short story writer. He chose his subjects widely from the field of human nature, and used a technique that challenged interest. Most of his stories have an unexpected or "surprise" ending.

In France, Guy de Maupassant is an outstanding short story writer. In England the scope of the short story was greatly furthered by Robert Louis Stevenson, who is noted for his polished and finished stories, and by Rudyard Kipling, who is one of the most influential and one of the greatest of the modern writers of short stories.

The popularity of the short story is evident in the increasing number of magazines partly or wholly given over to it. It has a wide appeal for it saves time for the reader and it holds him intent on adventure, mystery or character portrayal. Yet the purpose of the best short story of to-day is more than that of mere entertainment, for it often has a big idea back of the narrative. It is recognized to be as distinct a form of composition as the writing of verse or drama, and more than this it is said to be one of the highest forms of the narrator's art.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE SHORT STORY

The essentials of any narrative are setting, characters, and plot. In the short story these essentials are so organized as to produce a single "cameo-like" impression. Perhaps an author wishes to produce the single impression of setting, or "local color." The characters and plot must be so subordinated to the setting that the setting predominates. The setting cannot be changed without altering the development

of the story. In Harte's "local color" stories, for example, the people are what they are, and the incidents happen as they do because of factors in the environment. In the character story, the setting and plot must be subordinated to the character. The things that happen (plot) are what they are because of the character, and the setting might be anywhere. There are stories in which the single effect is produced by plot. The setting is of secondary interest and the characters need be no particular persons but any certain types to carry on the action of the plot.

To produce this single, vivid, striking effect the first sentence should present the theme, and the action should advance toward the effect decided upon with no unnecessary words or explanation. The story should be so compactly organized that no detail can be left out or disarranged without destroying the effect of the whole.

Robert Louis Stevenson gives the requirements of the short story as follows: "There are, so far as I know, three ways and three only of writing a story. You may take a plot and fit characters to it, or you may take a character and choose incidents and situations to develop it, or lastly, you may take a certain atmosphere and get actions and persons to express and realize it."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDYING THE SHORT STORY

How shall we study these short stories? Read them, first of all, with no other idea in mind except to enjoy them. Which ones do you like best? Can you say why you like them? Undoubtedly you did not enjoy all of them. It is natural that you should not, for they appeal to a variety of interests, and readers differ widely in taste. Perhaps you wondered as you read why some of them are called "good" and other stories which you have read and enjoyed immensely are called "bad." The short story is an art and like all art is based upon certain principles. The more we understand an art the greater is our enjoyment of it. Music, pictures, buildings, literature mean enjoyment when we understand them. This principle is true of everything. Can you imagine really enjoying a baseball game without knowing the rules? How much fun do you get out of a dog show? Can you pick the winners? Do you know their fine points, or are dogs merely dogs? Our understanding appreciation of a thing means ownership for us in the real sense of the word.

Read the stories again. Through analyzing and comparing them, you may find a basis for judging the many stories you read. In attempting

to judge a story, it is well for you to keep in mind two fundamental questions: Is it worth while doing? Is it done well? In other words, you must consider the subject matter and the form. Stories have often been called the "voice of life." The subject matter must be based upon the laws of human nature. Unity of impression is the fundamental law of the form of the short story.

In analyzing a story, a consideration of the following points will help in arriving at a conclusion.

Note the title. Does it challenge interest? Does it suggest the type of story?

Can you classify the story as to form? Is a single impression produced? Is it one of character? Of plot? Of setting? How are the details of the story subordinated to the predominant idea? Can you classify the story according to subject matter? Is it a mystery story? Love story? Animal story? Psychological story? Juvenile story?

What seems to be the author's purpose? Just to tell a good story? Has he any object other than to entertain? What is the theme?

Examine the opening sentences. Does the author arouse interest at once? How does he do it? Does he "break into" the story? Does he lead up gradually? Does he begin with conversation? Does the very first sentence contribute to the single impression he is aiming to produce?

Are the details of the plot well selected and cleverly arranged? Are there any details that may be omitted without altering the outcome? Does the action move swiftly to the climax? Slowly? Gradually? What is the climax? Is the outcome logical? Did you expect it? Does the story conclude at the climax? Shortly after? Is there suspense? Foreshadowing? Are there minor climaxes? What are they?

Is character prominent in the story? Are there many characters? Few? What types of character are represented? Are the characters life-like? Is the action the result of the character? Is the character merely a puppet to carry on the moves of the plot? Is the character the result of the environment? How is character developed? Characters reveal themselves in speech and action. What should you infer of the character of Rip Van Winkle when you learn that all the dogs of the village followed him? Does the author use this dramatic method of character development? Does he describe his characters directly?

Note the setting. Time? Place? Circumstances? Are they definitely given? Are they inferred? Is the background vague? Does the setting influence the characters or determine the plot? Is there use of "local color"? Collect the details that produce the "local color."

After you read a number of stories by the same author, can you recog-

nize his stories by his style? Is the story in the first person? Third person? Is it developed directly? Or by conversation? Any use of dialect? Note his choice of words. Colloquial? "Slangy"? Elegant? Suited to express idea and mood? Vocabulary meager? Extensive? Note his sentences. Long? Short? Varied? Stilted? Flowing? Smooth? Polished? Any surprise tricks in his sentences? Humor? What kind? Boisterous? Subtle? Satirical? Humor in situation?

Can you see the author's personality through the story? Is he cheerful, sympathetic, pessimistic, cynical, optimistic? Does he picture objectively the passing show? Does he enter subjectively into his stories?

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS WORK ON THE SHORT STORY

I Bring to class some story you have read, not in this recollection. Review it, or read it to the class. Is it a good story? Discuss it according to the preceding questions. What is the opinion of the members of the class?

II Throughout the year make a bibliography of the best short stories you read.

III Everybody likes to write a story, but sometimes it is difficult to get an idea. Have you ever read a brief item in a newspaper that set you wondering what could have led up to the startling climax stated so briefly and so coldly in the item? Have you in passing heard snatches of conversation that set you wondering about the people? Have you seen a person with one step on a train about to leave, suddenly turn abruptly and walk back into the station? Haven't you been in places that fairly call aloud for something to happen?—perhaps a lonely road; or a queer little town that seems not to have had a change for a hundred years; or a magic garden; or a haunted house. Do you know the poem "The House With Nobody in It"? Do these lines suggest a story?

"A house with nobody in it
Is a house with a broken heart."

Has something happened in your life that is stranger than fiction? Have you a family ghost? Have you some idea that insists upon expression? Can you make it vivid by inventing people and situations to express it? Do you see stories back of some of the facts in history? Choose a striking situation, or a unique character, or a place that has atmosphere, or an idea, and write a short story.

AMERICAN POEMS & POETS

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CAPTAIN BARNEY'S VICTORY OVER THE SHIP *GENERAL MONK*

PHILIP FRENEAU

This poem tells the story of a naval duel of the Revolution in which the American frigate *Hyder Ally* vanquished the more heavily armed Britisher, the *General Monk*. The courage and daring of Captain Barney, commanding the American ship, who knew how to fill those who served with him with something of his own fearless spirit, is reflected in his speech to his men before the action. As you read his words, try to picture the kind of man who would speak after his fashion.

O'ER the waste of waters cruising,
Long the *General Monk* had reigned;
All subduing, all reducing,
None her lawless rage restrained:
Many a brave and hearty fellow
Yielding to this warlike foe,
When her guns began to bellow
Struck his humbled colors low.

But grown bold with long successes,
Leaving the wide watery way,
She, a stranger to distresses,
Came to cruise within Cape May:
"Now we soon" (said Captain Rogers)
"Shall their men of commerce meet;
In our hold we'll have them lodgers,
We shall capture half their fleet.

1. WASTE OF WATER—The open sea.
3. REDUCING—Conquering.
8. STRUCK HIS COLORS—Surrendered.
10. WIDE WATERY WAY—The open sea.
12. WITHIN CAPE MAY—In Delaware Bay.
13. CAPTAIN ROGERS—Commander of the *General Monk*.

"Lo! I see their van appearing—
Back our topsails to the mast—
They toward us full are steering
With a gentle western blast:
I've a list of all their cargoes,
All their guns, and all their men:
I am sure these modern Argos
Can't escape us one in ten:

"Yonder comes the *Charming Sally*
Sailing with the *General Green*—
First we'll fight the *Hyder Ally,*
Taking her is taking them;
She intends to give us battle,
Bearing down with all her sail—
Now, boys, let our cannon rattle!
To take her we cannot fail.

"Our eighteen guns, each a nine-pounder,
Soon shall terrify this foe;
We shall maul her, we shall wound her,
Bringing rebel colors low."—
While he thus anticipated
Conquests that he could not gain,
He in the Cape May channel waited
For the ship that caused his pain.

Captain Barney then preparing,
Thus addressed his gallant crew—
"Now, brave lads, be bold and daring,
Let your hearts be firm and true;

17. VAN—The foremost ships of the convoy.
23. ARGOS—Richly laden merchant ships.
25–27. *Charming Sally, General Green*—Merchant ships.
36. REBEL—The Americans were regarded as rebels by the British.

This is a proud English cruiser,
Roving up and down the main,
We must fight her—must reduce her,
Though our decks be strewed with slain.

"Let who will be the survivor,
We must conquer or must die,
We must take her up the river,
Whate'er comes to you or I,
Tho' she shows most formidable
With her eighteen pointed nines,
And her quarters clad in sable,
Let us baulk her proud designs.

"With four nine-pounders, and twelve sixes
We will face that daring band;
Let no dangers damp your courage,
Nothing can the brave withstand.
Fighting for your country's honor,
Now to gallant deeds aspire;
Helmsman, bear us down upon her,
Gunner, give the word to fire!"

Then yard-arm and yard-arm meeting,
Strait began the dismal fray,
Cannon mouths, each other greeting,
Belched their smoky flames away:
Soon the language, grape and chain shot,
That from Barney's cannons flew,
Swept the *Monk*, and cleared each round top,
Killed and wounded half her crew.

55. QUARTER—The after-part of the ship's side.
65. YARD-ARM—Yard-arms run transversely to the masts and support the sails. If the yard-arms of two ships met, the ships would be side by side.
71. ROUND TOP—A small platform about the mast of a ship well above the deck; fighting top.

Captain Rogers strove to rally
His men, from their quarters fled,
While the roaring *Hyder Ally*
Covered o'er his decks with dead.
When from their tops their dead men tumbled,
And streams of blood did flow,
Then their proudest hopes were humbled
By their brave inferior foe.

All aghast, and all confounded,
They beheld their champions fall,
And their captain, sorely wounded,
Bade them quick for quarters call.
Then the *Monk's* proud flag descended,
And her cannon ceased to roar;
By her crew no more defended,
She confessed the contest o'er.

Come brave boys, and fill your glasses,
You have humbled one proud foe,
No brave action this surpasses,
Fame shall tell the nations so—
Thus be Britain's woes completed,
Thus abridged her cruel reign,
Till she ever, thus defeated,
Yields the scepter of the main.

PHILIP FRENEAU (1752–1832)

Freneau is frequently called "the poet of the Revolution." He not only knew how to write poems of the stirring events of his day but he himself participated in them. When the Revolution broke out, Freneau offered his pen to the service of his country and took to writing unkind and satiric verses about the British. In 1775 he made a voyage to the West Indies in the course of which he learned how to handle a ship. In

1780 he was in command of a privateer, and was in that year captured by the enemy. He served a long and cruel confinement in the prison-ship *Scorpion*.

Freneau wrote a great many patriotic poems in which he celebrated the great deeds and the heroes of the Revolution. His poetry was very popular, and the poem you have just read was as well known in its day as *In Flanders Fields* is in ours. It is a patriotic poem of the Revolution. Captain Joshua Barney was of the stuff of which heroes are made. When a lad of twelve he joined a ship at sea and his life became a series of adventures. When the Revolution broke out he was soon in the thick of it and in 1782 he was at Philadelphia in command of the Pennsylvania frigate *Hyder Ally*.

In the fight with the *General Monk* Barney outwitted Captain Rogers by a clever ruse. He had it understood with his helmsman that the latter should act in a manner directly contrary to whatever order he should receive. As the two ships drew together, Captain Barney shouted his order in a loud voice so that Captain Rogers heard it. The British captain, who was a good seaman, maneuvered his ship to take advantage of Barney's order only to find himself caught in the American's trap. As a consequence, the *Hyder Ally* emptied a broadside into the *General Monk* before the British ship could make ready to reply. The fight lasted about half an hour. It is said that the *Hyder Ally* fired twenty broadsides in twenty-six minutes into the *General Monk*, and made the latter's deck a slaughter pen.

Captain Barney saw seventeen battles of the Revolution. After the war he served for eight years in the French navy, rising to the rank of commodore. The War of 1812 found him again in the service of his country. He took part in eight battles of this war, and was fatally wounded in the defense of Washington at Bladensburg.

Barney was a typical old sea-dog, rough, impetuous, and courageous; and a splendid seaman. You will find a most interesting story of his life by Ralph Paine, entitled *Joshua Barney*. Read the poem again, and find a single line which expresses the outstanding characteristic of Barney's character.

Other poems of sea fights:

The Revenge	*Alfred Tennyson*
Farragut	*William Tucker Meredith*
Battle of the Baltic	*Thomas Campbell*
Craven	*Henry Newbolt*
The Armada	*Thomas Macaulay*
Fight, The Tale of a Gunner at Plattsburgh, 1814	*Percy Mackaye*

THE YELLOW VIOLET

William Cullen Bryant

Read this poem for the picture of the yellow violet. Have you ever seen the flower as it is here pictured? What is the thought which the violet is made to illustrate in the last two stanzas?

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mold:
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

1. Beechen Buds—Buds of the beech tree.
3. Bell—The blossom, called bell because of its shape.
8. Virgin—Fresh.
9. Train—Followers.
10. Mold—Earth.
19. Unapt—Unlikely.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

28. APE—Copy.
30. PAINTED TRIBES OF LIGHT—The Flowers.

TO A WATERFOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

As you read the poem below, think first of the picture in the first two stanzas. What colors predominate? Is it a vivid description? The poet thinks of the lone waterfowl as guided by the same power which directs the affairs of men. Find stanzas in which this idea is brought out.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

5. FOWLER—Hunter.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

9. Brink—Edge.
13. Power—God, the Creator.
15. Illimitable—Boundless.
18. Thin Atmosphere—The air becomes less dense in the higher altitudes.
25. Abyss—Depth.
29. He—God.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794–1878)

BRYANT was born and grew to manhood in the Berkshire Hills of New England. His father, a physician of some note locally, took unusual interest in the education of his children. Bryant was not as a boy physically strong, and he turned eagerly to the experiences of books. "I well remember the delight," he wrote, "with which we welcomed the translation of the *Iliad*. . . . My brother and myself, in emulation of the ancient heroes, made for ourselves wooden shields, swords, and spears, and fashioned old hats in the shape of helmets with plumes of tow; and in the barn when nobody observed us, we fought the battles of the Greeks and Trojans over again." He began to write poetry before he was nine. Some of it was plain "nonsense" but his father encouraged him to keep at it. In 1817 when his first book of poems was offered to publishers, the latter hesitated to accept them, fearing that they were being imposed upon, for they could not believe that anyone in America was able to write poetry of such merit.

Bryant is a poet of nature, particularly of nature as he knew it in his own New England. He was always a "delighted observer" of it. The "splendors of winter daybreak over the wide wastes of snow, the glories of the autumnal woods, the gloomy approaches of the thunderstorm and its departure amid sunshine and rainbows, the return of spring with its flowers, and the first snowfall of winter" all made and left their impressions upon him. He once advised his brother against attempting to write poetry about skylarks and other birds of which he knew nothing, but to write of things which he knew. Bryant followed this advice himself. He wrote of what he saw, and painted those things so that those who read may see them. We recognize his pictures as accurate word-paintings of the things in nature with which we are familiar, and we sense in his poems that he felt much toward the birds of the air and the flowers of the field as we ourselves feel. What boy who has rambled through the April woods has not seen the yellow violet just as the poet describes it?

In many of Bryant's poems there occurs following the picture a kind of afterthought in which he makes the thing described the bearer of a lesson. You will find a lesson in each of the poems you have read. It is not so much this, however, which makes his nature poetry worth reading as the carefully drawn pictures of things themselves.

For one year Bryant attended Williams College. He hoped to continue his studies at Yale, but the family finances forbade. He wanted, too, to devote his time to poetry, but he knew that poetry would earn

him no living. He had an ambition to become an editor, but editorial openings were few. He turned to the study of law, but his heart was not in it. On a December evening in 1815, feeling "forlorn and desolate" with respect to his future, he set out on foot to go from Cummington to Plainfield where he was to begin the practice of law. It was during this walk that he saw against the evening sky the lone waterfowl which gives its name to the poem. Bryant felt that he too was "lone wandering." The sight of the waterfowl, separated from the flock, yet evidently sure of its way, gave Bryant courage and made him feel that he was "not lost," but that he might confidently trust the future to lead his steps aright.

Read the two poems again. Which do you think is the better in its pictures? In which does there seem to be the deeper feeling?

Other nature poems worth reading:

To a Mountain Daisy	*Robert Burns*
The Daffodils	*William Wordsworth*
The Sandpiper	*Celia Thaxter*
To a Skylark	*Percy Bysshe Shelley*
Robert of Lincoln	*William Cullen Bryant*
The Humming Bird	*Harriet Monroe*
The Dandelion	*Vachel Lindsay*
The Faithless Flowers	*Margaret Widdemer*

SACRIFICE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

As you read the poem below, think whether or not you know of an illustration of the truth of the poem.

THOUGH love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
"'T is man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

1. REPINE—Complain.
1. CHAFE—Be annoyed, fret.
3. PERDITION—Loss of one's soul.

THE CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

This poem was sung at the dedication of a memorial to the Minute Men at Concord Bridge, July 4, 1837. It does not tell the story of the battle, but expresses the hope that the heroic action of the embattled farmers at Concord Bridge may forever be remembered.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE RHODORA

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Someone once asked Emerson where the Rhodora came from in expectation probably of discovering whether or not it was of native or foreign origin. Emerson took the question in a different sense. Read the poem for the realistic description of the flower and for Emerson's answer.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay:
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

1. SOLITUDES—Places in the woodland not frequented by people.
2. RHODORA—The Rhodora is a member of the Rhododendron family.
8. CHEAPENS—Makes his colors look less bright.
0. SAGES—Learned men.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882)

YOUNG people are not so likely to be interested in Emerson as older folk. He does not write stories of exciting adventure; he seems dry and perhaps "deep." Yet he is worth understanding, for he writes about things which young people themselves, often in a less perfect way, try to think out. Perhaps the open door to Emerson is his action in resigning the pulpit of a well-known Boston church of which he became

pastor as a young man a few years after his graduation from Harvard. Emerson found that he could not believe some of the things which as pastor he was obliged to profess. He therefore courageously, but without show, told his congregation how he differed with it, and resigned. He retired to Concord where he spent the rest of his life, earning his living by lecturing and writing.

Emerson might have become a prominent clergyman. He had only to act as though he believed what he did not, and say nothing. But this was the very thing he could not do, for he held that first of all a man must be square with himself. He felt that a success achieved at the cost of self-respect meant nothing. And he was confident that a man who acted contrary to what he felt he ought to do, even though he piled up wealth and won popular renown thereby, would in the end lose his independence of mind and soul.

The poem *Sacrifice* expresses one of Emerson's strongest beliefs. It tells us why men even though they must leave those whom they love, and even though common sense tells them to stay at home and look after their business, will go to war to make their children free. Emerson knew that it meant perdition—loss of one's very soul—to fail to face a responsibility.

In the last stanza of *The Concord Hymn* you will note again Emerson's admiration for the spirit which made the men of 1775 dare to die for freedom. It is this spirit, which he knows still lives in men, that he calls upon to preserve the monument at Concord Bridge against the forgetfulness which time brings with it, and against the inevitable destruction which the forces of nature will work.

The poem *The Rhodora* is at once a realistic bit of word-painting, and a simple statement of his strong faith. Emerson felt that there was a power which governed all things—a power of which the meanest flower that blows, and man himself, and the great qualities of spirit which he so much admired were all evidences.

After you have read *The Rhodora*, read again Bryant's *To a Waterfowl*. See also *Chartless* by Emily Dickinson which appears on another page in this section. Emerson is not alone in having seen God in the world of everyday about us.

Other poems similar to *The Concord Hymn* are:

The Soldier	*Rupert Brooke*
Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er	*Sir Walter Scott*
A Ballad of Heroes	*Austin Dobson*
The Blue and the Gray	*Francis Miles Finch*
A Harrow Grave in Flanders	*Robert O. Ashburton*
How Sleep the Brave	*William Collins*

MONTEREY

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN

Note that this poem does not tell the story of a battle although it flashes with vivid scenes from it. The poet, putting his words into the mouth of a soldier, gives expression to the feeling that not to have been at Monterey was to have missed an experience worth half one's years.

WE were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day—
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he then could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

2. IRON SLEET—Shot.

TITLE—MONTEREY (Mŏn-té-rāy')—A Mexican city, strongly defended and held by 10,000 regular troops, which was stormed by Gen. Taylor in the Mexican War with a force of 6,625 men, mostly volunteers. The houses of the city were solidly built of stone, and the streets were barricaded. The Americans were forced to break through the walls of the houses, taking each house in succession, until they reached the center of the city. The battle lasted five days; and the Mexicans hotly contested every foot of the way.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We were not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey?

18. Flanking Batteries—Artillery placed to fire on the flanks, or on the rear, of the attacking troops. The Americans swept on without stopping to silence these batteries, and took the infantry positions.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN (1806–1884)

As a boy Hoffman was full of energy and spirit. Sent away to Poughkeepsie to school at the age of seven he ran away to escape harsh treatment. At the age of eleven, while playing on the wharves in New York, he caught his leg between a boat and the pier, an accident which necessitated its amputation, but despite this physical handicap, he became proficient in sports. After leaving college he engaged in journalism, and was in after years a newspaper and a magazine editor.

In the poem *Monterey* there is a personal feeling. Does it seem to you that Hoffman was a man who would have eagerly joined Taylor's volunteers? Do you feel that he had himself in mind when he wrote, and that he would have given "half his life to have been at Monterey"?

Other stirring battle poems are:

The Charge of the Light Brigade	*Alfred Tennyson*
The Guards Came Through	*Sir A. Conan Doyle*
John Burns at Gettysburg	*Bret Harte*
The Wood They Call the Rouge Bouquet	*Joyce Kilmer*
Agincourt	*Michael Drayton*

SANTA FILOMENA

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The poem below expresses Longfellow's feeling at reading of the splendid work of Florence Nightingale, an English nurse in the Crimean War. It does not tell a story, but tells what Longfellow thought, and what he saw in imagination as he read.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

SANTA FILOMENA—(Sän-tä Fē-lō-mā-nä) Saint Filomena was a young woman who, according to legend, suffered martyrdom for her belief at Rome early in the fourth century. In Italian the word *filomena* means nightingale—a fact which influenced Longfellow to choose the title used. Florence Nightingale was born in a family of wealth and social position. From childhood she displayed an unusual interest in nursing. As she grew older, caring little for the court and social life, she devoted her energies to studying hospitals and methods of caring for the sick. In 1854 England was deeply stirred by the stories of suffering which came from the Crimea where the English army was fighting the Russians. At the head of a small band of 37 nurses, Florence Nightingale set out for the front. This action, which in our day seems quite the expected thing, was at that time regarded as unwomanly. It was felt that it was something a woman ought not to do. This small corps of nurses in a short time reduced the death rate among the sick and wounded from 40% to 2%, and convinced the civilized world of the necessity for women nurses in war. Florence Nightingale lived a long, active, and useful life, dying in 1910.

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! In that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

22. A Lady with a Lamp—Florence Nightingale was known as "The Lady with the Lamp." She was ever passing about at night visiting the wounded.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

43. Symbols—In the painting of St. Filomena to be seen in the church at Pisa she is attended by angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin. The palm signifies victory over death; the lily, purity of life; and the spear, her death or martyrdom. You will see the appropriateness of associating Florence Nightingale with Santa Filomena.

THE BELL OF ATRI

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

This poem tells the story of an Italian legend. Read it for the story

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up a hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
Beneath a roof projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that, whatever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the king,
Would cause the syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

1. Atri (A'tree)—A town of central Italy.
1. Abruzzo (A-broot-sō)—A former division or province of Italy.
7. Re Giovanni (Rāy Jō-vän'-ee)—King John.
17. Syndic—Chief Magistrate.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports,
And prodigalities of camps and courts,—
Loved, or had loved them; but at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.
He sold his horses, sold his hawk and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And, day by day, sat brooding in his chair
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said, "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?

21. Suffice It—It is enough [to say].
26. Briony—A species of climbing vine.
27. Tendrils—Part of the vine which attaches to some object in support.
28. Votive Garland—A wreath signifying a vow or promise.
32. Hoods—A covering placed over the falcon's head.
46. Provender—Food.

Let him go feed upon the public ways:
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by briar and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song,
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong."

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade,
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.

51. SUBURBAN LANES—Narrow roads on the outskirts of the town.
61. RELUCTANT—Unwilling.
64. REITERATING—Repeating.
64. PERSISTENT—Continuing.
65. ARTICULATE—Sounding like human speech.
66. Note how the sound of the line is made to imitate the bell.
67. LIGHT ARCADE—That the sides of the belfry were open arches.
70. DEJECTED—Downcast

"Domeneddio!" cried the syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny,
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the syndic and the rest,
Maintaining in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the king; then said,
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way:
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute,
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.

73. DOMENEDDIO (dŏm-ĕn-ed-deeo')—An ejaculation.
81. GESTICULATION—Gesturing.
86. SET AT NAUGHT—Treated as of no account.
97. REPUTE—Fame.
99. MERITS—Deserves.
100. CLAMOR—Cry out.

Therefore, the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The knight withdrew abashed: the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The king heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud, "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church bells at best but ring us to the door,
But go not in to mass. My bell doth more:
It cometh up into court, and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws.
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

101. Decrees—Declares.
105. Abashed—Shamed.
113. Clime—Land.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882)

Longfellow has been called "the household poet." He is the children's poet, and the poet of the people—a favorite at home, and in many lands across the sea. Anyone can read him, and understand him. He is not "deep," yet he is always dignified, and never silly nor merely sentimental. He wrote often of common things, revealing the glory in the commonplace.

Strangely enough Longfellow himself cannot be said to have belonged to the "common people." He came of an old New England family which traced itself to John Alden and the *Mayflower*. He was well educated both by schooling and by travel abroad. He spent the best years of his life as a professor of literature at Bowdoin and at Harvard, and lived a life quite unlike that which fell to the lot of many of the characters in his poems. He was a man of culture and refinement whose interests were largely in books. Sorrow he knew, but never hardship. He was of a calm and gentle nature. It is difficult to imagine him as ever in bitter mood, or in violent passion. Certainly his poetry

never reveals him in such light. In fact, though it is invariably graceful, it is generally lacking in the intensity of feeling which you will sense in the poems of Whittier or Whitman. The poem *Santa Filomena* is a good illustration of the way in which nobility of life and of deed affected Longfellow. He sees in Florence Nightingale an inspiration which will help us in our daily needs and raise us from what is low. His thought is in the first three stanzas and it is one to which Longfellow frequently gave expression.

The Bell of Atri is the retelling of an Italian legend. It illustrates Longfellow as the people's poet on another side, that of the poet who brings to the people something of the literature and culture of Old Europe. It is representative, too, of Longfellow's ability to tell a story in verse, an ability equalled by few men in literature.

If you like story poems, read:

King Robert of Sicily	*Henry W. Longfellow*
God's Judgment on Hatto	*Robert Southey*
Arnold Von Winkelried	*James Montgomery*
Bernardo Del Caprio	*Felicia D. Hemans*
The High Tide of Lincolnshire	*Jean Ingelow*

THE LAST LEAF

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The poem below is a description of a veteran of the Revolution, well known to the people of Boston in Holmes's boyhood, and called "the last of the cocked hats." As you read the poem, watch your feelings. At first you will be inclined to laugh, but you will find pathos in the picture of the old man who once was young, and took part, in fact, in the historic lark known as the Boston Tea Party.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

11. Crier—The town crier.
15. Wan—Pale.
19. Mossy Marbles—Refers to slabs of marble laid over their graves.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLD IRONSIDES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The poem below is a protest against an order of the Navy Department to destroy the old frigate *Constitution.* As you read the poem, ask yourself what there is about it that would make such an act seem unpatriotic.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

1. ENSIGN—Flag.
7. METEOR OF THE OCEAN AIR—Refers to the flag.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

15. Harpies—In classic mythology the Harpies were evil monsters who were believed to lure sailors on to the rocks, to shipwreck and death. Here the term refers to the men who would break up the ship.
16. Eagle of the Sea—The *Constitution*.
19. Her Thunders—The roar of her cannon.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809–1894)

By profession Holmes was a physician, and an eminent one in his day, rather than a man of letters. It cannot be said that he took the business of writing seriously, as did Longfellow; it was his amusement rather than his vocation, yet he possessed genuine literary ability in no small measure. He is particularly remembered for his genial, pleasant humor. It is useless to wonder what he might have done had he devoted himself wholly to writing. Perhaps, had he taken himself too seriously, he would not have given us the playful and delightfully humorous things in both prose and verse which came from his pen. We think of him as looking out upon the world with a twinkle in his eye, yet he was a shrewd observer of men. He was no merely funny man who raised empty laughter; whatever he wrote, though he cause us to

laugh heartily as he frequently does, appeals to us on second thought for its common sense or its genuine pathos. A good example of this latter type of writing is *The Last Leaf*. This poem was suggested by the sight of a figure well known to Bostonians, that of Major Thomas Melville, "the last of the cocked hats," as he was sometimes called. The Major had been a very handsome young man, and had been one of the "Indians" of the famous Boston Tea Party in 1774. He reminded the young Holmes in 1832, when the poem was written, of a "withered leaf, which had held to its stem through the storms of autumn and winter, and finds itself still clinging to its boughs while the new growths of spring are bursting their buds all around it." Abraham Lincoln called the poem "inexpressibly touching," and knew it by heart. Compare *The Last Leaf* with *The Minuet* on another page in this book.

The poem *Old Ironsides* illustrates another feeling which not infrequently animates Holmes's poetry—his love of country. *Old Ironsides* was written while he was a student at Harvard. It came white-hot from his heart upon his reading in a newspaper that the Navy Department had ordered the destruction of the famous old frigate *Constitution*, known as *Old Ironsides*. The poem was widely published in the papers at the time and was printed on handbills, which were distributed about the streets of the national capital. It stirred public feeling, and saved *Old Ironsides* which in our own day has again been preserved from destruction with money contributed largely by the school children of our country. *Old Ironsides* is still afloat in the Navy Yard at Boston.

It is interesting to know that our National Congress in Washington passed a resolution on March 4, 1925 for the restoration of *Old Ironsides*. It was necessary to raise money to equip, repair, and restore the old frigate. Congress did not make any appropriation, so the Secretary of the Navy raised the money through the school children of the United States. This permitted a splendid opportunity for school children to show their patriotism and love for *Old Ironsides*. Perhaps you were one of the contributors.

Holmes was born at Boston in 1809, the year which saw the birth of many famous men including Lincoln, Poe, and Tennyson, all of whom he outlived. He lived until 1894—"long enough" in his own words, "to serve as an illustration of my own poem—*The Last Leaf*."

Read also:

The Boys	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*
Bill and Joe	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*
Old Susan	*Walter de la Mare*
Martin	*Joyce Kilmer*

BARCLAY OF URY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

This poem tells the story of the way in which the people of Aberdeen turned against Barclay of Ury because he had become a Quaker. It gives a splendid picture of a man, who, convinced that he is following the footsteps of the Master, refuses to reply to insult and protect himself against injury. To be admired, too, is the staunch loyalty of the old soldier who had followed Barclay in battle. He does not understand what has come over his old comrade, but he is ready to fight for him.

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving-girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding:

1. ABERDEEN—A city of Scotland.
3. LAIRD—Lord.
6. MOB IN FURY—The people of the city who had turned against Barclay because he had become a Quaker.
7. CHURL—A person of low taste and poor manners.
10. CARLIN—Old woman.

Came a troop with broad swords swinging.
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and forward
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thicking crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us,
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lützen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though He slay me.

25. THICKING—Growing, thickening.
28. OLD MAN—Refers to Barclay of Ury, the Quaker.
35. LÜTZEN (Leut'-sĕn)—A famous battle in South Prussia in the Thirty Years' War, fought Nov. 16, 1632.
36. GUSTAVUS—Gustavus Adolphus, known as "The Lion of the North," commander of the Swedes and their allies at Lützen. Gustavus was killed in this battle.
37. NEED THY SWORD—Need thy help.
40. PASSIVE—Submissive to.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day!" he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end,"
Quoth the Laird of Ury;
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

46. Henchman—Soldier who had followed Barclay to the wars.
47. Stout of Old—Formerly so courageous.
52. Reviled—Abused.
53. Knave—Boy, servant.
56. Tilly's Line—Tilly, an Austrian general in the Thirty Years' War against whom Gustavus Adolphus fought. Tilly died before the battle of Lützen.
57. Walloon Lancers—Cavalry from the Walloon provinces of Belgium, serving with the Austrians.
60. Boyish Prancers—The troopers referred to in line 19.
66. Jewry—Judea.

"Give me joy in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me.

"When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door!
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving:
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

68. Frame—Body.
74. Thrall—In bondage, prison.
76. Reeve—Bailiff.
76. Squire—Important personage in a locality.
81. Snooded—A snood is a fillet, a band or ribbon, worn about her hair by an unmarried woman according to the custom of the time.
82. Casement—Window.
83. Bore Renown—Came back as a hero from the battlefield.
89. Accords—Harmonizes.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial;
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

99. TOLBOOTH—A prison in Edinburgh rather than in Aberdeen, but its location makes little difference. Whittier is not writing a guide book, but an appreciation of the character of Barclay.
101. POOR DISCIPLES, ETC.—Quakers imprisoned for their belief.
103. CONFESSOR OLD—Jesus Christ.
108. SEVENFOLD VIAL—Its wrath.
109. INWARD EAR—Soul.
111. RABBLE—Mob of people.
114. GOOD HEREAFTER—The amount of good that will be done in after years on account of the persecution.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

117. Fallow—Plowed land not yet seeded.
121. Seer—Prophet, one who can see into the future.
122. Moral Pioneer—One who is ahead of his time in seeing what is wrong and what is just.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY

John Greenleaf Whittier

This poem expresses Whittier's admiration for the heroism of a railway conductor, who, though dying himself, thought only of saving the passengers on his wrecked train.

Conductor Bradley (always may his name
Be said with reverence!), as the swift doom came,
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,

Sank, with the brake he grasped just where he stood
To do the utmost that a brave man could,
And die, if needful, as a true man should.

1. Conductor Bradley—A railway conductor who lost his life in an accident on a Connecticut railway, May 9, 1873.
2. Doom—Fate, end, death.

Men stooped above him; women dropped their tears
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes of fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they? Lo! the ghastly lips of pain,
Dead to all thoughts save duty's, moved again:
"Put out the signals for the other train!"

No nobler utterance since the world began
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah, me! how poor and noteless seem to this
The sick-bed drama of self-consciousness,—
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss!

Oh, grand, supreme endeavor! Not in vain
That last brave act of failing tongue and brain!
Freighted with life, the downward-rushing train.

Following the wrecked one as wave follows wave,
Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave.
Others he saved, himself he could not save!

Nay, the lost life was saved. He is not dead
Who in his record still the earth shall tread
With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

10. Ghastly—Pale, colorless.
16. Noteless—Unworthy of attention or notice.
17. This line means the fight which men make against death merely to save themselves.
18. Sensual Fears of Pain—Fear of pain, which we sense, or feel.
21. Freighted with Life—Full of people.
27. Aureole (Aw-rē-ōle)—The halo which one often sees in paintings about the head of martyr or saint.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.
God give us grace to live as Bradley died!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807–1892)

Whittier was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, on the same farm which his great-great-grandfather had cleared in the wilderness in 1647, and in the same house which that sturdy pioneer had built in 1688.

Unlike the other New England poets of whom you have read, he had few opportunities for education, nor were the surroundings of his home such as to encourage a boy's liking for books as they were in the home of Bryant. Whittier's parents were devout Quakers; and his father, a stern, austere man, was neither sympathetic toward literature, nor perhaps able to buy many books. The family library seems to have contained little other than the Bible and the lives of Quaker worthies. The boy manifested an early delight in poetry, and entertained hopes of himself becoming a poet. At night after the chores were done, he wrote rhymes on his slate, and read his favorites. His father objected to his writing poetry, partly on religious grounds, and partly for the good practical reason that it "would not give him bread." It is said that Whittier's first poems were secretly sent to a local newspaper by his sister.

While yet a young man, he threw himself with religious zeal into the Abolitionist movement. At this time, about 1830, the Abolitionists were looked upon by most people as agitators and trouble-makers. They were not infrequently mobbed even in Boston. By nature Whittier was a quiet man, a "hater of din and riot"; and withal a man of practical sense. There is more than a possibility that he might have been elected to Congress in 1832, and that he might have enjoyed a successful career in politics. Yet there was within him a strong sense of justice; and this sense was aroused by the inhumanity of slavery. It is said he fully realized that in joining the Abolitionists he would sacrifice his chances for political success, and that he might become an object of popular dislike and contempt. He must have felt that it is "man's perdition to be safe, when for the truth he ought to die."

This characteristic of Whittier, and this act of his will help you to understand and appreciate the poem *Barclay of Ury*. If you would

know what Whittier saw in Barclay of Ury to admire, you have only to recall what Whittier himself did in becoming an Abolitionist. There is throughout the poem a strong feeling of sympathy for Barclay, who also sacrificed power and popularity by joining himself to a despised cause. He was an old and distinguished soldier, who became one of the earliest converts to the belief of the Quakers in Scotland. For this his friends turned from him; men who had formerly honored him and sought his favor turned against him; and the poor whom he had once fed now joined in cursing him. The poem gives a vivid picture of him riding through the streets of Aberdeen with the jeering mob at his heels, bearing with patient dignity the threats and abuse of people who misunderstood him. Read again his reply (lines 61–96) to the old comrade who came out sword in hand to defend him, and find the lines which best express why Barclay of Ury chose to endure the insults which were heaped upon him. If you wonder why it is that men like Whittier and Barclay of Ury sacrifice happiness and success, read the last four stanzas of the poem again. These contain what might be called a statement of faith. Both men knew that to be a "moral pioneer"—to be ahead of one's time in fighting a great wrong, was not to win fame and honor, but to invite hatred and disgrace; yet they both were driven on by the confident belief that the truth which they championed would one day be acknowledged of all men. They were not men who found happiness in the things which men usually associate with success. They could be happy only in living the truth as they saw it. Whittier lived to see the cause he championed finally triumph on the battle fields of the Civil War.

In the poem entitled *Conductor Bradley* Whittier gives expression to his admiration for the heroism of a railroad conductor whose last thought was for the safety of his passengers. You cannot but feel the sincerity and intensity of Whittier's feelings as you read the poem. It illustrates a truth which Whittier loved to see in men, and one which he himself lived—"that simple duty hath no place for fear."

Other poems of heroic character:

Jim Bludso of the *Prairie Belle*	*John Hay*
Sir Patrick Spens	*Old Ballad*
Cassandra Southwick	*John G. Whittier*
Vive la France	*Charlotte H. Crawford*
Marco Bozzaris	*Fitz-Greene Halleck*
Little Giffin	*Francis O. Tichnor*
Incident of the French Camp	*Robert Browning*

ELDORADO

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Read the poem aloud with attention first to its music or the swing of the verse, and to the pictures which it flashes on your mind's eye. One's ideal is always ahead of him and he never attains it is the theme of the poem. It is based on a legend which you will find in the notes at the end.

GAYLY bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And as his strength
Failed him at length
He met a pilgrim shadow—
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,—
"If you seek for Eldorado."

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809–1849)

Poe was born at Boston of parents who were actors. His mother, born and brought up to the stage, is spoken of as a strong-willed, versatile woman. His father, with whom acting was a make-shift, was impulsive and weak of character. In all these respects Poe seems to have been the true child of his parents. In 1811 the boy's mother died at Richmond, and Poe was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy tobacco merchant of that place, who sent him to good schools in England and Richmond.

If Poe's own statement can be believed, he began to write poetry before he was twelve. His first verse shows a gloom and melancholy in his make-up which deepened as he grew older and fell on unhappy times until it came to overshadow all his poetry.

His temperament quite unfitted him for making a practical success. He was brilliant, clever, and not without genius; he worked hard over his writings, and he set for himself a high standard, yet he could not get along with others. He had good opportunities; men offered him friendship and more substantial help. But he was proud and oversensitive, and perhaps not without a too grand idea of his own abilities and a little contempt for the poor plodding brains of ordinary men. If any one reason can be singled out for his misfortunes and unhappiness, it is his lack, in the words of Lowell, of "that element of manhood which for want of a better name we call *character*."

The poem *Eldorado* which you have just read suggests Poe's own experience in life. The story of *Eldorado,* or the land of gold, which Poe had in mind when he wrote the poem carries us back to the early days of Spanish conquest in South America. There was a legend that in the interior of the country was to be found a city of gold. The Spanish adventurers, their imaginations fired by the prospect of untold wealth, set out to find it. The natives, who were no match for the Spanish knights and who feared them, found that it was an easy matter to get rid of them by telling them that *Eldorado* was but a little way farther on. The result was that the Spanish, led by their dreams of wealth, pushed on and on, only to perish in the wilderness. If you think of Poe as the gallant knight setting out in quest of success and literary fame—his *Eldorado*—and dying at the age of forty, disappointed and unhappy, you will see how the poem suggests his own sad experience with life. The idea of the poem—that one's ideal always keeps ahead of him—is not new. It is to be found in other poems; but whereas Tennyson, for example in *Merlin and the Gleam,* gives us courage in the pursuit, Poe in *Eldorado* makes us feel that it is a discouraging quest.

THE COURTIN'

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The Courtin' tells a story. It is written in the homely dialect of the Yankee farmer. As you read it, note its humor and its portrayal of rustic life and character.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur's you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

1. SECH—Such.
2. FUR'S—As far as.
5. ZEKLE—Ezekiel.
7. HULDY—Hilda.
8. 'ITH—With.
8. TO HENDER—To hinder, or bother.
11. TELL—Until. In the words "tell comfort died" the speaker implies that the old fireplace was more comfortable than the new-fangled stove, which was so hot it baked one to a puddin'.
14. POOTIEST—Prettiest, refers to Huldy.
16. CHINY ON THE DRESSERS—China dishes arranged on the buffet or sideboard.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back f'om Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clear grit an' human natur',
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like a curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

17. Crook-necks—Crookneck squashes: the yellow summer squash.
19. Queen's-Arm—A musket bearing the stamp of Queen Anne.
19. Gran'ther—Grandfather.
32. Dror—Draw.
32. Furrer—Furrow.
34. Squired—Escorted.
36. All Is—A colloquial expression meaning to tell *all* there *is* to be told.
37. Long o' Her—Beside her, or at her side.
37. 'Ould—Would.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bonnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upun it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheek a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

43. Ole Hundred—A favorite old hymn.
54. Scraper—Foot scraper for cleaning mud off.
55. All Ways—In every direction.
57. L'itered—Loitered.
58. Sekle—Sequel, i.e., he was somewhat doubtful as to how things would turn out.
61. Gin—Gave.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin'"—
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why girls act so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be persumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust
Then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister:"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

65. Hilda speaks this line.
66. Ezekiel replies in this line.
66. DASIGNIN'—Designing, intending.
68. I'NIN'—Ironing.
70. PERSUMIN'—Presuming to know something about them.
73. FUST—First.
88. JENOOARY—January.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

94. Bay o' Fundy—The tides come rapidly into the Bay of Fundy.
95. Was Cried—Their "bans," or betrothal, was announced in the church.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819–1891)

Lowell came from an old New England family distinguished through generations for the number of able men which it had produced. As in his ancestry, so in the outward facts of his life he resembles many another famous son of New England. His father was a clergyman of note. He was brought up in a home where learning was valued, where books were known and appreciated, and where literary aspirations were encouraged. He was given a good education begun at a dame school, and continued at a Cambridge day school and Harvard, which he entered at the age of fifteen. Like Holmes, he studied law, and even opened an office; but he soon gave it up for literature.

To his mother he was much indebted for his ability as a poet. There existed a close sympathy and rare understanding between the two. The boy was somewhat of a dreamer. The mother was a woman of imaginative temperament, possessed of a keen appreciation for poetry and music. She read the boy to sleep from the *Faerie Queene*, and fired his imagination with romantic legend and song.

The Courtin', which was written quite by accident, has been called Lowell's best poem; "and far from being 'homely,' it is as graceful as a 'hahnsome' girl in a gingham apron." It not only tells a charming story, but it gives us a delightful picture of the New England farmer's comfortable fireside, and a dramatic portrayal of human nature at a critical moment in the characters Huldy and Zekle. If you like these poems, read the following by Lowell: *Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line; Jonathan to John; "Thrash away, you'll hev to rattle"; The Pious Editor's Creed.*

A NOISELESS PATIENT SPIDER

WALT WHITMAN

This poem voices Whitman's feeling that the soul is not a thing which perishes, but that it is part of a great infinite being.

A NOISELESS patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.

YOUTH, DAY, OLD AGE AND NIGHT

WALT WHITMAN

This is Whitman's way of saying that age is not to be dreaded, but it too has its place in the growth of man toward the perfect whole.

YOUTH, large, lusty, loving—youth full of grace, force, fascination,
Do you know that Old Age may come after you with equal grace, force, fascination?

Day full-blown and splendid—day of the immense sun, action, ambition, laughter,
The Night follows close with millions of suns, and sleep and restoring darkness.

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

WALT WHITMAN

To get the full flavor of this poem, you should read it aloud. It is written to a kind of full-voiced, resounding chant which carries it along, and brings out the forceful description of the rugged pioneers which it describes. Whitman meant that, in reading it, you should catch also the spirit of the pioneers—not alone the spirit of the western pioneers, but of all men who turn their backs on a soft, easy life to blaze new trails for humanity to follow.

COME, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? Have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the sea?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

7. SINEWY—Energetic, strong.
13. ELDER RACES—The people of the Old World who colonized America.
18. DEBOUCH—Emerge.

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface board surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with continental blood intervein'd,
All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O resistless restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

26. Stemming—Damming up for water power.
30. The Sierras—Western mountains.
42. Cushion and the Slipper—Life of ease.

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they locked and bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged nodding on our way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

TO THOSE WHO'VE FAILED

WALT WHITMAN

The poem expresses Whitman's admiration for those who have aimed high, but failed. It is another way of saying: "It is better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all."

To those who've fail'd, in aspiration vast,
To unnam'd soldiers fallen in front on the lead,
To calm, devoted engineers—to over-ardent travelers—to pilots on their ships,
To many a lofty song and picture without recognition—
I'd rear a laurel-cover'd monument,
High, high above the rest—to all cut off before their time,
Possess'd by some strange spirit of fire,
Quench'd by an early death.

WALT WHITMAN (1819–1892)

WHITMAN is like no one else in our literature. Although he could trace his ancestry back into colonial history quite as far as Lowell and Holmes, there all resemblance to the great names of New England ceases. His father was a Long Island farmer, and a man of small education. In 1823, the family moved to Brooklyn, where the father earned a living as a carpenter, and here Walt attended the public schools until he was eleven.

Twenty-five years intervened between his leaving school and his first volume of poems. To outward appearances these were years lived without definite aim in life, yet these were the years when Whitman was growing within, and slowly finding himself. In the city "he missed nothing that was to be seen. Wherever human life was 'magnificently moving in vast masses' there he was to feel and absorb it."

Out from these experiences grew Whitman's poetry. If he is not the greatest of American poets, he is at all events the most American. There is nothing of the Old World about him, either in the form of his poetry or in the things he writes about. In his poems America passes before us, mountains, plains, forests, the slave, the great-hearted heroes, the "powerful uneducated people" on and on, an endless pageant out of which will develop "the most splendid race the sun ever shone on." Something of this thought is to be found in *Pioneers! O Pioneers!* in the words "We take up the task eternal"—the task of building the democracy of his vision. Again it is echoed in the splendid lines *To Those Who've Fail'd.*

In the poem *A Noiseless Patient Spider,* the spider is the symbol of the soul, which Whitman thinks of as a thing not perishing with the body but as part of a great infinite whole.

The form of Whitman's poetry is unusual. He rejected the old smooth riming forms as unsuited to the expression of what he had to say. If in reading him, you read aloud, and let yourself be guided by your ear rather than by your eye, you will become sensible to the strong rhythm in his verse. Like his pioneers it is rough, but strong and full of force. He did not write poetry for "tame enjoyment;" he did not think of poetry as something soft and sticky. Not infrequently, moreover, does he show his contempt for the rules of grammar and the dictionary. Like Shakespeare, he uses language as he wills to make his expression vigorous and imaginative.

Other Whitman Poems which you will like are: *To a Locomotive in Winter; Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun; Vigil Strange I kept on the Field Night; I Hear America Singing; Beat! Beat! Drums; Manna Hatta.*

GRADATIM

Josiah Gilbert Holland

Gradatim means step by step. It is the purpose of this poem to show us that we do not reach our ideals by one leap, but rather repeated trials and discouragements from which we emerge a little stronger each time—a little more fit to achieve our ends.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step towards God—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Title—(Grà-dā-tĭm).
3. Vaulted—Arched and lofty.
11. Deposed—Put out of our lives.
13. Aspire—Yearn for that which is nobler.
13. Resolve—Fix our minds (on achieving some noble deed).
16. Sordid—Vile, ignoble.
19. Sensual—Things which appeal to the senses.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

22. Borrow the Wings—By using imagination.
25. Only in Dreams—Read the story of Jacob in the Old Testament.
26. Sapphire—Bright blue.
28. The Sleeper—Jacob in the story; ourselves in the analogy.
28. Pillow of Stone—Jacob's pillow was a stone; in the analogy it means our hard cares of life.
29. Memorize this verse.
32. Round by Round—Each round represents a good deed done

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND (1819–1881)

Holland was a Massachusetts man. He was educated at the Berkshire Medical College, and was for three years a practicing physician, but he was more interested in literature than in medicine. He left his practice to become superintendent of schools at Vicksburg, Mississippi. He is best remembered, however, as the newspaper editor who raised the *Springfield Republican* to a place of commanding influence.

He wrote a considerable amount of poetry, distinguished for its earnest moral tone. The poem *Gradatim* embodies no new thought. The idea that "Heaven is not reached at a single bound" has often found expression in literature, but rarely does it find better expression than in Holland's poem.

Read for expression of a similar thought:

A Psalm of Life	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*
The Chambered Nautilus	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

THE BRAVE AT HOME

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

The thought of this poem is that those who remain at home during a war show quite as great courage as those who go to the front.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

1. WARRIOR'S SASH—A shoulder sash,—part of the uniform worn in the Civil War, indicative of rank.
2. DISSEMBLES—Hides (under appearance of bravery).
14. BOLTS OF DEATH—Shot and shell.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ (1822–1872)

READ was best known in his day as an artist rather than as a poet. He is remembered for two poems inspired by the Civil War—*Sheridan's Ride* and *The Brave at Home*. This last poem is a tribute to the bravery of the maid, the wife, and the mother who see their loved ones leave perhaps never to return. It pictures the bravery which it requires to keep from weakening on the part of those who are to stay at home.

CHARTLESS

EMILY DICKINSON

I NEVER saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

INDIAN SUMMER

EMILY DICKINSON

THESE are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two,
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June,—
A blue and gold mistake.

5. SOPHISTRIES—A sophistry is a manner of reasoning by which the wrong is made to appear right. The meaning of this stanza is that the skies put on in Indian summer an appearance of June to make us think that summer has come again.

Oh, fraud that cannot cheat the bee,
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief,

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,
And softly through the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf!

Oh, sacrament of summer days,
Oh, last communion in the haze,
Permit a child to join,

Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine!

EMILY DICKINSON (1830–1886)

Although Emily Dickinson lived and wrote during the generation which knew Longfellow and Lowell, Whittier and Whitman, little was heard of her in her own day. The reason for this is that she lived a retired, almost hermit-like existence, shunning publicity, and writing her poems merely to give outlet to her own thoughts and feelings.

Her father was a Puritan of the old type and she seems from girlhood to have been out of sympathy with his religion and with that of the family. Instead of breaking out in open rebellion against it, she remained in the family but not of it, and lived in and with her own thoughts.

Her first volume of prose was not published until four years after her death; and her complete poems did not appear until 1924. One would not expect to find issuing from such a life poetry such as came from Walt Whitman's many-sided experience with life. Emily Dickinson's poetry is the result of her communing with herself. Like its author it is quiet, even delicate; yet in its pictures and thought, as clear as water. In *Chartless*, in language which could hardly be more simple and clear, she tells us why she believes in the existence of God and Heaven. In *Indian Summer* with a few sharp, clear images she recalls for us all our memories of the Indian summer, even to the feel of the air.

Compare with *Chartless* Whitman's poem *A Noiseless Patient Spider*, and Bryant's *To a Waterfowl*.

THE MINUET

MARY MAPES DODGE

In *The Minuet* a little girl gives us a delightful picture of her grandma and of the minuet which her grandma danced "long ago."

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my Grandma danced!—
Long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
Turning out her little toes;
How she slowly leaned and rose—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there rocking, rocking,
Always knitting Grandpa's stocking—
(Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago.)
Yet her figure is so neat,
And her ways so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago.
No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly curtesying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys I mean of course—
Long ago.
Bravely modest, grandly shy,—
She would like to have us try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.
In time to come, if I, perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of *our* dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way,
Long ago."

MARY MAPES DODGE (1838–1905)

Mrs. Dodge was for many years editor of *St. Nicholas*, and raised that publication to a commanding position among magazines for boys and girls. She wrote a number of poems, and several books for children. Her best known book is perhaps *Hans Brinker*. *The Minuet* is described by a little girl, a charming picture of her "grandma" who once was young and danced the Minuet long ago. Read again *The Last Leaf*. Is there any similarity in the feeling which the poems produce?

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

BRET HARTE

Read this poem for the story. The author pretends that it is told by a miner, Truthful James, who relates the incident as happening at Table Mountain Gold Camp in 1870.

WHICH I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name.
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies:
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat at the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

4. VAIN—Underhanded.
12. BILL NYE—A popular humorist of Harte's day.

Yet the cards they were stacked
In a way that I grieve.
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see.—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor;"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

20. Bowers—In the game of euchre the "bowers" are important cards.
41. Chinese Cheap Labor—The Chinese would work for less than the white man, and "ruined" white labor.

Which is my remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

THE REVEILLE

BRET HARTE

The Reveille, inspired by the Civil War, tells us how strong was the call of duty to defend "their heritage." Read it aloud, and note the effect of the refrain.

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armèd men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick
Alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the
Solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"

19. The meaning of this line is: What if our conquering South raises a greater problem than letting the South secede in peace?

But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the
Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united, than in life a recreant,
—Come!"

Thus they answered,—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing answered,
"Lord, we come!"

FRANCIS BRET HARTE (1839–1902)

HARTE is best known as a short-story writer and humorist. He was born at Albany, New York, but when he was fifteen, the family moved to California. This was but five years after the great "Gold Rush" of 1849 which peopled California with mining camps and picturesque characters. Harte found work as a typesetter, and later became editor of various newspapers and magazines in San Francisco. He came to public notice quite by accident. When he was editor of *The Overland Monthly*, to fill up a blank page he printed the poem *Plain Language from Truthful James*. He had written it sometime before, but he did not consider it worth much as literature. However, the public, its imagination fired by tales of the mining camps, liked it; and it brought Harte to general notice. *The Reveille*, which was inspired by the Civil War, is possibly Harte's best serious poem. He makes the "quick alarming drum" whose note he reproduces in the movement of the poem, symbolize the call of duty, calling men to defend their heritage,—freedom. It is a clear call that may not be denied.

COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN MILLER

The poem *Columbus* gives a vivid, dramatic portrayal of the daring which drove the great discoverer across unknown seas. The poet throws into sharp contrast the character of the "good mate" and that of the "Adm'r'l." Compare the timorous questionings of the mate with the confident reply of Columbus.

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For, lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; "what shall I say?"
"Why say: 'Sail on, sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home: a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget the way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

1. AZORES—The westernmost islands off the coast of Spain.
2. GATES OF HERCULES—The entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, so called because according to legend it had been made by Hercules.

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite:
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he paced his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its greatest lesson: "On! sail on!"

THE DEFENSE OF THE ALAMO

JOAQUIN MILLER

In the war for Texan independence against Mexico, the Mexican army surrounded a small force of Texans in a Franciscan mission, called the Alamo, at San Antonio. The defenders died to the last man. This poem relates the more striking incidents of the fight, and plays up the courage of the defenders.

SANTA ANA came storming, as a storm might come;
There was rumble of cannon; there was rattle of blade;
There was cavalry, infantry, bugle and drum—
Full seven thousand in pomp and parade.
The chivalry, flower of Mexico;
And a gaunt two hundred in the Alamo!

1. SANTA ANA—President of Mexico, commander of the Mexican forces.
5. CHIVALRY—The bravest.

And thirty lay sick, and some were shot through
For the siege had been bitter, and bloody, and long.
"Surrender, or die!"—"Men, what will you do?"
And Travis, great Travis, drew sword, quick and strong;
Drew a line at his feet . . . "Will you come? Will you go?
I die with my wounded, in the Alamo."

Then Bowie gasped, "Lead me over that line!"
Then Crockett, one hand to the sick, one hand to his gun,
Crossed with him; then never a word or a sign
Till all, sick or well, all, all save but one,
One man. Then a woman stepped, praying, and slow
Across; to die at her post in the Alamo.

Then that one coward fled, in the night, in that night
When all men silently prayed and thought
Of home; of to-morrow; of God and the right,
Till dawn; and with dawn came Travis's cannon-shot,
In answer to insolent Mexico,
From the old bell-tower of the Alamo.

Then came Santa Ana; a crescent of flame!
Then the red escalade; then the fight hand to hand;
Such an unequal fight as never had name
Since the Persian hordes butchered that doomed Spartan band.
All day—all day and all night; and the morning? so slow,
Through the battle smoke mantling the Alamo.

10. Travis—Leader of the Texan forces.
13. Bowie—Col. James Bowie, the pioneer who invented the bowie knife.
17. One Man—Legend has it that one man slunk away.
26. Escalade—The scaling of the walls by the Mexican troops.
28. The reference is to Thermopylæ where a handful of Spartans withstood the great Persian army in a narrow pass until they were betrayed.

Now silence! Such silence! Two thousand lay dead
In a crescent outside! And within? Not a breath
Save the gasp of a woman, with gory gashed head,
All alone, all alone there, waiting for death;
And she but a nurse. Yet when shall we know
Another like this of the Alamo?

Shout "Victory, victory, victory ho!"
I say 'tis not always to the hosts that win!
I say that the victory, high or low,
Is given the hero who grapples with sin,
Or legion or single; just asking to know
When duty fronts death in his Alamo.

JOAQUIN MILLER (1841–1913)

Joaquin Miller was born, according to tradition, quite appropriately in a "covered wagon, pointed west" somewhere near the Indiana-Ohio line. When he was eleven the family made a 3000 mile trek overland to Oregon which has been described as a seven months' battle with cholera, tornadoes, and Indians. Before he was fifteen, "he began a roving life of adventure which led him into half a dozen Indian campaigns and struggles with mountain flood, prairie fire, desert thirst, and buffalo stampede." Later he attended a mission college in Oregon, and was in turn express-messenger, editor, lawyer, and a judge. After some years spent in travel in Europe he returned to this country to live a kind of hermit-like existence in a cabin on the heights overlooking the Golden Gate.

Columbus is his best poem. It gives us a splendid picture of a "pioneer" whose courage and fixity of purpose knew no turning back. This is a favorite theme with Miller. It is this same indomitable courage in the handful of men who defended the Alamo that moved him to write *The Defense of the Alamo.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S STORY

CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL

This is simply a very well written piece of nonsense poetry, to be read and laughed at.

THE night was thick and hazy
When the *Piccadilly Daisy*
Carried down the crew and captain in the sea;
And I think the water drowned 'em
For they never, never found 'em
And I know they didn't come ashore with me.

Oh! 't was very sad and lonely
When I found myself the only
Population on this cultivated shore
But I've made a little tavern
In a rocky little cavern,
And I sit and watch for people at the door.

I spent no time in looking
For a girl to do my cooking,
As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews;
But I had that fellow Friday,
Just to keep the tavern tidy,
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

I have a little garden
That I'm cultivating lard in,
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry;
For I live on toasted lizards,
Prickly pears and parrot gizzards,
And I'm really fond of beetle-pie.

The clothes I had were furry,
And it made me fret and worry
When I found the moths were eating off the hair;
And I had to scrape and sand 'em
And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em
Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.

I sometimes seek diversion
In a family excursion
With a few domestic animals you see;
And we take along a carrot
As refreshment for the parrot
And a little can of jungleberry tea.

Then we gather as we travel,
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,
And we chip off little specimens of stone;
And we carry home as prizes
Funny bugs, of handy sizes,
Just to give the day a scientific tone.

If the roads are wet and muddy
We remain at home and study,—
For the goat is very clever at the sum,—
And the dog, instead of fighting,
Studies ornamental writing,
While the cat is taking lessons on the drum.

We retire at eleven,
And we arise again at seven;
And I wish to call attention, as I close,
To the fact that all the scholars
Are correct about their collars,
And particular in turning out their toes.

CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL (1842–1920)

Carryl was not a professional man of letters. He was a very successful New York business man who amused himself in his leisure time by writing nonsense verse and other not too serious poetry.

Other nonsense poems:

Father William	*Anonymous*
On the Death of a Mad Dog	*Oliver Goldsmith*
The Walloping Window-Blind	*Charles E. Carryl*
The Walrus and the Carpenter	*Lewis Carroll*
Strictly Germ Proof	*Arthur Guiterman*

TAMPA ROBINS

SIDNEY LANIER

This poem voices what Lanier imagines must be the song of the robin, gone South to escape "wild winter's spite." The poem is full of jubilant sounds and is exquisitely colorful.

THE robin laughed in the orange-tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee;
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—
Sunlight, song, and the orange-tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky.
My orange-planets; crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
And thrill the heavenly orange-tree
With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

"If that I hate wild winter's spite—
The gibbet trees, the world in white,
The sky but gray wind over a grave—
Why should I ache, the seasons slave?
I'll sing from the top of the orange-tree:
'Gramercy, winter's tyranny.'

5. TIME'S SCYTHE—Time is often pictured allegorically as an old man with a scythe cutting down youth, beauty—life.
9. SPHERES—The oranges.
10. BLITHE—Happy, carefree.
10. METEOR—Refers to the robin.
12. ORBITS—Refers to the robin's flights about the tree; an orbit is the path of a heavenly body or planet.
12. MINSTRELSY—Song, music.
14. GIBBET—Bare—because gibbets are stark and bare.
18. GRAMERCY—An expression of gratitude, literally, great thanks.

"I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
My wing is king of the summer time;
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
And I'll call down through the green and gold:
'Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me;
Bestir thee under the orange-tree.'"

SIDNEY LANIER (1846–1881)

LANIER, born at Macon, Georgia, came from an ancestry distinguished for its musicians. He himself early showed an "extraordinary musical talent," being able to play without instruction the violin and flute, and other instruments. Lanier believed that he was "intended for a musician." His father, who was a lawyer, wished him to follow that profession. While attending Oglethorpe University, he came under the influence of the strong personality of Prof. James Woodward with whom he tramped or drove through the countryside. Woodward liked him so well that he secured for him a position as tutor on the faculty. Lanier made plans to go to Germany to study and become a college professor but these plans were interrupted by the outbreak of the Civil War. He enlisted in the Confederate Army, and served until he was captured in 1864. His confinement in the war prison broke his health which was never rugged, and was the beginning of consumption against which he fought manfully until his death.

The poem *Tampa Robins* comes out of his sojourn in Florida. It is the song which he imagines that the robin, gone South to escape the winter of the "windy North," sings among the orange trees of Florida. Lanier's theory of poetry, concerning which he wrote a valuable book, was that the emotional effect in poetry, as it does in music, depended largely upon the sound. In *Tampa Robins*, the joy of the robin's song is heightened by the happy, carefree, lilt of the verse. The poem, like all poetry, should be read aloud to get this effect in full.

Other poems of birds:

The Blue Jay	*Louise Driscoll*
To a Phœbe Bird	*Witter Bynner*
To a Sparrow	*Francis Ledwidge*
Robert of Lincoln	*William Cullen Bryant*
The Mocking Bird	*Frank L. Stanton*
The Robin in the Rain	*Charles C. Woods*

REVIVAL HYMN

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Read the *Revival Hymn* aloud. It is a good example of the fervid spiritual which made folks "get religion" at a negro camp meeting.

Oh, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin' er de drums?
How many po' sinners'll be kotched out late
En fine no latch ter de golden gate?
No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer!
De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer,
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier—
Oh, Lord! fetch de mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns er de erf is a stan'in all aroun',
Who's a gwineter be choosen fer ter w'ar de glory-crown?
Who's a gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed en' bol',
En answer to der name at de callin' er de roll?
Yo better come now ef you comin'—
Ole Satun is loose en a bummin'—
De wheels er distruckshun is a hummin'—
Oh, come 'long, sinner, ef you comin'!

De song er salvashun is a mighty sweet song,
En de Pairidise win' blow fur en blow strong,
En Aberham's bosom, hit's saft en hit's wide,
En right dar's de place whar de sinners oughter hide!
Oh, you nee'nther be a stoppin' en a lookin';
Ef you fool wid ole Satun you'll git took in;
You'll hang on the aidge en get shook in,
Ef you keep on a stoppin' en a lookin'.

De time is right now, en dish yer's de place—
Let de sun er salvashun shine squar in yo' face;
Fight de battles er de Lord, fight soon en fight late,
En you'll allers fine a latch ter de golden gate.
No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer,
De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer—
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier,
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher!

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS (1848–1908)

Joel Chandler Harris was a native of Georgia. He began his career as a printer's apprentice on a local weekly. He studied law and practiced for a time, but his special talent lay in journalism. He is best remembered for his *Uncle Remus*, a collection of negro folk tales which appeared in the *Atlanta Constitution*. He knew the human side of the Georgia negro, and brought to his writings a sympathetic understanding of that race. The poem here given, entitled *Revival Hymn*, is written in negro dialect. It catches up in its sentiment and rhythm, the emotionalism and fervor of the negro camp-meeting.

LONG AGO

Eugene Field

In this poem Field is recalling, with a touch of longing, his boyhood. The poem gives a good picture of American boyhood, particularly that of the country boy.

I once knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees.
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then;
But that was very long ago!

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where the checkerberries could be found,
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatsoe'er the Fates decree;
Yet were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish should be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh! so happy then—
But that was very long ago!

10. CHECKERBERRIES—Wintergreen berries.
14. POACHING—Unlawfully hunting on someone else's property.
18. I TREAD—In memory.
21. THIS YOUNGSTER—His son.
26. FATES—The three Fates of Greek mythology who spun, wove and cut off the thread of life.

NOTE: In connection with this poem read: *Thinkin' Back, The Old Trundle Bed,* and *The Ol' Swimmin' Hole* by James W. Riley; *In School Days* and *The Barefoot Boy* by John G. Whittier.

TWO OPINIONS

EUGENE FIELD

The poem below tells a story which you will have no difficulty in following. But interest in the poem lies not so much in the story, as in the characters of "Jim and me."

Us two wuz boys when we fell out—
  Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about,
  Some small diff'rence, I'll allow.
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
  A-hatin' each other—me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
  'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,
  Courted sisters, 'nd married 'em, too;
'Tended same meetin'-house onct a week,
  A-hatin' each other, through 'nd through,
But when Abe Linkern asked the West
  F'r soldiers, we answered—me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
  'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

But down in Tennessee one night
  Ther' wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
'Nd the Sergeant allowed there'd be a fight
  With the Johnny Rebs some time nex' day:
'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home
  Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
  'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
  Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him—
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
  But never a word from me or Jim!
He went his way 'nd I went mine,
  'Nd into the battle's roar went we—
I havin' my opinyin uv Jim
  'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me!

Jim never come back from the war again,
  But I hain't forgot that last, last night,
When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
  Made up 'nd shuck hands before the fight;
'Nd after it all, it's soothin' to know
  That here I be 'nd yonder's Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
  'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

EUGENE FIELD (1850–1895)

Field belongs to the writers of the "poetry of the people." After attending Williams College and the University of Missouri, he took up journalism and spent his life writing for newspapers.

His poetry is never deep nor charged with meaning, but it is wide in its appeal for he writes of experiences which are common to the multitude. Often it is touched with the pathos which comes with remembering happier days. Such a poem is *Long Ago*,—a description of boyhood which countless men recall, and which, troubled with the care that comes with years they look back to with wistful longing, and idealize.

The poem *Two Opinions* pictures two sturdy characters such as any community is likely to duplicate, and casts into bold relief that spirit of stubborn independence in the American farmer which at times makes him absurd and at times quite heroic. In this poem too, the effect is heightened by the pathetic death of Jim.

Other poems of boyhood memories:

The Old Home	*Madison Cawein*
My Lost Youth	*Henry W. Longfellow*
The Fire of Drift-Wood	*Henry W. Longfellow*
Duna	*Marjorie L. Pickthall*

THE MAN WITH THE HOE*

EDWIN MARKHAM

In this poem the author gives a vivid and moving description of the French peasant of the days before the French Revolution, as he saw him pictured by the painter Millet. After you read the poem once, reread it slowly, comparing the description with the picture. The thought conveyed by the poem is that a man made into a brute by brutal labor, and seeing nothing in life to make him better than a beast, cannot be expected to develop splendid and beautiful qualities or to be other than a beast. This poem has been repeatedly called "The Supreme Poem of the Century."

God made man in his own image
In the image of God He made him.—Genesis.

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,

*From *Collected Poems* of Edwin Markham to be issued in 1928.

1. BOWED, ETC.—His form is bent because his ancestors for centuries have had their backs bent in toil.

3. THE EMPTINESS, ETC.—His face reveals no delight in life, as the faces of his toiling ancestors have never shone with the gladness of life.

4. BURDEN OF THE WORLD—The work of the world upon which the world's progress depends.

5. DESPAIR—He does not despair for he has never known better things.

A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Thru this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Thru this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Powers that made the world,
A protest that is also prophecy.

8. Loosened—A loose jaw signifies brutality.
9. Slanted—The slanted brow signifies little intelligence.
19. Tongued with Censure—Testifying against.
20. Portents—Signs of danger.
22. Seraphim—The angels.
24. Plato—A Greek philosopher.
24. Pleiades—A constellation of stars.
26. Rift—Breaking.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quencht?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute questions in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

35. SOUL-QUENCHT—His soul killed.
41. PERFIDIOUS—Treacherous.
41. IMMEDICABLE—Incurable.

THE GREAT GUEST COMES*

EDWIN MARKHAM

Read the poem for the story. The poem brings home the fact that the "kingdom of God is within us."

BEFORE the Cathedral in grandeur rose,
At Ingelburg where the Danube goes;
Before its forest of silver spires
Went airily up to the clouds and fires;
Before the oak had ready a beam,
While yet the arch was stone and dream—
There where the altar was later laid,
Conrad, the cobbler, plied his trade.

*From *Collected Poems* of Edwin Markham to be issued in 1928.

Doubled all day on his busy bench,
Hard at his cobbling for master and hench,
Shearing and shaping with pull and pat,
He pounded away at a brisk rat-tat,
Hide well-hammered and pegs sent home,
Till the shoe was fit for the Pope of Rome.
And he sang as the threads went to and fro:
"Whether 'tis hidden or whether it show,
Let the work be sound, for the Lord will know."

Tall was the cobbler, and gray and thin,
And a full moon shone where the hair had been.
His eyes peered out, intent and afar,
As looking beyond the things that are;
He walked as one who is done with fear,
Knowing at last that God is near.
Only the half of him cobbled the shoes:
The rest was away for the heavenly news.
Indeed, so thin was this mystic screen
That parted the Unseen from the Seen,
You could not tell from the cobbler's theme,
If his dream were truth or his truth were dream.

It happened one day at the year's white end.
Two neighbors called on their old-time friend;
And they found the shop, so meager and mean,
Made gay with a hundred boughs of green.
Conrad was stitching with face ashine,
But suddenly stopped as he twitched a twine:
"Old friends, good news! At dawn today,
As the cocks were scaring the night away,
The Lord appeared in a dream to me,

10. Hench—Servant (henchman).
10. Full Moon—A round, bald spot.
24. The Half of Him—His physical self.
25. The Rest—His thoughts, his mental self.

And said, 'I'm coming your Guest to be!'
I have been busy with feet astir,
Strewing the floor with branches of fir.
The wall is washed and the shelf is shined,
And over the rafter the holly twined.
He comes to-day! and the table is spread
With milk and honey and wheaten bread."

His friends went home; and his face grew still
As he watched for the shadow across the sill.
He lived all the moments o'er and o'er,
When the Lord should enter the lowly door—
The knock, the call, the latch pulled up,
The lighted face, the offered cup.
He would wash the feet where the spikes had been;
He would kiss the hands where the nails went in;
And then at last he would sit with him,
And break the bread as the day grew dim.

While the cobbler mused there passed his pane
A beggar drenched by driving rain.
He called him in from the stony street
And gave him shoes for his bruiséd feet.
The beggar went and there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown.
A bundle of fagots bowed her back,
And she was spent with wrench and rack,
He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
As she took her way on the weary road.
Then to his door came a little child,
Lost and afraid in the world so wild,

49. Lowly—Humble.
55. Day Grew Dim—Evening came; or life ending.
56. Pane—Window.
60. Crone—Withered old woman.

In the big, dark world. Catching it up,
He gave it the milk in the waiting cup,
And led it home to its mother's arms,
Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest.
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:
"Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?
Did you forget that this was the day?"
Then soft in the silence a Voice he heard:
"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word,
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times my shadow was on your floor,
I was the beggar with the bruiséd feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street!"

VICTORY IN DEFEAT*

EDWIN MARKHAM

This poem is a splendid example of the way in which truth is borne home to us through the imagination. The "oak straining in the wind" becoming more beautiful and "sending down a deeper root" symbolizes the strength which comes from struggle.

WHEN the great oak is straining in the wind,
The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk
Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.
Only the soul that knows the mighty grief
Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come
To stretch out spaces in the heart for joy.

*From *Collected Poems* of Edwin Markham to be issued in 1928.
3. WINDWARD—Side on which it is hit by the wind.
5. RAPTURE—Joy, happiness.

EDWIN MARKHAM (1852–)

EDWIN MARKHAM was born of pioneer parents at Oregon City, Oregon, at a time when the Pacific Northwest was an almost undeveloped wilderness. His father died before the boy was yet five years old, and the mother moved to California. He knew hardship and hard work as a growing boy—farming, blacksmithing, and working on a ranch. He read what books he could find, attended such schools as the country afforded, and after graduation from the San Jose Normal School became a teacher in the California schools. He was principal of a school in Oakland when he published *The Man With the Hoe*. This poem brought him widespread recognition. Since 1901 he has made his home on Staten Island.

Markham is a new voice in our literature. Fully to understand him, one must know something of the great changes which were making over America in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. America was becoming a great industrial nation, and with this great industrial development were growing up many new social problems. Not the least of these was that involving the rights of labor. Markham's sympathies are wholly on the side of the great masses who earn their living in the sweat of their brow. He believes that they are entitled not merely to a living wage and the material comforts of life, but to a full share in the things which beautify and ennoble life, and develop the spiritual side of man. He raises his voice in protest against a system which looks upon man as nothing more than a machine without a soul, and upon labor as nothing more than a commodity. He wants the soul of man to be recognized; and he sees little justice or conscience in a social order which does not look upon men as any different from beasts of burden, to be worked as long as they can make a profit for their employers, and then to be turned adrift. He wants to see a social order in which man shall be given an opportunity to grow to the "heroism and loftiness" of which Whitman dreamed.

The Man With the Hoe gives expression to his feeling. He is describing the French peasant crushed and brutalized by enforced toil in the fields of his overlord, but "in the figure of one man with a hoe, he drew a picture of men in mines, men in the sweat-shop, men working without joy, without hope." He voices the danger of thus brutalizing men, for he prophesies that when such men are once aroused, they will act like brutes—a prophecy abundantly illustrated by the terrors of the French Revolution and by the revolution in Russia in our own day.

The Great Guest Comes and *Victory in Defeat* show Markham on another side, as one who believes that the growth of man toward nobility of spirit and soul comes from within.

THE GLORY OF SHIPS

HENRY VAN DYKE

The poem recounts the development of the ship, and sings its glory—the part it has played in the life of man.

THE glory of ships is an old, old song, since the days when the sea-rovers ran,
In their open boats through the roaring surf, and the spread of the world began;
The glory of ships is a light on the sea, and a star in the story of man.

When Homer sang of the galleys of Greece that conquered the Trojan shore,
And Solomon lauded the barks of Tyre that brought the great wealth to his door,
'Twas little they knew, those ancient men, what would come of the sail and the oar.

The Greek ships rescued the West from the East, when they harried the Persians home;
And the Roman ships were the wings of strength that bore up the empire, Rome;
And the ships of Spain found a wide new world, far over the fields of foam.

4. HOMER—A Greek poet who tells the story of the war against Troy.
4. GALLEYS—The Grecian men-of-war.
4. TROY—An ancient city of Asia Minor, besieged and conquered by the Greeks. The story of the fall of Troy is rich in heroic deeds and personalities.
5. SOLOMON—The King of Judah, famed for his wisdom and riches.
5. TYRE—A city of Phœnicia famed in Biblical times as the home of a great sea-going commerce.
7. The line refers to the battle of Salamis in which the Greeks saved their civilization (the West) from being overrun by the Persians.
9. The line refers to the colonization of the New World by Spain.

Then the tribes of courage at last saw clear that the ocean was not a bound,
But a broad highway, and a challenge to seek for treasure as yet unfound;
So the fearless ships fared forth to the search, in a joy that the globe was round.

Their hulls were heightened, their sails spread out, they grew with the growth of their quest;
They opened the secret doors of the East, and the golden gates of the West;
And many a city of high renown was proud of a ship on its crest.

The fleets of England and Holland and France were at strife with each other and Spain;
And the battle and storm sent a myriad ships to sleep in the depths of the main;
But the sea-faring spirit could never be drowned, and it filled up the fleets again.

They greatened and grew, with the aid of steam, to a wonderful, vast array,
That carries the thoughts and the traffic of men into every harbor and bay;
And now in the world-wide work of the ships 'tis England that leads the way.

10. Tribes of Courage—Men like Columbus. Read again Miller's poem.
10. It was believed in ancient times that the ocean was a river—the River Ocean—surrounding the earth, and that there was nothing beyond the river.
15. European seaport cities frequently had a ship on the city's coat of arms.
16. The line refers to the struggles between the countries mentioned for supremacy of the sea in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries.
17. Main—The sea.
21. The line refers to the commercial supremacy to-day of the English Merchant Marine.

HENRY VAN DYKE (1852–)

In the leisure intervals of an active and busy life Henry van Dyke has found time to write a great body of essays, short stories, literary criticism, and poetry. He was for many years the pastor of a Presbyterian Church in New York, but since 1900 he has been professor of English at Princeton. He is a lover of the outdoors, and has written delightfully about mountain and stream. During the trying years from 1913 to 1916 he was American minister to the Netherlands. This was an important post during the years of the war, and one which Dr. Van Dyke filled with credit to himself and his country.

The poem *The Glory of Ships,* which imaginatively sketches the development of the ship from the oar-propelled boats of the sea-rovers to the trans-Atlantic liner, tells us that the glory of the ship is the part it has played in extending civilization. One of the noteworthy things about the poem is that it succeeds in imparting a kind of personality to the ship —making us think of it as a thing of human qualities.

Other poems of ships are:

Clipper-Ships	*John Gould Fletcher*
Cargoes	*John Masefield*
The Old Ships	*James Elroy Flecker*

DEWEY AT MANILA

Robert Underwood Johnson

The poem tells the story of Commodore Dewey's famous victory over the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, May 1, 1898.

'Twas the very verge of May
When the bold *Olympia* led
Into Bocagrande Bay
Dewey's squadron, dark and dread,—
Creeping past Corregidor,
Guardian of Manila's shore.

1. Verge of May—The night of April 30.
2. Olympia—Dewey's flapship.
3. Bocagrande (Bóc-ä-grän'-dā)—The outer bay.
5. Corregidor (Kôr-rāh-hē-dōr')—A fortified island at the entrance to Manila Bay.

Do they sleep who wait the fray?
  Is the moon so dazzling bright
That our cruisers' battle-gray
  Melts into the misty light?
Ah! the red flag and the roar!
Wakes at last Corregidor!

All too late their screaming shell
  Tears the silence with its track;
This is but the *gate* of hell,
  We've no leisure to turn back.
Answer, Concord!—then once more
Slumber on, Corregidor!

And as, like a slowing tide,
  Onward still the vessels creep,
Dewey, watching, falcon-eyed,
  Orders,—"Let the gunners sleep;
For we meet a foe at four
Fiercer than Corregidor."

Well they slept, for well they knew
  What the morrow taught us all,—
He was wise (as well as true)
  Thus upon the foe to fall.
Long shall Spain the day deplore
Dewey ran Corregidor.

May is dancing into light
  As the Spanish Admiral
From a dream of phantom fight
  Wakens at his sentry's call
Shall he leave Cavite's lee,
Hunt the Yankee fleet at sea?

13. All Too Late—The American fleet had crept past before discovery.
17. Concord—One of the American ships.
35. Cavite's Lee (Kä-vē'-tā)—Cavite was a naval base at the end of a promontory, behind which the Spanish fleet lay—hence in "Cavite's lee."

O Montojo, to thy deck,
That to-day shall float its last!
Quick! To quarters! Yonder speck
Grows a hull of portent vast.
Hither, toward Cavite's lee
Comes the Yankee hunting thee!

Not for fear of hidden mine
Halts our doughty Commodore.
He, of old heroic line,
Follows Farragut once more,
Hazards all on victory,
Here in Cavite's lee.

If he loses, all is gone;
He will win because he must.
And the shafts of yonder dawn
Are not quicker than his thrust.
Soon, Montojo, he shall be
With thee in Cavite's lee.

Now, Manila, to the fray!
Show the hated Yankee host
This is not a holiday,—
Spanish blood is more than boast.
Fleet and mine and battery,
Crush him in Cavite's lee.

37. Montojo (Mōn-tō-hyō′)—The Spanish Admiral.
39. To Quarters—i.e. sound the call to quarters, calling the men to their stations.
40. Portent—A sign indicative of evil.
43. Mine—Submarine mines.
44. Doughty—Courageous.
45-46. Dewey as a midshipman had been with Farragut, commanding a Union fleet which ran the mines into Mobile Bay in a famous naval battle of the Civil War.
47. Hazards—Risks.

Lo, hell's geysers at our fore
Pierce the plotted path—in vain,
Nerving every man the more
With memory of the *Maine!*
Now at last our guns are free
Here within Cavite's lee.

"Gridley," says the Commodore,
"You may fire when ready." Then
Long and loud, like lions' roar
When a rival dares the den,
Breaks the awful cannonry
Full across Cavite's lee.

Who shall tell the daring tale
Of our Thunderbolt's attack,
Finding, when they should fail,
By the lead his dubious track,
Five ships following faithfully
Five times o'er Cavite's lee?

61. HELL'S GEYSERS—The explosion of the mines prematurely in front of our ships made geysers of water shoot up. Our ships did not stop.
61. FORE—In front.
62. PLOTTED—Planned or mapped.
62. IN VAIN—With no results.
64. MAINE—"Remember the *Maine*" was the battle cry of the Spanish-American War.
67. GRIDLEY—Captain of the *Olympia*, Dewey's flagship.
67. COMMODORE—i.e. Dewey, who was at the time a Commodore.
74. THUNDERBOLT'S—Refers to Dewey.
75–76. The lines refer to the following circumstances: Dewey on the *Olympia* led the column five times past the Spanish ships. He had aboard a pilot who knew the Bay well, but the other ships had no pilot, and whenever they were in doubt or "dubious" as to the exact path they had to take soundings with the "lead" to find out whether or not they were near shoals, and mud banks.

Of our gunners' deadly aim;
Of the gallant foe and brave
Who, conquered, faced with flame,
Seek the mercy of the wave,—
Choosing honor in the sea
Underneath Cavite's lee?

Let meed the victors gain
Be the measure of their task.
Less of flinching, stouter strain,
Fiercer combat—who could ask?
And "surrender,"—'twas a word
That Cavite ne'er had heard.

Noon,—the woeful work is done!
Not a Spanish ship remains;
But, of their eleven, none
Ever was so truly Spain's!
Which is prouder, they or we,
Thinking of Cavite's lee?

ENVOY

But remember, when we've ceased
Giving praise and reckoning odds,
Man shares courage with the beast,
Wisdom cometh from the gods:
Who would win, on land or wave,
Must be wise as well as brave.

79. GUNNERS' DEADLY AIM—The American fire was accurate and most destructive.

81–82. The Spanish flagship burst into flame, and the Spaniards jumped into the sea.

85. MEED—Reward.

91. The fight began at four o'clock in the morning.

97. ENVOY—Usually written l'envoy—the envoy. Pronounced *lan-vwä*. A kind of postscript to a poem or a book of poems expressing the author's parting thoughts, or a moral.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON (1853–)

After graduation from college at the age of eighteen, Mr. Johnson became a member of the editorial staff of the *Century Magazine*—a position which he held for forty years. During 1920–21 he was our American Ambassador to Rome, and was decorated by the Italian Government for his services in promoting good will between the United States and Italy. He has written much on public affairs as well as having produced three volumes of verse and one of memoirs entitled *Remembered Yesterdays*.

The poem here given was inspired by the famous victory of the Americans under Commodore Dewey over the Spanish fleet at Manila, May 1, 1898. Dewey boldly led his fleet into Manila Bay under cover of darkness, daring mine fields and risking all on victory. He administered a quick, crushing blow to the Spanish fleet, and made the world understand that the United States was a "world power."

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD*

James Whitcomb Riley

This poem voices the thrill that comes of a morning when we first scent spring in the air.

Jest rain and snow! and rain again!
  And dribble! drip! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then—
  Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeard
  To *wake* up!—when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
  The first bluebird of Spring!—
Mother she'd raised the winder some—
And in acrost the orchard come,
  Soft as an angel's wing,
A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,
  Too sweet for anything!

*From *Neighborly Poems*, copyright 1897–1925. Used by special permission of The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The winter's shroud was rent—
The sun bu'st forth in glee,—
And when *that bluebird* sung, my heart
Hopped out o' bed with me!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (1853–1916)

In boyhood Riley was "always ready to declaim, and took natively to anything dramatic or theatrical." He liked poetry even before he could read it, and carried a book of verse about with him for the feel of it. His father was a lawyer, and a speaker of ability. Riley often accompanied him to the courthouse, where he came in contact with country people, and came to know their manner of speech, their feelings, and their ways of looking at things.

His father wanted him to study law, but Riley wanted to "travel with a circus, and dangle his legs before admiring thousands over the back seat of a Golden Chariot." He found it hard to settle down to an ordered life. For a time he was a "house, sign and ornamental painter" covering "all the barns and fences in the state with advertisements;" for a time he read law; and then he ran off with a traveling medicine show in company with "other jolly chirping vagabonds" like himself.

Finally he settled down as a reporter on a paper in Greenfield, Indiana. In 1887 he joined the staff of the *Indianapolis Journal* in which paper first appeared *The Old Swimmin' Hole* which brought him fame.

He believed that the people best like "simple sentiments that come from the heart," and he set himself to write poetry which should appeal to the great mass. His early life had been a good preparation, for he knew his audience—their feelings, thoughts, and even their manner of speech. He wrote most successfully in dialect. His poems appeal, as do those of Eugene Field, to the grown-up because they bring back memories of childhood. *The First Bluebird* is typical of his poetry, and voices the thrill with which everyone greets the first sign of spring.

Other poems of spring are:

April	*Theodosia Garrison*
April Weather	*Lizette W. Reese*
The Call of Spring	*Alfred Noyes*
The Enchantress	*Bliss Carman*
Maryland Yellow Throat	*Henry van Dyke*
Robert of Lincoln	*William C. Bryant.*

LITTLE BATEESE

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

This poem, written in French-Canadian dialect, gives a touching and charming picture of the traditional indulgent affection of gran'pere for his grandchild.

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your gran'pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you gev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min'. I s'pose it'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fast asleep in a minute or so—
An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane—
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again;
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

2. GRAN'PERE—Grandfather.
19. TOUTE SUITE (Tōō süēt)—Immediately, at once.

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twent year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr,
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe;
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do,
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'pere,
For when you're a beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

28. Louis Cyr—A famed voyageur.
29. Voyageur (Vwä-ya-zhûr')—A trapper, fur hunter, boatman.
33. Portage (Pōr'-taj)—The carry between waterways.
41. He Won't Be Dere—Notice the sadness.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND (1854–1907)

Drummond was a Canadian poet, born in Ireland. He was by profession a physician, and a teacher in a medical school. He began his practice of medicine in a small village made up of Indians, half-breeds, French inhabitants, Scotch-Irish Canadians and English. Here he had an unusual opportunity for observing character, in particular that of the French. He was fond of sport, learned wood-lore, and enjoyed forest and camplife, chiefly with the French-Canadians who in the wilderness of Canada form the bulk of the voyageurs and guides.

He was particularly successful in portraying the French-Canadian in dialect which in his hands heightens the effects he sets out to achieve. In *Little Bateese* we see a charming portrayal of the traditional weakness of the gran'pere for his little grandchild. Humor and pathos are intermingled in a way which enhances the charm of the poem.

Other well-known poems in dialect by Drummond are *The Wreck of the Julie Plante* and *Johnnie's First Moose.*

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

SAM WALTER FOSS

The sentiment of the poem is expressed in the recurring lines "Let me live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man." It expresses the author's desire to live in comradeship and in sympathy with his fellows.

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran,—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

4. FIRMAMENT—The Heavens.
14. CYNIC'S BAN—The meaning of the line is that he would not take a cynical attitude toward life.

I see from my house by the side of the road
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles and their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
And still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

SAM WALTER FOSS (1858–1911)

Foss was a New England journalist and writer of humorous verse. He often appeared on the lecture platform, reading his own poems. The titles of his books, such as *Dreams in Homespun* and *Songs of the Average Man*, indicate the nature of his poetry which was popular in its appeal, neither deep in sentiment nor thought. The poem which you have just read expresses the writer's belief that a life spent in sympathetic human fellowship is the most satisfactory and the happiest.

THE KINGS

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

The poem *The Kings* encourages us "not to be a craven in the fight" against the weaknesses in us which war against our spiritual growth.

A MAN said unto his angel:
"My spirits are fallen low,
And I cannot carry this battle:
O brother! where might I go?

"The terrible Kings are on me
With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his angel:
"Thou wavering witless soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges
Who harken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure
And only event of things:
The puniest heart, defying,
Were stronger than all these Kings.

3. THIS BATTLE—Of life and its hardships.
5. THE TERRIBLE KINGS—Forces and evils working against man.
7. FROM THE CRADLE—From birth through life.
17. SOVEREIGN MEASURE, ETC.—The true measure.
18. EVENT—Result to be taken as a basis for judgment.

"Though out of the past they gather,
Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringleted Vain Desires,
And Vice with the spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires,—

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken saber
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall!"

23. PALLID—Weak.
26. RINGLETED—i.e., attractive to the eye or senses only.
34. COVET THE GAME—Hope for complete victory.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY (1861–1920)

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY was born at Boston, educated at Elmhurst Academy at Providence and by private tutors. From 1901 until her death, she lived in England. Her life was spent almost wholly in literary work.

The Kings illustrates her ability to write with strength and vigor the poetry of spiritual encouragement. *The Kings* states no new truth, but one that men have realized the force of and found hard to act upon, since the beginning of things. It is the same truth of which we see other aspects in *Gradatim*, and in *The Slave* by Oppenheim, namely, it is the fight which makes us strong, not the victory, and that the hardest fight of all is against the terrible Kings within us. These weaknesses are the

things which prevent us from becoming strong in spirit and self-reliant. Little minds, the poet tells us, often judge our success in the fight by outward appearances, whereas the true measure, "the only event of things" is our will or spirit. Complete victory is not perhaps to be hoped for—we should not "covet the game"—we must steel ourselves to keep up the fight against "The Kings" even though we are defeated in the end.

Read in connection with this poem:

To Those Who've Failed	*Walt Whitman*
Gradatim	*Josiah G. Holland*
The Slave	*James Oppenheim*
Sacrifice	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*
The Wild Ride	*Louise Imogen Guiney*

WORKWORN*

E. Pauline Johnson
(Tekahionwake)

Workworn pictures for us a toil-worn woman who finds happiness in a child's smile. It draws a valuable lesson.

Across the street, an humble woman lives;
To her 't is little fortune ever gives;
Denied the wines of life, it puzzles me
To know how she can laugh so cheerily.
This morn I listened to her softly sing,
And, marvelling what this effect could bring,
I looked: 't was but the presence of a child
Who passed her gate, and looking in, had smiled.
But self-encrusted, I had failed to see
The child had also looked and laughed to me.
My lowly neighbor thought the smile God-sent,
And singing, through the toilsome hours she went.
O! weary singer, I have learned the wrong
Of taking gifts, and giving naught of song;

*Published by arrangement with The Musson Book Company, Ltd., Toronto.

9. Self-encrusted—Shut up within oneself; selfish.

I thought my blessings scant, my mercies few,
Till I contrasted them with yours, and you;
To-day I counted much, yet wished it more—
While but a child's smile was all your store.
If I had thought of all the stormy days,
That fill some lives that tread less favored ways,
How little sunshine through their shadows gleamed,
My own dull life had much the brighter seemed;
If I had thought of all the eyes that weep
Through desolation, and still smiling keep,
That see so little pleasure, so much woe,
My own had laughed more often long ago;
If I had thought how leaden was the weight,
Adversity lays at my kinsman's gate,
Of that great cross that my next-door neighbor bears,
My thanks had been more frequent in my prayers;
If I had watched the woman o'er the way,
Workworn and old, who labors day by day,
Who has no rest, no joy to call her own,
My tasks, my heart, had much the lighter grown.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON (1862–1913)

E. Pauline Johnson is also known under her tribal name of Princess Tekahionwake. She was the daughter of the chief of the Mohawks resident in Ontario, Canada.

Workworn, which reflects the author's capacity for entering sympathetically into the lives of others, sketches the "humble," workworn woman who can find happiness in living because she too enters sympathetically into the lives of those about her. She is not made bitter by envy of others, nor is her life darkened by perpetual thinking of her own hard lot—she has found the secret of happiness in her own heart.

The poem teaches the lesson that when one, no matter how burdened with sorrow, thinks of the hardships and weariness of those about him, his own burdens become lighter. He realizes there is always someone suffering more than he is suffering.

AT THE CROSSROADS

RICHARD HOVEY

The thought of this poem is that some of our roads through life will lead out to success, and some to failure; let's wish each other luck, remember our friendships, and go our ways.

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever—
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our ways are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart
On the ways we all are going!
Here's luck!
For we know not where we are going.

Whether we win or whether we lose
With the hands that life is dealing,
It is not we nor the ways we choose
But the fall of the cards that's sealing.
There's a fate in love and a fate in fight,
And the best of us all go under—
And whether we're wrong or whether we're right,
We win, sometimes, to our wonder.
Here's luck!
That we may not yet go under!

With a steady swing and an open brow
We have tramped the ways together,
But we're clasping hands at the crossroads now
In the Fiend's own night for weather;

2. SEVER—Part, separate.
3. WELL—Perhaps
24. FIEND—Enemy, devil.

And whether we bleed or whether we smile
In the leagues that lie before us
The ways of life are many a mile
And the dark of Fate is o'er us.
Here's luck!
And a cheer for the dark before us!

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for a day and a night
And it well may be forever!
But whether we live or whether we die
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
Here's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

THE SEA GIPSY

RICHARD HOVEY

The Sea Gipsy voices the desire we all feel at times to get away from the humdrum world and set sail for the "Islands of Desire."

I AM fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the islands of Desire.

4. CATHAY—An old name for China.
5. OFFING—The open sea.

I must forth again to-morrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the Sea.

9. I Must Forth—I must go forth.
11. Hull Down—Keeled over under a stiff wind.
11. Trail of Rapture—The call of romance.
12. Wonder of the Sea—Wonders and mysteries of life.

RICHARD HOVEY (1864–1900)

Hovey has been called the "poet of good fellowship," and such a poem as *At the Crossroads* makes it clear why such a name should be given him. The thought of the poem is not difficult of understanding. In plain language it is this: Our roads through life will lie far apart and bring us to widely differing destinations—some to success, some to failure. "But no matter," says Hovey, "whether we win or whether we lose, let's remember friendship and our common humanity; and wish each other luck and go our ways. There is a good deal of chance about life anyway, —the best of us all go under sometimes through no fault of our own; and the thing to do is to keep our fellow-feeling for one another alive and fresh, regardless of success or failure." Hovey tells us this in an animated, spirited, quickening verse that makes us feel that, after all, good fellowship is the thing worth preserving—and that's the difference between plain language and poetry.

The Sea Gipsy, written in his characteristic quick, lilting verse, expresses perhaps the call of romance rather than the call of the sea, for Hovey was no sailor. If you would see how a sailor tells us his longing for the sea, read Masefield's *Sea Fever.*

Hovey, who died at thirty-six, gave promise of deeper and more significant poetry. His career at its beginning was a restless one—a kind of experimentation with what life had to offer to find his place. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1885. He was for a short time a minister; then tried the stage; next went into journalism, and finally settled down to literature and a professorship at Barnard College.

Other poems by Hovey are *Comrades, A Stein Song, The Call of the Bugles, Unmanifest Destiny,* and *Love in the Woods.*

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

In this poem the author thinks of budding leaf and spring blade as the work of May building the "young year out of the old."

MAY is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams,
And singing of streams.

May is building her house of petal and blade;
Of the roots of the oak is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows, the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;

5. ARRAS—Hangings, tapestry.
11. LICHEN—Fungous growths seen on stones, trees, fences, etc.
21. OCTOBER'S TOSSED AND TRODDEN GOLD—October's leaves which had fallen to earth.

Yea: out of the winter's flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE (1866–)

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE was born and educated at Liverpool, England. Before taking up literature as a profession, he was for some years in business. In 1898 he came to the United States to lecture, and remained to make it his home. His poems, of which *May Is Building Her House* is typical, reveal in him a temperament sensitive to the more delicate and elusive shades of beauty in "lovely things." In this poem his eye catches "each small miracle" of Spring's coming.

MINIVER CHEEVY

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Miniver Cheevy is a character study of the man who sees romance and heroism only in the great ages of the past.

MINIVER CHEEVY, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of the warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

2. ASSAILED—Abused.
11. THEBES—An ancient Greek city famous for its heroes.
11. CAMELOT—King Arthur's city, where dwelt the Knights of the Round Table.
12. PRIAM'S NEIGHBORS—Priam was King of Troy. His neighbors were the famous Greek heroes of *The Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace,
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the medieval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

13. Ripe Renown—Established fame.
15–16. He regretted that Romance and Art seemed to have no existence to-day.
17. Medici—An Italian family of the Middle Ages, famous for the unscrupulous use of its power.
22. Khaki Suit—Soldier's uniform of to-day.
24. Iron Clothing—Knight's uniform of past centuries.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON (1869–)

ROBINSON is one of our chief present-day poets. His poetry is likely to appeal more to the mature person than to young people. The reason for this is that his poetry is never spirited and full of dash, nor is it concerned with the relating of stirring or exciting events. He is a shrewd and accurate observer of human nature, and his poems are carefully made analyses of character and delineations of personality.

The facts of his life are not so significant in the understanding and interpretation of his poems as they are in the case of many of the poets you have read. His character studies are not dependent for their interest upon "local color." They are such as might have been made in almost any other community, for while they are distinct individuals, they are likewise universal. Take for example *Miniver Cheevy*. He is the man who idealizes the past, who sees Romance and heroic qualities only in the knights and great names of ages gone—in Priam and his neighbors, in King Arthur and the heroes of medieval romance. He sees no romance, no opportunity for heroic deeds, in the present work-a-day world. He cannot see that picturesque armor did not make the medieval knightly hero, or that the same great qualities which made King Arthur's knights famous are the very ones which will make the khaki-clad warrior of our own day a hero. He spends his life dreaming of the past; he imagines that had he lived in great ages gone, he might have done great things. The result is that he has made his dreams his master, and that his activities in the present are paralyzed—he can only dream and drink, and bemoan his lot for having been born too late.

The poem has a quiet, almost dry humor—the humor that brings an amused smile to our lips, but does not make us laugh outright. It is slightly satirical, too; but not unkind. We feel somewhat sorry for Miniver. It is a good illustration, too, of Mr. Robinson's unusual ability to use language in so simple, clear, and direct a way as to make it seem that it is no trick at all to write such a poem—yet this is the very thing which is most difficult.

Other poems of personalities:

Martin	*Joyce Kilmer*
Old Susan	*Walter de la Mare*
Miss Loo	*Walter de la Mare*
In Service	*Winifred Letts*
Ellen Hanging Clothes	*Lizette Reese*
Slip Shoe Lovey	*Edgar Lee Masters*
Flammonde	*Edward A. Robinson*

MIA CARLOTTA*

THOMAS AUGUSTINE DALY

Mia Carlotta is an amusing clever picture of the "nobby" Italian barber who, try as he will, cannot "catch" the girl of his fancy.

GUISEPPE, da barber, ees greata for "mash,"
He gotta da bigga, da blacka mustache,
Good clo'es an' good styla an' playnta good cash.

W'enevra Guiseppe ees walk on da street,
Da peopla dey talka, "how nobby! how neat!
How softa da handa, how smalla da feet."

He raisa hees hat an' he shaka hees curls,
An' smila weeth teetha so shiny like pearls;
O! many da heart of da seely young girls
He gotta—
Yes, playnta he gotta—
But notta
Carlotta!

Guiseppe, da barber, he maka da eye,
An' lika da steam engine puffa an' sigh,
For catcha Carlotta w'en she ees go by.

Carlotta she walka weeth nose in da air,
An' look through Guiseppe weeth far-away stare,
As eef she no see dere ees som'body dere.

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TITLE—MIA CARLOTTA—(Mē'-a Cär-lŏt'-a)
1. GUISEPPE—(Gē-sĕp'-pā.)
3. PLAYNTA—Plenty of.
5. NOBBY—Slang for elegant.
9. SEELY—Silly.

Guiseppe, da barber, he gotta da cash,
He gotta da clo'es an' da bigga mustache,
He gotta da seely young girls for da "mash,"
But notta—
You bat my life, notta—
Carlotta.
I gotta!

EEN NAPOLI*

THOMAS AUGUSTINE DALY

Een Napoli gives us a glimpse with a light touch of pathos, of the Italian immigrant's longing for sunny Italy, and reminds us of our common humanity.

HERE een Noo Yorka, where am I
Seence I am landa las' July,
All gray an' ogly ees da sky,
An' cold as eet can be.
But steell so long as I make mon',
So long ees worka to be done,
I can forgat how shines da sun
Een Napoli.

But oh, w'en pass da boy dat sal
Da violets, an' I can smal
How sweet dey are, I no can tal
How seeck my heart ees be,
I no can work, how mooch I try,
But only seet an' wondra why
I could not justa leeve an' die
Een Napoli.

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3. OGLY—Ugly.
8. NAPOLI (Nä-pō'-lee)—Probably Naples in Italy.
9. SAL—Sells.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE DALY (1871–)

Mr. Daly is a newspaper man. He has written much humorous verse, but he has been particularly successful in dialect poems of Irish and Italian immigrants. These poems are successful not merely because they are humorous, or in dialect, but because they bring home to us the fact that our immigrants are not a strange species, but human beings with human hearts.

Mia Carlotta is a playfully humorous picture of the longing of a "nobby" Italian barber who has been successful in the new land in everything but his ambition to "catch" the attractive Carlotta. *Een Napoli* makes us understand why the immigrant thinks with longing of the old home, and shows us his human side. There is in the poem a touch of pathos which serves to heighten the effect the author wishes the poem to make on us.

HILLS

Arthur Guiterman

When you see hills or mountains, do you have the urge to climb to the top? When you have purposes to attain, are you filled with aspirations of attainment? In your zeal, do you pray for strength to seek your goal? The first three stanzas catch the exhilaration which he who loves to climb hills feels. The last three make the climb symbolize the attainment of one's aspirations.

I never loved your plains!—
  Your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes
  And pleached alleys.

I want my hills!—the trail
  That scorns the hollow.—
Up, up the rugged shale
  Where few will follow.

Up, over wooded crest
  And mossy boulder,
With strong thigh, heaving chest,
  And swinging shoulder,

So let me hold my way,
  By nothing halted,
Until, at close of day,
  I stand, exalted,

High on my hills of dream—
  Dear hills that know me!
And then, how fair will seem
  The lands below me!

How pure, at vesper-time,
  The far bells chiming!
God, give me hills to climb,
  And strength for climbing!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN (1871–)

Arthur Guiterman was born in Vienna, Austria, of American parents. He was educated in the College of the City of New York and later succeeded Joyce Kilmer as lecturer in the New York School of Journalism. He contributed many humorous verses to *Life*, and was on the editorial staff of the *Literary Digest* and the *Woman's Home Companion*. Mr. Guiterman has taken a beautiful analogy for his poem which appeals to many readers. As there are hills to climb, so there are aspirations of life to attain, is the theme which he presents to us. The prayer for strength to do the climbing is a fitting close for the poem.

SONG OF SUMMER

Paul Laurence Dunbar

Dis is gospel weathah sho'—
  Hills is sawt o' hazy.
Meddahs level ez a flo'
  Callin' to de lazy.
Sky all white wit streaks o' blue
  Sunshine softly gleamin',
D'ain't no wuk hit's right to do,
  Nuthin' 's right but dreamin'.

Dreamin' by de rivah side
Wit de watahs glist'nin,
Feelin' good an' satisfied
Ez you lay a-list'nin'
To the little nakid boys
Splashin' in de watah,
Hollerin' fu' to spress deir joys
Jes lak youngsters ought to.

Squir'l a-tippin' on his toes,
So's to hide an' view you;
Whole flocks o' camp-meetin' crows
Shoutin' hallelujah.
Peckahwood erpon de tree
Tappin' lak a hammah;
Jaybird chattin' wit a bee,
Tryin' to teach him grammah.

Breeze is blowin' wit perfume,
Jes' enough to tease you;
Hollyhocks is all in bloom
Smellin' fu' to please you.
Go 'way, folks, an' let me 'lone
Times is gettin' dearah—
Summah's settin' on de th'one
An' I'm a-layin' neah huh!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR (1872–1906)

DUNBAR is often referred to as America's foremost negro poet. He was born at Dayton, Ohio, and educated there in the public schools. He worked for a time on newspapers in New York, and was later employed in the Congressional Library.

The poem *Song of Summer*, written in negro dialect, voices the delight which a "sawt o' hazy" summer's day brings to us, when "nuthin's right but dreamin'." It is the feeling every boy knows on the balmy

summer's day when he feels the call of the "old swimmin' hole" stronger than that of his school books.

Read for a similar expression of the call of out-of-doors:

I Meant To Do My Work Today	*Richard Le Gallienne*
An Autumn Song	*Bliss Carman*
Tewkesbury Road	*John Masefield*
June	*Douglass Mallock*

THE DREAMERS

THEODOSIA GARRISON

The Dreamers, by contrasting the gentle envy of the housewife for the foot-free gypsies, with the longing of gypsies for a home, shows us with delicate touch the irony in our sometimes wishing to be somebody else.

THE gypsies passed her little gate—
She stopped her wheel to see.—
A brown-faced pair who walked the road,
Free as the wind is free;
And suddenly her tidy room
A prison seemed to be.

Her shining plates against the walls,
Her sunlit, sanded floor,
The brass-bound wedding chest that held
Her linen's snowy store,
The very wheel whose humming died,—
Seemed only chains she bore.

She watched the foot-free gypsies pass;
She never knew or guessed
The wistful dream that drew them close—
The longing in each breast
Some day to know a home like hers,
Wherein their hearts might rest.

THEODOSIA GARRISON (FAULKS) (1874–)

Mrs. Faulks was born at Newark, New Jersey. She now resides at Short Hills. She has published a number of volumes of verse, and is a frequent contributor to magazines. She is spoken of as a woman of "high faith, serene womanliness, and overflowing humor."

The Dreamers has something in common both in its rather wistful feeling and the movement of the verse and in its sentiment with *Roofs* by Kilmer "who never knew a vagabond that really liked to roam." It is on a somewhat different theme, however; it is the poet's way of showing us with a gentle touch the irony in a universal human failing—our frequent wishing to be someone else.

Other poems by Theodosia Garrison are: *Gypsying, A City Voice, The Poplars, Old Friendship Street*, and *The Wife*.

A TULIP GARDEN

Amy Lowell

This poem gives a vivid picture of a tulip garden with the flowers "marshalled like soldiers in gay company." Note the colors in the descriptions of the "uniforms" of the "soldiers."

Guarded within the old red wall's embrace,
Marshalled like soldiers in gay company,
The tulips stand arrayed. Here infantry
Wheels out into the sunlight. What bold grace
Sets off their tunics, white with crimson lace!
Here are platoons of gold-frocked cavalry,
With scarlet sabers tossing in the eye
Of purple batteries, every gun in place.
Forward they come, with flaunting colors spread,
With torches burning, stepping out in time
To some quick, unheard march. Our ears are dead,
We cannot catch the tune. In pantomime
Parades that army. With our utmost powers
We hear the wind stream through a bed of flowers.

AMY LOWELL (1874–1925)

Amy Lowell was a member of the distinguished Lowell family of New England. James Russell Lowell was a cousin of her grandfather's, and Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University, her brother. She was educated in private schools and spent many years abroad. Although she had written poetry from childhood it was many years before she published anything. She is the best known, and the best, of the so-called "Imagist" poets, who contend that poetry should "present an image." *A Tulip Garden* reflects Miss Lowell's love of gardens and garden flowers. If you will reread it carefully, you will see that it does present a sharp, clear image, or picture; and that the particulars, or details, are vividly done. The comparison of the tulips to the picturesquely dressed soldiers of Revolutionary days serves to heighten the color effect, and to give life to the picture.

Other poems by Amy Lowell are *Patterns*, *Madonna of the Evening Flowers*, *The Garden by Moonlight*, *Prime* and *Apology*.

BIRCHES

Robert Frost

This poem gives a faithful realistic picture of the birches on the hills bent by the ice-storm, and a reminiscent picture of the boy who was a "swinger of birches"—"whose only play was what he found himself."

When I see birches bend to left and right
Across the line of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust—
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.

They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed
So low for long, they never right themselves:
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm
I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows—
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So I was once myself a swinger of birches;
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.

May no fate wilfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

THE RUNAWAY

ROBERT FROST

The Runaway gives us a delightful, realistic picture of a colt frightened by the falling snow, and the plain matter-of-fact comment of two country people.

ONCE when the snow of the year was beginning to fall,
We stopped by a mountain pasture to say, "Whose colt?"
A little Morgan had one forefoot on the wall,
The other curled at his breast. He dipped his head
And snorted at us. And then he had to bolt.
We heard the miniature thunder where he fled,
And we saw him, or thought we saw him, dim and grey,
Like a shadow against the curtain of falling flakes.
"I think the little fellow's afraid of the snow.
He isn't winter broken. It isn't play
With the little fellow at all. He's running away.
I doubt if even his mother could tell him, 'Sakes,
It's only weather.' He'd think she didn't know!
Where is his mother? He can't be out alone."
And now he comes again with clatter of stone,

3. MORGAN—A breed of horse.
6. MINIATURE—On a small scale, in little.

And mounts the wall again with whited eyes
And all his tail that isn't hair up straight.
He shudders his coat as if to throw off flies.
"Whoever it is that leaves him out so late,
When other creatures have gone to stall and bin,
Ought to be told to come and take him in."

ROBERT LEE FROST (1875–)

Frost's ancestors for nine generations were New Englanders and lived in Lowell, Massachusetts. While he was yet in high school he sold his first poem to the *Independent* for fifteen dollars. He attended Dartmouth for a few months, but college was not to his liking and he left it to work as bobbin boy in a cotton mill. After his marriage he attended Harvard for two years, but he still found college uncongenial and left without a degree to earn a living for his growing family. In 1900 his grandfather bought him a farm in New Hampshire from which he wrested a living, supplemented by teaching, for twelve years. From the standpoint of his poetry, this is no doubt an important period in his development, for he is distinctly and almost exclusively the poet of the New England countryside and country people. There is nothing in his poetry which is reminiscent of his city life, or of his boyhood unless possibly it is the poem *Birches*. There is a line in the poem telling us that "he was once himself a swinger of birches." In the poem *The Runaway* there is a reflection of his life on the New Hampshire farm. He describes the colt, as one who is writing with his eye on the object; and his description of the birches can come only from one who had lived with the hills until they had become a part of him. He is what is called a realist—one who gives us faithful pictures of things as they are, as nearly as that is possible; for our views of things are always colored by our moods and temperaments—our personalities. Frost's pictures are clearly drawn in plain, almost homely language. He keeps himself pretty well out of them. Only now and then is there a hint of his personality—in *Birches*, he feels that "one could do worse than be a swinger of birches"—he is not a man to whom the things most men spend their lives striving for seem very significant.

Other pictures from the countryside:

The Tuft of Flowers	*Robert Frost*
Mending Wall	*Bliss Carman*
The Winter Scene	*Sarah Cleghorn*
Vermont	*Grace H. Conkling*

THE SERVICE*

BURGES JOHNSON

Here we have a runner in a foot-race who came in third—but who did service to the winner by spurring him on to the goal tape. This poem beats true to the spirit of modern athletics, and the perseverance which an athlete must have in order to stay in the game. The meaning of the poem is that they who do their best in life's race also serve.

I was the third man running in a race,
And memory still must run it o'er and o'er:
The pounding heart that beat against my frame;
The wind that dried the sweat upon my face
And turned my throat to paper creased and sore;
The jabbing pain that sharply went and came.

My eyes saw nothing save a strip of road
That flaunted there behind the second man:
It swam and blurred, yet still it lay before.
My legs seemed none of mine, but rhythmic strode
Unconscious of my will that urged, "You can!"
And cried at them to make one effort more.

Then suddenly there broke a wave of sound,—
Crowds shouting when the first man struck the tape;
And then the second roused that friendly din;
While I—I stumbled forward and the ground
All wavered 'neath my feet, while men agape,
But silent, saw me as I staggered in.

As sick in heart and flesh I bent my head,
Two seized me and embraced me, and one cried,
"Your thudding footsteps held me to the grind."
And then the winner, smiling wanly, said,
"No dream of records kept me to my stride—
I dreaded you two thundering behind!"

*By special arrangement with the author.

BURGES JOHNSON (1877–)

Mr. Johnson was born in the state of Vermont, educated at Amherst, and later became a poet, publisher, and professor. He now lives in Syracuse, New York, and is identified with Syracuse University.

To one who has endured the strain of fatiguing muscles, of throbbing heart-beats, of gasping breath and of parching throat in a foot-race, the poem which you have just read becomes reality. To others it will give a little idea of the endurance called for in such a race. The runner's story is quickly and graphically told, and we are left to read between the lines the truth it embodies or symbolizes. How very differently do the first two men to finish look upon the third man from the manner in which the on-lookers probably looked upon him. They said, no doubt, "Oh, he was only third." But the men who heard his thundering footsteps behind gave him no such shabby notice. They knew that it was he who had made them win the race—and that they who do their best also serve, and also win.

A NEGRO SERMON: SIMON LEGREE*

Vachel Lindsay

The poem purports to be what the title suggests—a negro sermon, on Simon Legree, the brutal overseer in *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* in which it is shown that for his cruelty he went down to hell. By all means read it aloud, or chant it. In it Lindsay catches the religious ecstasy of the negro preacher who has got "the power."

Legree's big house was white and green.
His cotton-fields were the best to be seen.
He had strong horses and opulent cattle,
And bloodhounds bold, with chains that would rattle.
His garret was full of curious things:
Books of magic, bags of gold,
And rabbits' feet on long twine strings,
But he went down to the Devil.

*From *Collected Poems* by Vachel Lindsay, copyright 1925 by The Macmillan Company.

3. Opulent—Abundant.
7. Rabbits' feet—For good luck.

Legree, he sported a brass-buttoned coat,
A snake-skin necktie, a blood-red shirt.
Legree, he had a beard like a goat,
And a thick hairy neck, and eyes like dirt.
His puffed-out cheeks were fish-belly white,
He had great long teeth, and an appetite.
He ate raw meat, 'most every meal,
And rolled his eyes till the cat would squeal.
His fist was an enormous size
To mash poor niggers that told him lies:
He was surely a witch-man in disguise.
But he went down to the Devil.

He wore hip-boots, and would wade all day
To capture his slaves that had fled away.
But he went down to the Devil.

He beat poor Uncle Tom to death
Who prayed for Legree with his last breath.
Then Uncle Tom to Eva flew,
To the high sanctoriums bright and new;
And Simon Legree stared up beneath,
And cracked his heels, and ground his teeth:
And went down to the Devil.

He crossed the yard in the storm and gloom;
He went into his grand front room.
He said, "I killed him, and I don't care."
He kicked a hound, he gave a swear;
He tightened his belt, he took a lamp,

19. Witch-man—A worker of evil, an evil demon (negro superstition).
24–26. Uncle Tom and Little Eva—Characters in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.
27. Sanctoriums—The courts of heaven.
33. I Killed Him—Legree whipped Uncle Tom to death.

Went down cellar to the webs and damp.
There in the middle of the mouldy floor
He heaved up a slab; he found a door—
And went down to the Devil.

His lamp blew out, but his eyes burned bright.
Simon Legree stepped down all night—
Down, down to the Devil.
Simon Legree he reached the place,
He saw one half of the human race,
He saw the Devil on a wide green throne,
Gnawing the meat from a big ham-bone,
And he said to Mister Devil:
"I see that you have much to eat—
A red ham-bone is surely sweet.
I see that you have lion's feet;
I see your frame is fat and fine,
I see you drink your poison wine—
Blood and burning turpentine."

And the Devil said to Simon Legree:
"I like your style, so wicked and free.
Come sit and share my throne with me,
And let us bark and revel."
And there they sit and gnash their teeth,
And each one wears a hop-vine wreath.
They are matching pennies and shooting craps,
They are playing poker and taking naps.
And old Legree is fat and fine:
He eats the fire, he drinks the wine—
Blood and burning turpentine—
Down, down with the Devil;
Down, down with the Devil;
Down, down with the Devil.

36. WEBS—Cobwebs.
57. REVEL—Make merry.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT*

VACHEL LINDSAY

The poet, believing the World War a sin of the war-lords against the people, imagines Lincoln aroused from his sleep, pacing up and down with unrest that such a thing can be possible.

IT is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town,
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long,
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks of men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why;
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

*From *Collected Poems* by Vachel Lindsay, copyright 1925 by The Macmillan Company.

1. PORTENTOUS—Full of meaning, especially with respect to the future.
2. OUR LITTLE TOWN—Springfield, Lindsay's home town.
13. NOW—The poem was written at the beginning of the World War.
16. PASS THE DOOR—Lindsay lived near Lincoln's home.
19. PEASANTS—i.e. in the armies of the embattled powers of Europe.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp, Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

22. DREADNAUGHTS—Great battleships.
22. SCOURING EVERY MAIN—Plowing every sea
23. SHAWL-WRAPPED—Lincoln often wore a shawl or cape according to custom in dress at his time.

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY (1879–)

LINDSAY is one of the outstanding poets of our day, and one of the most singular. He was born and grew up at Springfield, Illinois, where Abraham Lincoln lived, and lies buried. He was educated at the Springfield High School, and Hiram College.

The verse form which he employs is wholly original. The rhythm of his poetry is a kind of syncopated movement, chosen deliberately to attract the attention of the public, but developed by him quite beyond anyone else's power to imitate. His poetry must be read aloud. He himself chants it in a way to heighten the effect and even acts it out in his readings. Often his poems are written with marginal notes, telling the reader how the poem should be read.

Lindsay is at his best when writing poetry expressive of religious experience, particularly where the religious experience is highly emotional as it is among the negroes. The syncopated rhythm he employs is splendidly adapted to the expression of this experience. Lindsay was born of Southern parents and, living at Springfield, has been near enough the South to know the negro well. *The Negro Sermon* displays all the emotionalism, sensationalism, and exaltation of the camp meeting, with a touch of its terror and superstition.

The poem *Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight* was written when the Great War broke out in Europe in 1914. The war to Lindsay was an insane thing—the sacrifice of the people to satisfy the greed of the warlords. He imagined that the folly and the injustice of it roused the great kindly Lincoln, who had given his all to make men free, from his rest to pace the street in anguish "that kings must murder still, that all his hours of travail here for men seem yet in vain." He regards it as a "thing of state" for America, because he feels that it must be America "who will bring white peace, that Lincoln may sleep upon his hill again."

Other poems by Lindsay are: *John Brown; The Congo, A Study of the Negro Race; The Eagle that is Forgotten; General William Booth Enters Into Heaven; The Broncho That Would Not Be Broken.*

A FARMER REMEMBERS LINCOLN*

WITTER BYNNER

In this poem, a farmer who was in the "Old Second Maine" describes Lincoln. Does he give a good picture?

"LINCOLN?—
Well, I was in the old Second Maine,
The first regiment in Washington from the Pine Tree State.
Of course I didn't get the *butt* of the clip;
We was there for guardin' Washington—
We was all green.

"I ain't never ben to but one theater in my life—
I didn't know how to behave.
I ain't never ben since.
I can see as plain as my hat the box where he sat in
When he was shot.
I can tell, you, sir, there was a panic
When we found our President was in the shape he was in!
Never saw a soldier in the world but what liked him.

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4. BUTT OF THE CLIP—Get the worst of it.

"Yes, sir. His looks was kind o' hard to forget.
He was a spare man,
An old farmer.
Everything was all right, you know,
But he wasn't a smooth-appearin' man in no ways;
Thin faced, long-necked,
And a swellin' kind of a thick lip like.

"And he was a jolly old fellow—always cheerful;
He wan't so high but the boys could talk to him their own ways.
While I was servin' at the Hospital
He'd come in and say, 'You look nice in here,'
Praise us up, you know.
And he'd bend over and talk to the boys—
And he'd talk so good to 'em—so close—
That's why I call him a farmer.
I don't mean that everything about him wan't all right, you understand,
It's just—well, I was a farmer—
And he was my neighbor, anybody's neighbor.

"I guess even you young folks would'a' liked him."

WITTER BYNNER (1881–)

Witter Bynner was educated at Harvard, graduating in 1902. Since that time he has been on the editorial staff of a number of different publications, has been instructor in English at the University of California, and has lectured widely on poetry. The poem *A Farmer Remembers Lincoln* is in form what is called a dramatic monologue. The Maine farmer who is describing Lincoln is left to your imagination, but you can reconstruct him with no further clue than his speech as well as you could if he too were described. You may set the scene where you will. Perhaps it is Memorial Day, and the place is a crossroads store. Someone asks the old veteran if he ever saw Lincoln. "Lincoln?" he says, and then comes his description.

THE CRY OF THE PEOPLE*

JOHN GNEISENAU NEIHARDT

This poem voices in vigorous language the contention of labor that it does not want alms but justice—its proper share of the wealth it helps to create.

TREMBLE before thy chattels,
Lords of the scheme of things!
Fighters of all earth's battles,
Ours is the might of kings!
Guided by seers and sages,
The world's heart-beat for a drum,
Snapping the chains of ages,
Out of the night we come!

Lend us no ear that pities!
Offer no almoner's hand!
Alms for the builders of cities!
When will you understand?
Down with your pride of birth
And your golden gods of trade!
A man is worth to his mother, Earth,
All that a man has made!

We are the workers and makers.
We are no longer dumb!
Tremble, O Shirkers and Takers!

*From *Collected Poems* by John G. Neihardt, copyright 1926 by The Macmillan Company.

1. CHATTELS—Slaves held in chattel slavery.
3. This line means—We are the fighters.
5. GUIDED BY SEERS AND SAGES—The educated intelligent leaders of the labor movement.
6. WORLD'S HEART-BEAT—The sympathy of humanity.
10. ALMONER'S—A giver of alms, formerly an officer or chaplain in the royal household to whom it naturally fell to look after the poor and needy.
19. SHIRKERS AND TAKERS—Those who live from the profits created by labor.

Sweeping the earth—we come!
Ranked in the world-wide dawn,
Marching into the day!
The night is gone and the sword is drawn
And the scabbard is thrown away!

JOHN GNEISENAU NEIHARDT (1881–)

NEIHARDT was born in Illinois, and educated at the Nebraska Normal College. He lived for a number of years among the Omaha Indians studying their customs, traditions, and folk-lore. It is out of this experience that his longer poems, the best known of which are *The Song of Hugh Glass* and *The Song of Three Friends* have in part grown.

The poem *The Cry of the People* shows him a man whose sympathies are with the workers. It is a spirited, vigorous piece voicing in no uncertain terms the determination of labor to have justice, and confirming the doctrine that "a man is worth to his mother, Earth, all that a man has made."

THE SLAVE*

JAMES OPPENHEIM

The Slave is a vigorous poetic statement of the truth that the foundation of freedom is man's attitude of mind—he must be self-reliant and independent.

THEY set the slave free, striking off his chains . . .
Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility,
He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,
He was still bound by fear and superstition,
By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery . . .
His slavery was not in the chains,
But in himself . . .

They can only set free men free . . .
And there is no need of that:
Free men set themselves free.

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JAMES OPPENHEIM (1882–)

ALTHOUGH born at St. Paul, Minnesota, Oppenheim's life has been lived in New York City. He was educated in the public schools and Columbia University, after which he engaged in settlement work. In his work with the poor he had abundant opportunity to witness the truth he has so vigorously and bluntly stated in his poem, *The Slave.* He knows that men do not have to wear chains to be slaves—there is man's slavery to self-pity, to love of the life of least resistance, to the attitude of mind which is fearful where it should be self-reliant. There is in the poem a note of fatalism—that it is useless to try to help such people—they cannot be free because they cannot get rid of beliefs and the attitude of mind which renders them easily enslaved. It is another way of saying "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

ROOFS

JOYCE KILMER

Roofs expresses man's affection for his home.

THE road is wide and the stars are out and the breath of the night is sweet,
And this is the time when *Wanderlust* should seize upon my feet.
But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the starlight on my face
And leave the splendor of out-of-doors for a human dwelling-place.

I never have seen a vagabond who really liked to roam
All up and down the streets of the world and not to have a home.
The tramp who slept in your barn last night and left at break of day
Will wander only until he finds another place to stay.

2. WANDERLUST—A restless impulse to travel.

A gypsy-man will sleep in his cart with canvas overhead:
Or else he'll go into his tent when it is time for bed.
He'll sit on the grass and take his ease so long as the sun is high,
But when it is dark he wants a roof to keep away the sky.

If you call a gypsy a vagabond, I think you do him wrong,
For he never goes a-traveling but he takes his home along.
And the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes!

They say life is a highway and its milestones are the years,
And now and then there's a toll-gate where you pay your way with tears.
It's a rough road and a steep road and stretches broad and far,
But it leads at last to a Golden Town where Golden Houses are.

JOYCE KILMER (1886–1918)

In the loss of Joyce Kilmer, killed in action in France at the age of thirty-two, American literature lost a poet of rare accomplishment and great promise. It is the lover of comradeship who speaks to us in the poem *Roofs,* the man deeply tender at heart. Man's love of home is an old theme in poetry. In *Roofs* it finds charming expression in language which could hardly be more simple or more clear; and the feeling which the poet would stir in us, comes upon us so gently, but so quickly withal, that we are hardly aware.

Other poems of home:

The Old Woman of the Roads	*Padraic Colum*
Household Gods	*J. H. MacNair*
A Charm	*Christopher Morley*
A Birth-Night Candle	*John Finley*
The Sacrament of Fire	*John Oxenham*

ROSES IN THE SUBWAY

DANA BURNET

This poem shows from how simple a thing a splendid poem may come. The poet sees in a crowded subway car a few roses in the pinched white hands of a wan-cheeked girl, and there suddenly flashes upon him a bright memory of his mother in her flower garden.

A WAN-CHEEKED girl with faded eyes
  Came stumbling down the crowded car,
Clutching her burden to her breast
  As though she held a star.

Roses, I swear it! Red and sweet
  And stumbling from her pinched white hands,
Roses . . . like captured hostages
  From far and fairy lands!

The thunder of the rushing train
  Was like a hush . . . The flower scent
Breathed faintly on the stale, whirled air
  Like some dim sacrament—

I saw a garden stretching out
  And morning on it like a crown—
And o'er a bed of crimson bloom
  My mother . . . stooping down.

DANA BURNET (1888–)

DANA BURNET is one of our present-day writers of poems, short stories, and novels. For some years he was an editor on the *New York Sun*. He now lives at Ogunquit, Maine. During his years in New York City, Mr. Burnet no doubt traveled a great deal on the subway trains to and fro to his office. He knew the "stale, whirled air," and the bustling crowds with "wan-cheeked" girls, in the "rushing trains" of the subway. When a girl appears in the subway train clutching a bouquet of roses, memory brings back to him his mother in an old-fashioned garden of roses.

A PORTRAIT OF A BOY

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

The poem gives you a vivid picture of an imaginative boy—his head filled with *Treasure Island* perhaps, who has been whipped and sent to bed—and his dream.

AFTER the whipping, he crawled into bed;
Accepting the harsh fact with no great weeping.
How funny uncle's hat had looked striped red!
He chuckled silently. The moon came, sweeping
A black frayed rag of tattered cloud before
In scorning; very pure and pale she seemed,
Flooding his bed with radiance. On the floor
Fat motes danced. He sobbed; closed his eyes and dreamed.
Warm sand flowed round him. Blurts of crimson light
Splashed the white grains like blood. Past the cave's mouth
Shone with a large fierce splendor, wildly bright,
The crooked constellations of the South;
Here the Cross swung; and there, affronting Mars,
The Centaur stormed aside a froth of stars.
Within, great casks like wattled aldermen
Sighed of enormous feasts, and cloth of gold
Glowed on the walls like hot desire. Again,
Beside webbed purples from some galleon's hold,
A black chest bore the skull and bones in white

3. The boy had painted red stripes on his uncle's hat.
8. MOTES—Little specks in the moon's rays.
12. CONSTELLATIONS—Groups or clusters of stars.
13. CROSS—The Southern Cross—a constellation in the southern skies, four bright stars forming a cross.
13. MARS—One of the planets, name of the Roman god of war.
14. CENTAUR—A constellation of stars in the general shape of a centaur, a mythological creature half horse, half man.
14. FROTH OF STARS—A thick cluster of stars, like the Milky Way.
15. WATTLED—Inclosed in wattles, which are made by green rods woven in a basket weave. The poet thinks that the casks resemble portly aldermen.
18. GALLEON—A Spanish treasure ship.

Above a scrawled "Gunpowder!" By the flames,
Decked out in crimson, gemmed with syenite,
Hailing their fellows by outrageous names
The pirates sat and diced. Their eyes were moons.
"Doubloons!" they said. The words crashed gold
"Doubloons!"

21. Syenite—A white rock sparkling with embedded crystals.
24. Doubloons—An old Spanish gold coin.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT (1898–)

Benét's first book of poems was published when he was seventeen. He possesses an eye for vivid color, and knows how to achieve striking color effects, as *A Portrait of a Boy* shows. The boy, who has painted red stripes on his uncle's hat, has been whipped and sent to bed. Note how vivid is the picture struck off by the lines "The moon came, sweeping a black frayed rag of tattered cloud before in scorning," and see how the bright, white moonlight streams into the boy's room. The whipping seems to have troubled the boy little enough—his head is filled with pirates, and he is soon off with them beneath the deep blue, star-studded tropic skies. The heavens, the rich velvets from some galleon's hold, the white skull and cross-bones, the flames flashing their faces crimson, the bright orange-yellow ringing Spanish gold are as vivid to us as to the dreaming boy.

THE FACTORIES

Margaret Widdemer

This poem voices a protest against child labor. It pictures the things which are the natural right of the child and woman as denied the factory girl.

I have shut my little sister in from life and light
(For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair).
I have made her restless feet still until the night,
Locked from sweets of summer and from wild spring air,
I who ranged the meadowlands, free from sun to sun,
Free to sing and pull the buds and watch the far wings fly.
I have bound my little sister till her playing time was done—
Oh, my little sister, was it I? Was it I?

I have robbed my sister of her day of maidenhood
(For a robe, for a feather, for a trinket's restlessness),
Shut from Love till dusk shall fall, how shall she know good,
How shall she go scatheless through the sin-lit dark?
I who could be innocent, I who could be gay,
I could have love and mirth before the light went by,
I have put my sister in her mating-time away—
Sister, my young sister, was it I? Was it I?

I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast,
(For a coin, for the weaving of my children's lace and lawn),
Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that cannot rest—
How can she know motherhood, whose strength is gone?
I who took no heed of her, starved and labor worn,
I, against whose placid heart my sleepy gold-heads lie,
Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn—
God of Life! Creator! It was I! It was I!

MARGARET WIDDEMER

(Mrs. Robert Haven Schauffler)

Margaret Widdemer began writing poetry in childhood. The poem *Factories* was her first published poem. It voices the protest against social injustice which finds expression in the poetry of Edwin Markham and many other modern poets. The author is directing her poetic fire in this instance against child labor. She thinks of the child working in the factory as her little sister—not her sister by blood, to be sure, but her sister by all the ties of common humanity. The poem pictures the things which belong as a right to childhood—"the sweets of summer and the mild spring air"—and the things which belong as a right to womanhood—"golden heads" against the heart. These things the author sees denied to her "little sisters" who must work in factories, ironically enough, making beautiful things for the women who can afford to buy them—under a social and industrial system which permits child labor. The poem upon publication attracted widespread attention, and was no doubt effective in awakening the social conscience to the evil of child labor.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO READ THESE POEMS

To enjoy poetry, it is necessary to know how to read it and what to look for in it. To begin with, poetry should be read aloud. You never can get the full flavor of a poem by reading it silently. The reason for this is easily understood if you think of the sound of poetry as music. You do not so much enjoy looking at a sheet of music as you do hearing the sound when it is played. When you hear it, your feelings are moved —you are happy and excited or you feel downcast and sad—your imagination begins to work and you often picture yourself doing great things —you do not know why, other than that the sound thus affects your feelings. The movement of a poem or its rhythm is its music, and to sense this you must hear the poem read aloud.

Many people think only of the meaning of the words when they read a poem, as if the purpose of a poem were the same as that of a history book—to give us information. But this is not the purpose of poetry, not even of poetry which tells a story. It is not the meaning of a poem which makes good poetry. Telling the most heroic of deeds, or voicing the noblest of thoughts in verse does not make the verse a great poem. The test of poetry is not what the writer says, but how he says it. You all know persons who have a manner of describing a feeling or a sight in a way to make you feel and see vividly yourself. Little children possess this gift. The little boy who said that charged water "tasted like your foot's asleep" had it. This is the gift which true poets have in abundance. In a line or two they flash before us a picture, or a mood, or a feeling, or drive home to us the realization of some truth. We may read the plain facts about the ride of Paul Revere in a history book, and get more information than the poem gives us; but the history book does not make us excited, nor see Paul Revere riding through Middlesex village and town as the poem does. This is the difference between soaring poetry, and poor plodding prose—which can only state the facts without touching the feelings. This is the difference too between the boy who says "Gee! you oughta seen the sunset. It was great, and they was a big bird or somethin' flyin' along in the sky," and the poet who says,

> "As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
> Thy figure floats along."

The boy may be quite as impressed with the beauty of the thing he saw as the poet, but he cannot make us see it; the poet can.

There are two main divisions of poetry—narrative poetry and lyric poetry. When the poet tells what happened, that is narrative poetry. When he tells us how he feels about something, or what he thinks about something—that is lyric poetry. Lyric poetry causes young people the most trouble. The chief reason for their difficulty is that they look for a *meaning* oftentimes when there isn't any—the poet is simply trying to make you feel as he felt. Take, for example, *The First Bluebird* by James Whitcomb Riley. Riley is not telling you a story about the bluebird, nor giving you a description of him. He is trying to make you feel as he felt when he heard the first bluebird of spring. The poet has many ways of touching your feelings. Music is of course one; but another is through a vivid picture. Holmes in *The Last Leaf* in this book gives such a vivid picture of an old man that we feel as he felt when he saw him.

Besides being able to express himself so that he appeals to us, the poet is more sensitive to the beauty, or the hidden meaning of things about him than we are. He sees beauty where we never thought it was, and points it out to us as Emerson does in *The Rhodora.* He sees pathos or humor where we never saw it, and points it out to us—as Daly does in *Een Napoli* and *Mia Carlotta.* The poet sees great heroism in a newspaper article, and points it out to us as Whittier does in *Conductor Bradley.* He senses a great truth as Oppenheim does in *The Slave,* and states it so that we feel it. He sees injustice where we never saw it as Margaret Widdemer does in *The Factories,* and makes us see it too. He tells us how we feel on a spring morning, and after we read the poem, we say, "I have felt just like that lots of times, but I couldn't express it."

What then is the good of reading poetry? Certainly poetry is not written for the purpose of making school boys dig out figures of speech, although it is often taught that way. It is the open door to new experiences. It helps us to understand other people better, and to understand ourselves better. It gives us different views of things and people, and different feelings about them from those we had before. It makes us see and feel injustice and wrong, pathos and humor, heroism and courage, beauty and truth where we never saw them before.

You will not like all the poetry you read. You are not expected to. The preceding poems have been selected because it is believed that they are within your experience and understanding. The notes and sketches following the poems have been written to help you get the most out of the poems. Read the poems to enjoy them, and when you find a poem you like, reread it until you have made it your own.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER

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THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER

PART ONE

I Odysseus Begins His Adventures

In a high, level spot, commanding a view of the sea, stands the house of Odysseus,[1] the mightiest prince in Ithaca. It is a spacious building, two stories high, constructed entirely of wood, and surrounded on all sides by a strong wooden fence. Within the enclosure, and in front of the house, is a wide courtyard, containing the stables, and other offices of the household.

A proud maiden was Penelope, when Odysseus wedded her in her youthful bloom, and made her the mistress of his fair dwelling and his rich domain. One happy year they lived together, and a son was born to them, whom they named Telemachus. Then war arose between Greece and Asia, and Odysseus was summoned to join the train of chieftains who followed Agamem-

[1] Odysseus—Refer to dictionary at end of story for pronunciation of important names.

non to win back Helen, his brother's[2] wife. Ten years the war lasted; then Troy was taken, and those who had survived the struggle returned to their homes. Among these was Odysseus, who set sail with joyful heart, hoping, before many days were passed, to take up anew the thread of domestic happiness which had been so rudely broken. But since that hour he has vanished from sight, and for ten long years from the fall of Troy the house has been mourning its absent lord.

During the last three years a new trouble has been present, to fill the cup of Penelope's sorrow to the brim. A host of suitors, drawn from the most powerful families in Ithaca and the neighboring islands, have beset the house of Odysseus, desiring to wed his wife and possess her wealth. All her friends urge her to make choice of a husband from that clamorous band; for no one now believes that there is any hope left of Odysseus's return. Only Penelope still clings to the belief that he is yet living, and will one day come home. So for three years she has put them off by a cunning trick. She began to weave a shroud for her father-in-law, Laertes, promising that, as soon as the garment was finished, she would wed one of the suitors. Then all day long she wove that choice web; and every night she undid the work of the day, unraveling the threads which she had woven. So for three years she beguiled the suitors, but at last she was betrayed by her handmaids, and the fraud was discovered. The princes upbraided her loudly for her deceit, and became more importunate[3] than ever. The substance[4] of Odysseus was wasting away; for day after day the wooers came thronging to the house, a hundred strong, and feasted at the expense of its absent master, and drank up his wine.

No hope seems left to the heartbroken, faithful wife. Even her son has grown impatient at the waste of his goods, and urges her to make the hard choice, and the hateful hour is at hand which will part her forever from the scene of her brief wedded joy.

[2] MENELAUS was the name of Agamemnon's brother.
[3] IMPORTUNATE—Urgent.
[4] SUBSTANCE—Wealth, possessions.

II The Land of the Lotus-Eaters

After leaving Troy, Odysseus had first sailed to the coast of Thrace,[1] and collected a rich booty in a sudden raid on the district. But while his men lingered to enjoy the first fruits of their spoil, the wild tribes of the neighborhood rallied their forces, and falling upon the invaders, while they were engaged in a drunken revel, drove them with great slaughter to their ships. No sooner had they put to sea than a wild tempest came down upon them from the north, and drove them to seek shelter again on the mainland, where they lay for two days and nights in constant dread of another attack from the injured Thracians. On the third day they set sail again and got as far as Malea,[2] the southernmost headland of Greece. Here they were again driven from their course, and after nine days' tossing on the waves they reached the land of the Lotus-Eaters.[3]

When his men had refreshed themselves, Odysseus sent three of their number to explore the country and learn the manners of the inhabitants. Presently these three came to the dwellings of the Lotus-Eaters, who received them kindly and gave them to eat of the lotus[4] plant. With the first taste of that magic food the men forgot the purpose for which they had been sent, forgot their friends and their home, and had no desire left in life but to remain there all their days and feast with the Lotus-Eaters. In this state they were found by Odysseus, who compelled them by force, though they wept and complained bitterly, to return to their ships. There he bound them fast under the benches, and bade the rest take to their oars and fly from that seductive[5] clime, lest others should fall under the same fatal spell.

[1] Thrace—A country north of the Ægean sea.
[2] Malea—A high peninsula of Greece.
[3] Land of the Lotus-Eaters—On the northern coast of Africa at the mouth of the river Nile.
[4] Lotus—A water lily plant with a large flower which grew in the river Nile.
[5] Seductive—Tempting.

III The Giant, Polyphemus

Thence they came to the land of Cyclopes,[1] a rude and monstrous tribe, but favored of the immortal gods, by whose bounty they lived. They toiled not, neither did they sow, nor till the ground, but the earth of herself brought forth for them a bountiful living, wheat and barley, and huge swelling clusters of the grape. Naught knew they of law or civil life, but each lived in his cave on the wild mountain side, dwelling apart, careless of his neighbors, with his wife and children.

It was a dark, cloudy night, and a thick mist overspread the sea, when suddenly Odysseus heard the booming of breakers on a rocky shore. Before an order could be given, or any measure taken for the safety of the ships, the little fleet was caught by a strong landward current, and whirled pell-mell[2] through a narrow passage between the cliffs into a land-locked harbor. With relief at their wonderful escape, they beached their vessels on the level sand and lay down to wait for the day.

In the morning they found that they had been driven to the landward shore of a long island, which formed a natural breakwater to a spacious bay, with a narrow entrance at either end. The island was thickly covered with woods, giving shelter to a multitude of wild goats, its only inhabitants. For the Cyclopes have no ships, so that the goats were left in undisturbed possession, though the place was well suited for human habitation, with a deep, rich soil, and plentiful springs of water.

The first care of Odysseus was to supply the crews of his vessels, which were twelve in number, with fresh meat. Armed with bows and spears, he and a picked body of men scoured the woods in search of game. They soon obtained a plentiful booty, and nine goats were assigned to each vessel, with ten for that of Odysseus. So all that day till the setting of the sun

[1] Cyclopes—This is the plural spelling for the word Cyclops.
[2] Pell-mell—In confusion, disorder.

they sat and feasted on fat venison and drank of the wine which they had taken in their raid on the Thracians.

Early next morning Odysseus manned his own galley, and set forth to explore the mainland, leaving the rest of the crews to await his return on the island. As they drew near the opposite shore of the bay, the mariners came in view of a gigantic cavern overshadowed by laurel trees. Round the front of the cavern was a wide courtyard rudely fenced with huge blocks of stone and unhewn trunks of trees.

Having moored his vessel in a sheltered place, Odysseus chose twelve of his men to accompany him on his perilous adventure, and charging the others to keep close, and not stir from the ship, he prepared for his visit to the Cyclops, who dwelt apart from his brethren in the cavern. Amongst the spoils obtained in Thrace was a small store of peculiarly rich and generous wine, which had been given him by a priest of Apollo whom he had protected, with his wife and child, while his men were pillaging the town. Twelve jars of this precious vintage the priest brought forth from a secret hiding place, known only to himself and his wife and one trusty servant. So potent[3] was the wine that it needed but one measure of it to twenty of water to make a fragrant and comfortable drink, from which few could refrain. Odysseus now filled a great goatskin bottle with this wine, and carried it with him. And well it was for him that he did so.

During the day the Cyclops was abroad, watching his flocks as they grazed on the mountain pastures; so that when Odysseus and his men came to the cavern, they had ample time to look about them. The courtyard was fenced off into pens, well stocked with ewes and she-goats, with their young—huge beasts, rivaling in stature their gigantic shepherd. Within the cavern was a sort of dairy, with great piles of cheeses, and vessels brimming with whey.

"Quick now," whispered one of the men to Odysseus. "Let us take of the cheeses, and drive off the best of the lambs and

[3] POTENT—Powerful.

kids to the ship before the Cyclops returns; for methinks he will give us but sorry welcome if he finds us here." "Nay," answered Odysseus, "I will wait for the master, that I may see him face to face. It may be that he will bestow on me some gift, such as strangers receive from their hosts." So they remained, and having kindled a fire they prepared savory[4] meat, and ate of the cheeses which they found in the cave. Then they waited, until the lengthening shadows showed that evening was drawing near.

While they sat thus, conversing in low tones, and casting fearful glances towards the cavern's mouth, all at once they heard a sound like the tramping of many feet, accompanied by loud bleatings, which were answered by the ewes and she-goats in the courtyard. Then a vast shadow darkened the cavern's entrance, and in came Polyphemus, driving his flock before him. At the sight of that fearful monster, huge as a mountain, with one vast red eye glaring in the middle of his forehead, Odysseus and his comrades fled in terror to the darkest corner of the cave. The Cyclops bore in one hand a mighty log for his evening fire. Flinging it down with a crash that awakened all the echoes of the cavern, he closed the entrance with an immense mass of stone, which served as a door. Then he sat down and began to milk the ewes and she-goats. Half of the milk he curdled for cheese, and half he kept for drinking. So when he had strained off the whey, and pressed the curds into wicker baskets, he kindled a fire, and as the flame blazed up, illumining every corner of the cavern, he caught sight of the intruders, and with a voice which sounded like the roaring of a torrent cried out: "Who are ye that have come to the cave of Polyphemus, and what would ye have of him?"

When he heard that appalling voice, and looked at that horrible face, fitfully lighted up by the blaze of the fire, Odysseus felt his heart stand still with terror. Nevertheless he manned himself to answer, and spake boldly thus: "We are Greeks, driven from our course in our voyage from Troy, and brought

[4] Savory—With pleasing taste and smell.

by the winds and waves to these shores. And we are they who have served Agamemnon, whose fame now fills the whole earth; so mighty was the city[5] which he overthrew, with all the host within her. And now we have come to kneel at thy feet and beseech thee of thy favor to bestow on us some gift such as strangers receive. Have pity on us, great and mighty as thou art, and forget not that Zeus[6] hath the stranger and the suppliant in his keeping."

But there was no sign of pity or mercy in the Cyclops's face as he made answer: "Thou art full simple, my friend, or unversed in the ways of the land, if thou thinkest that I and my brethren care aught for Zeus or any other god. Nay, we are mightier far than they, and if thou seekest aught of me thou must first seek it of my favor, and not of my fears. But tell me truly, where didst thou moor thy vessel on thy landing? Lies she near at hand, or on a distant part of the coast?"

Odysseus easily divined the purpose of Polyphemus in putting this question, and answered accordingly: "My ship was wrecked on a distant part of your coast, dashed all to pieces against the rocks; and I and these twelve escaped by swimming."

Polyphemus made no reply, but sprang up and seized two of the men, grasping them easily together in one hand, and dashed their brains out against the rocky ground. Then he cut them in pieces and made his supper on them. Fearful it was to see him as he ate, crunching up flesh and bones and marrow all together, like a ravening lion. When he had devoured the last morsel he took a deep draught of milk, and lay down on the cavern floor among his flocks to sleep.

As soon as the heavy breathing of Polyphemus showed that he was fast asleep, Odysseus crept from his corner, resolved to slay the cannibal giant on the spot. He had already drawn his sword, when a sudden thought made him pause. If he killed Polyphemus, how was he to escape from the cavern! The entrance was blocked by that ponderous stone, which a hundred

[5] The City—Troy.
[6] Zeus—The father of the gods.

men could not have moved; and he and his men must in that case perish miserably of hunger and thirst. Restrained by this reflection, he put up his sword, and went back to his companions to wait for day.

Polyphemus rose early, and after milking his flocks he laid hold of two more of the miserable captives, butchered them in the same manner, and made his breakfast on their warm, quivering bodies. Then he drove forth his sheep and goats, pushing aside the door of rock, and set it back in its place, as a man sets the lid on a quiver.[7] They heard his wild cries, as he called to his flocks, and their loud bleatings as he drove them out to pasture; then the sounds grew fainter and fainter, and silence settled on the vast, shadowy cave.

Forthwith Odysseus began to devise means to escape from that murderous den, and avenge the slaughter of his friends. As he peered about in the twilight, he caught sight of a mighty stake of green olivewood, tall and stout as the mast of a twenty-oared galley, which had been cut by the Cyclops for a staff, and laid aside to season. Odysseus cut off about a fathom's[8] length, and with the help of his comrades, made it round and smooth, and tapered it off at one end to a point. Then he hardened the sharp end in the fire, and when it was ready he hid the rude weapon away under a pile of refuse. Of the twelve who had followed him from the ship, there only remained eight; four of these were chosen by lot to aid him in his plan of vengeance; and Odysseus noted with satisfaction that they were the stoutest and bravest of the company. All being now ready, they sat down to wait for the return of Polyphemus.

The setting sun was pouring his level rays through the chinks of the doorway when they heard the ponderous tread of the Cyclops approaching. This time he drove the whole of his flocks into the cave, leaving the courtyard empty. Having milked the herd, he laid hands on two of Odysseus's comrades, and slaugh-

[7] QUIVER—A case or sheath for arrows.

[8] FATHOM—A measure of length of six feet used chiefly to measure depth of water.

tered and devoured them as before. The moment had now come for Odysseus to carry out his design. So he filled a wooden bowl with unmixed wine, and drawing near to Polyphemus addressed him thus:

"Take, Polyphemus, and drink of this wine, now that thou hast eaten of human flesh. I warrant that thou hast never tasted such a choice vintage as this, and I brought it as a gift to thy divinity, that thou mightest have pity, and let me go in peace. Little did I dream to find thee so cruel and so wild. Who in all the world will ever draw near to thee again, after the hideous deeds which thou hast wrought?"

Polyphemus took the cup and drained it to the bottom. Then he rolled his great eye with ecstasy,[9] as the last drop trickled down his monstrous gullet, and holding out the cup said with a sort of growling good humor: "Give me to drink again, and make haste and tell me thy name, that I may bestow on thee a gift of hospitality to gladden thy heart. I and my brethren have wine in plenty, for the earth gives us of her abundance, and the soft rain of heaven swells the grape to ripeness; but this is a drink divine, fit for the banquets of Olympus.[10]"

Again the cup was filled, and yet a third time; and Polyphemus drank out every drop. Before long his great head began to droop, and his eye blinked mistily, like the red sun looming through a fog. Seeing that the good wine was doing its work, Odysseus lost no time in telling his name. "Thou askest how I am called," he said in cozening[11] tones, "and thou shalt hear, that I may receive the gift which thou hast promised me. My name is No Man; so call me my father and my mother, and all my friends." When he heard that, Polyphemus grinned horribly a ghastly smile, and answered: "This shall be thy gift: I will eat thee last of all, for the sake of thy good wine."

[9] Ecstasy—Excessive joy, rapture.
[10] Olympus—Mountain upon which the gods held banquets.
[11] Cozening—Deceiving.

With that he sank down backward on the floor, and lay like a leviathan,[12] with his head lolling sideways, and his mouth gaping, buried in drunken sleep.

"Now is our time!" whispered Odysseus, and taking the sharpened stake from its hiding place he thrust the point into the glowing embers of the fire. As soon as he saw that the weapon was red hot and about to burst into flame, he took it up, and gave it to his men. Then, breathing a prayer to Heaven for strength and courage, they stole softly to the place where the Cyclops lay. Odysseus clambered up to the forehead of the Cyclops, holding on by his hair, and while the others pressed the glowing point of the ponderous stake into the monster's eye he whirled it round by means of a thong,[13] as men turn an auger to bore a ship's timber. The point hissed and sputtered as it sank deep into the pulpy substance of the eye, and there was an acrid smell of burning flesh, while the great shaggy eyebrow took fire, and crackled like a burning bush. "It is a fine tempering bath for this good spear of ours," muttered Odysseus, as he worked away at the strap. "Temper it well—Polyphemus shall have it as a parting gift."

At first the Cyclops writhed and groaned in his sleep; then with a roar as of a hundred lions he awoke, and started up to a sitting posture, scattering his puny[14] tormentors, who fled in wild haste, and hid themselves in the angle of a projecting rock.

Polyphemus rose slowly to his feet, tore the stake from the empty eye-socket, and flung it from him, still uttering his fearful cries. His brethren heard him, and quitting their caverns, came flocking round his gate, to see what had befallen. "What ails thee, Polyphemus," they asked, "that thou makest this dreadful din, murdering our sleep? Is anyone stealing thy sheep or thy goats? Or seeks anyone to slay thee by force or by guile?"

"Friends," answered the afflicted giant, "No Man is slaying me by guile, neither by force."

[12] LEVIATHAN—A huge animal of the sea.
[13] THONG—A leather strap.
[14] PUNY—Small, minute.

"Go to," replied his brethren, "if no man is using thee despitefully, why callest thou to us? Thou art stricken, it seems with some sore disease: pray, then, to thy father Poseidon,[15] and cumber [16] us no more." So away they went, growling at their broken sleep, and left their blinded brother to roar alone.

Meanwhile Odysseus had been hard at work, taking measures to escape with his comrades from the cave. Among the flocks of Polyphemus were several big rams, with fleeces of remarkable thickness and beauty. Of these he took three at a time, and lashed them together, side by side, with osiers,[17] which served Polyphemus for a bed. Each middle ram bore one of the men firmly bound with osiers under his belly; while the two outside rams served to conceal that living burden. Last of all Odysseus provided for his own safety. There was one monster ram, the leader of the flock, with a grand fleece which trailed on the ground, like the leaves of the weeping ash. Him Odysseus reserved for himself, and creeping under his belly hauled himself up until he was entirely hidden by the drooping fleece, and so hung on steadfastly, waiting for the day.

At last the weary vigil was over, the huge stone portal was rolled aside, and the male sheep and goats went forth to pasture, while the females remained in their pens, bleating and in pain, for they were swollen with milk, and there was none to relieve them. As the rams went past, Polyphemus felt their backs, to see if the men were there; but the simple monster never thought of feeling under their bellies. Last in the train came the big ram, with Odysseus clinging underneath. Then said Polyphemus, as his great hands passed over his back: "Dear ram, why art thou the last to leave the cave? Thou wast never wont to be a sluggard, but ever thou tookest the lead, walking with long strides, whether thou wast cropping the tender, flowering grass, or going down to the waterside, or returning at even to the fold. Surely thou art heavy with sorrow for thy

[15] POSEIDON—God of the sea.
[16] CUMBER—Encumber, bother.
[17] OSIERS—Twigs of willows.

master's eye, which the villain No Man and his pitiful mates have blinded. Would that thou hadst a voice, to tell me where he is skulking from my fury! Then would I pour forth his brains like water on the ground, and lighten my heart of the woe which hath been brought upon me by the hands of this No Man."

So saying he let the ram go, and as soon as he was clear of the courtyard Odysseus dropped to the ground, and ran to loose his comrades. With all speed they made their way down to the ship, driving the rams before them, with many a fearful backward glance. Right glad were their friends to see them again, though their faces fell when they saw their numbers reduced by half. But there was no time for regrets, for Polyphemus was already close upon them, groping his way painfully from rock to rock. So they flung the sheep on board, shoved off the vessel, and took to their oars. While they were still within earshot Odysseus bade his men cease rowing, and standing up in the stern called aloud to the Cyclops in mocking tones: "How likest thou my gift for thy hospitality, my gentle host? Methinks thou art paid in full, and canst not complain that I have not given thee good measure."

When he heard that, Polyphemus bellowed with rage, and tearing up a great bowlder from the side of the cliff he flung it with mighty force in the direction of the voice. It fell into the sea right in front of the ship, and raised a billow which washed her back to the shore. Odysseus pushed her off with a long pole, and signaled to his men to give way. They rowed for dear life, and had attained twice the former distance from the shore when Odysseus stopped them again, though they besought him earnestly to forego his rash purpose, and to refrain from provoking Polyphemus more. But he, being exceeding wroth for the murder of his men, would not be persuaded; and lifting up his voice he spake again: "Cyclops, if anyone ask thee to whom thou owest the loss of thine eye, say that it was

Odysseus, the son of Laertes, who reft[18] thee of sight, and his home is in rocky Ithaca."

Now it happened that many a year back Polyphemus had heard a prophecy, foretelling that he should one day be blinded by a certain Odysseus. So when he heard that name he was stricken to the very heart, and cried aloud: "This, then, is the fulfillment of the oracle![19] Verily I thought that some tall and proper man would come hither to assail me, but now I have been outwitted, made drunk, and blinded, by this little, paltry wretch." After a pause he spoke again, thinking to fight that man of many wiles with his own weapons. "Come hither, Odysseus," he said, softening his big voice as well as he could, "that I may entertain thee with loving-kindness; and afterwards I will pray to Poseidon, whose son I am, to send a fair breeze for thy homeward voyage. And he also shall heal my hurt, and give me back my sight."

Odysseus laughed aloud at the poor monster's simplicity, whereupon Polyphemus lifted up his hands to heaven, and prayed to his sire, the lord Poseidon: "Hear me, thou who holdest the earth in thine arms, if I am indeed thy son. Grant me that Odysseus may never reach his home, or if that is fixed beyond repeal, let him come home in evil plight, with the loss of all his men, on a strange ship, to a house of woe."[20]

Such was the curse of Polyphemus, to be fulfilled, as we shall see, to the letter. And having uttered it he flung another rock, which fell just short of the vessel's stern, and raised a wave which washed her towards the island. Soon they reached the harbor where the rest of the fleet lay moored. Joyful were the greetings of their comrades, who had given them up for lost; and a merry feast they made on the flesh of the fat sheep, though their mirth was checkered by sadness when they thought of the brave six who had come to so horrible an end in the Cyclops's cave.

[18] Reft—Bereft.

[19] Oracle—A prophecy.

[20] As you read the story through, watch how Poseidon answers the giant's prayer.

IV The Bag of Winds

After leaving the land of the Cyclopes they came next to the Æolian island, where dwelt Æolus with his wife and twelve sons and daughters. The island floated on the sea, and all around it tall cliffs ran sheer down to the water, crowned on their summit by a wall of brass. Here they remained a whole month, and were hospitably entertained by Æolus, reveling in the abundance of his wealthy house, and whiling away the time with music, and dance, and song, and brave stories of the Trojan war. And when they departed he gave Odysseus a leathern bag, tied with a silver cord, in which were confined all the winds that blow, except only the good west wind, which he left free to blow behind them and speed them on their way.

So for nine days and nights they sailed without let[1] or hindrance, and on the tenth they came in sight of Ithaca, which they approached so near that they saw the smoke and flame of the beacon fires along the coast. Odysseus was worn out with watching, for during all the voyage he had not closed his eyes, but had sat the whole time with his hand on the sheet,[2] and suffered no one to relieve him. But now within sight of his native land he sank down in utter weariness, and fell into a deep sleep.

That fatal moment of weakness led to a long train of disasters. His men had long gazed with curious and jealous eyes at the mysterious wallet, which they supposed to be full of gold and silver. As long as Odysseus was on his guard they durst not give utterance to their thoughts; but when they saw him overtaken by slumber they began to murmur among themselves. And thus they spake one to another: "Behold how this man is honored and beloved whithersoever he goes! He left Troy laden with booty, and thereto hath Æolus added this rich treasure, while we must come home with empty hands. Go to, let us have sight of all this gold and silver."

[1] Let—Let-up, stop.
[2] Sheet—Rope attached to a sail to extend it.

In a moment the silver cord was loosened, and all the boisterous winds rushed forth and bore them weeping and wailing far from their native land. Roused by the tumult of the tempest, and the despairing cries of his men, Odysseus sprang up, just in time to see the last glimpse of the hills of Ithaca as they melted in the distance. His first impulse was to fling himself into the sea and perish; but mastering his frenzy he covered his face, and sat down in speechless misery, while the winds bore them swiftly back to the isle of Æolus.

With a heavy heart Odysseus went up to the house where he had been received so kindly, and told his sorrowful tale. "Pity my weakness," he pleaded, "and let me not suffer for the sins of my men." But Æolus was not to be moved. "Begone," he said sternly, "quit this island at once, thou caitiff![3] Heaven hath set the seal of its hatred upon thee, and I may not give countenance to such as thou. Out of my sight!" he thundered, and Odysseus crept sadly back to his ship.

Then for six days they voyaged on, toiling continually at the oar, for now there was no favorable wind to waft them on. They were almost dead with fatigue when they sighted land on the seventh day, and came to anchor in a sheltered bay, surrounded on all sides by towering cliffs, with a narrow entrance, guarded by a tall spire of rock on either side. The place was called Læstrygonia, and the nights in that country are so short that the shepherd as he drives home his flocks at sundown meets his fellow toiler on his way to the pasture.

The cautious Odysseus moored his ship close to the entrance of the harbor, while all the others came to anchor at the head of the bay under the shadow of the cliffs; for there was not a wave, not a ripple, in that sheltered spot, but the water slumbered, as in a mountain tarn.[4] Having secured his vessel, by making fast her cable to the rocks, he scaled the cliff with a

[3] Caitiff—Wretched, unfortunate man.
[4] Tarn—Small lake, or pool.

few of his men, and seeing smoke rising in the distance he sent three scouts to explore the country, meantime going back to his ship to await their return.

Sooner than he expected he saw two of the men descending the cliff in headlong haste, and as they drew near he could read on their white, terror-stricken faces what sort of news they had to bring. Their report was as dismal as their looks. When they left the coast they struck into a level road cut through the forest, and presently came to a spring on the outskirts of a town. Here they met a maiden, drawing water at the well, who told them that she was the daughter of Antiphates, king of that country, and offered to conduct them to her father's house. They went with her, and when she had brought them home she left them to summon her father.

"As soon as we caught sight of him," continued he who was telling the story, "we were stricken with terror, for he was of monstrous stature and hideous to behold. One of us he seized, and rent him in pieces on the spot; but we two fled for our lives. There is no time to lose. The town is in uproar, and before long the whole cannibal tribe will be upon us."

Hardly had he finished when a multitude of these huge savages was seen rushing along the edge of the cliffs which overlooked the harbor. Arming themselves with great rocks, they began to bombard the ships which had taken the inside station; and a dreadful din arose of shattered timbers, mingled with the cries of dying men. Not one ship escaped destruction, and when that part of their work was ended the barbarians swarmed down the cliffs, speared the floating corpses, and dragged them to land for a cannibal feast.

All this time Odysseus and his crew had been helpless spectators of this scene of massacre. But when they saw that all was over they cut their cable, and taking to their oars rowed with might and main until a wide space of open water divided them from that ill-fated shore, where all their friends had found a grave.

V Circe, the Fair Enchantress

Of the thirteen vessels with which Odysseus sailed from Troy only one was now left. Weary and broken in spirit they voyaged on over the waste of waters; and when, after two or three days' sail, they landed on a low-lying coast, they lay down for two days and two nights, like men whose last hope in life was gone. On the third morning Odysseus roused himself, and ascending a rising ground saw to his dismay that they had landed on a small island. On all sides stretched the boundless sea, without a trace of land on the whole horizon.

As he was descending the hill he heard a rustling in a neighboring thicket, and a tall stag with branching antlers stepped forth, and began to make his way down to a little stream which skirted the foot of the hill. From the high ground on which he stood Odysseus had a full view of the beast's broad back, and taking steady aim he flung his spear and pierced him through the spine. Odysseus's eyes glistened when he saw the splendid quarry at his feet, for never had he seen so fine a buck. Not without effort he took the carcass on his back, and bore it down to his ship, where he found his men still lying listlessly where he had left them. "Courage, comrades," he cried, as he flung his heavy burden on the sand. "We shall not die before our day, and while we have life we must eat and drink." So they ate and drank, and made good cheer.

Next day Odysseus divided his whole crew into two companies, two and twenty each, with himself as captain of one division, and Eurylochus, his faithful squire, in command of the other. Then he drew lots with Eurylochus to determine which of the two should undertake the perilous duty of exploring the island. The lot fell upon Eurylochus, and he at once set forth with his party, pursued by the prayers and tears of those who remained behind.

Passing the low hills which skirted the coast, they struck into a forest path, and presently came to an open glade, in the

midst of which stood a fair stone dwelling. And as they came and drew nigh unto the house they saw a strange sight: before the doors stalked and glared a multitude of wolves and lions, and other beasts of prey, and when they saw the men these fearful creatures came fawning[1] round them, like hounds welcoming their master, and did them no harm.

Quaking with wonder and fear, they came and stood on the threshold, through which they caught sight of a young and lovely dame, pacing to and fro about her loom, and weaving a wondrous web, fair and large, such as the daughters of the gods are wont to weave. And as she plied her task, she sang to herself in a low and thrilling voice, sad and sweet as the notes of the Æolian harp. Presently she turned her face to the doorway, and saw the men standing without. With a bright smile she came forward, and bade them enter; and they all went in, save only Eurylochus, who was older than the rest, and liked not the look in that fair lady's eyes.

"Welcome, fair youths," she said, "to the halls of Circe, daughter of the sun. Sit ye down, while I prepare you a posset[2] to slake your thirst on this hot day." So they sat down, and Circe took wine, and grated cheese, and honey, and barley meal, and mixed them in a bowl, muttering strange words, and adding a single drop from a little phial which she took from a secret cupboard. Then she gave them to drink, touching them, as she did so, with a wand; and no sooner had they tasted than their form and countenance was changed into the likeness of swine, though they kept the mind and feelings of men. Circe now drove them all together into a sty, and flung down beech mast, and acorns, and cornel berries, for them to eat.

It was drawing towards noon when Odysseus saw a solitary figure descending the slope which led down to the beach. "Eurylochus!" he cried, recognizing the familiar features of his squire. "Why comest thou alone?" For some time Eurylochus was unable to utter a word; at last he spoke, in a broken and

[1] Fawning—Playing, rubbing affectionately.

[2] Posset—A beverage of hot milk, curdled by ale or wine, and often containing spices.

altered voice, while his face was blanched[3] with deadly terror. "They are gone," he faltered—"spirited away—vanished without a sign. The place is haunted: let us away!"

Without a word, Odysseus caught up his sword and bow, and ordered Eurylochus to show him the way to the place where he had lost his men. But Eurylochus clung to his knees, and besought him to remain, and prepare for instant flight. Seeing him to be unnerved by terror, Odysseus bade him stay by the ship, and he himself set out alone to learn the secrets of this mysterious island.

Just before coming within sight of Circe's palace, he saw, standing in his path, a fair and comely youth, who greeted him kindly, and took him by the hand. There was something more than human beauty in the face of this stranger, and his words showed more than human knowledge of Odysseus and his affairs; for indeed he was no other than Hermes, the messenger of the gods, sent down from heaven to aid Odysseus in this strait. "Son of Laertes," he said, "why goest thou thus unwarily,[4] even as a silly bird into the net of the fowler? Pause awhile, or, instead of setting free thy men, thou wilt become even as they are." So saying he stooped down, and with careful hands tore up a little plant which was growing at their feet, the flower of it was white as milk, and the root was black. "Take this plant," he said, giving it to Odysseus. "It is the magic herb, Moly, and no human hand may pluck it; having this, thou mayest defy all the spells of Circe. And when thou comest to the house of that fair witch, she will offer thee a potion, mixed with baneful drugs: drink thou thereof, for it shall do thee no harm. But when she smites thee with her wand draw thou thy sword and make as though thou wouldst slay her; and she will be filled with fear, for none ever resisted her power before. Then do thou compel her to swear a great oath that she will devise no further ill against thee." As the last words were uttered Hermes vanished, leaving Odysseus standing with the plant in his hand.

[3] Blanched—Whitened.
[4] Unwarily—Unprepared.

And as the god had spoken, even so it came to pass. Circe welcomed Odysseus with the same treacherous smile, gave him to drink of the same cup, and struck him with her wand in the same manner; but when she saw him standing, unchanged and unmoved, threatening her with drawn sword, she feared exceedingly, and falling at his feet spake thus in pitiful tones: "Who art thou, that thou yieldest not to the power of my drugs, which never mortal resisted before? Art thou that Odysseus of whom Hermes spake, telling me that he should come hither on his voyage from Troy? Put up thy sword, and thou shalt be my guest to-night, and for many days to come."

"No guest will I be of thine," answered Odysseus sternly, "unless thou wilt swear a great oath to do me no hurt. Before that I will not trust thee, or receive aught at thy hands. Hast thou not turned my men into swine, and didst thou not seek even now to put thy wicked spells upon me?"

Then Circe took the oath that was required of her, and thus secured Odysseus consented to remain. Forthwith his beautiful hostess summoned her handmaids, sweet nymphs of rivers, and woods, and springs, and bade them make all things ready to entertain the wanderer. With white feet tripping nimbly, and many a curious glance at the majestic stranger, the maidens hastened to obey her command. And soon the tables, which were all of silver, were set forth with golden vessels, the chairs spread with purple tapestries, and the rich red wine mingled in a silver bowl. Others prepared a bath for Odysseus, and when he had bathed, more than mortal health and vigor seemed to enter his limbs, such virtue had Circe shed into the water.

After that they sat down to meat; but Odysseus, whose mind was full of his comrades, left every dish untasted, and sat without uttering a word. When she observed it, Circe rallied him for his sullenness: "Art thou afraid to eat?" she said, smiling: "have I not sworn to do thee no harm? Ah! thou art thinking of thy friends. Come, then, and I will restore them to thee." So she brought him to the sty where they were confined together, and opening the gate drove them all forth, a herd of

Forthwith his beautiful hostess . . . bade them make all things ready to entertain the wanderer.

bristly swine. Then she anointed them one by one with another drug; and instantly the bristles fell away from them, and they became men again, only younger and fairer to behold than they were before. With tears of joy they embraced Odysseus, and the whole place rang with their happy greetings, so that even Circe was moved by the tender scene.

When they had grown calmer she bade Odysseus go down to the sea, and bring back all the rest of his company to take up their abode in her house. Being now quite reassured as to her purpose, he hesitated not to obey, and went down alone to carry the message from Circe. Arrived at the ship he was hailed by his comrades as one returned from the dead; but putting aside their eager questions he told them to beach the vessel, stow away all her tackle, and follow him to the house of Circe, where they would find all their fellows feasting and making merry.

Much cheered by his words the men set to work with willing hands, and before an hour had passed the whole company was reunited under Circe's hospitable roof. The dreaded witch had laid aside all her terrors, and now appeared only in the character of a kind and generous hostess, whose sole care was for the comfort and welfare of her guests. Days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and still they lingered on in that luxurious clime, as if there were no such place as Ithaca, and no wide waste of sea to be crossed.

At last, when they had lived a whole year on the island, Odysseus's men began to grow weary of their long inaction, and begged their leader to obtain Circe's permission to depart. Not without some misgivings, Odysseus preferred his request. "Deem me not ungrateful," he said, "if my heart turns ever to my wife and home. I am but a mortal man, with human needs and frailties, and no fit mate for a goddess like thee. And my men weary me with their importunity, when thou art not near."

Circe heard him graciously, knowing well that they must part. "I will not keep thee," she said, "against thy will. But a long journey lies before thee, even to the very ends of the earth, and not until that is past canst thou set thy sail for

home. To the halls of Hades thou must go, and consult the spirit of Theban Teiresias, who alone among all the dead hath an understanding heart, while the rest are but flitting shadows. Now hearken, and I will tell thee all that thou must do. When thou leavest these shores thou shalt sail ever southward, until thou hast reached the farther side of the River Oceanus, and come to the shadowy grove which stands at the confines of the realm of Persephone.[5] There thou shalt land with thy company, and dig a trench a cubit[6] in length and breadth, and pour about it a libation[7] of mead[8] and water and wine; and after that thou shalt offer a sacrifice of black sheep, in such wise that the blood thereof shall flow into the trench and fill it. Thither will flock the whole multitude of departed spirits, to drink of the blood; but do thou draw thy sword, and hold it over the trench, nor suffer any of the other spirits to draw near until thou hast seen Teiresias and hearkened to his lore."

All that night Odysseus remained in deep conference with Circe, and as soon as day dawned he went to rouse his men who were sleeping in the outer chamber. "Up, comrades!" he cried, "all is prepared, and we must embark without delay." His loud summons proved fatal to one of the company, a certain Elpenor, the youngest of them all, who, the night before, had lain down to sleep on the house top, for the sake of the coolness, being heated with wine. Roused suddenly by the voice of Odysseus, he staggered to his feet, and, still half asleep, stumbled over the parapet in his haste, and fell headlong from the roof.

In the hurry of their departure the body was left where it lay, and Odysseus, when they reached the ship, did not notice his absence. They found that Circe had been there before them, and left the victims for sacrifice bound to the vessel's side. She herself was nowhere to be seen, and so without another word of farewell they launched their galley and put out into the deep.

[5] Persephone—The daughter of Zeus, wife of Hades (Pluto), and queen of the lower regions.
[6] Cubit—The length of the forearm.
[7] Libation—An offering.
[8] Mead—Drink made from honey and water.

VI The Visit to Hades

A clear, strong wind came down from the north, sent by the favor of the mighty enchantress Circe, and over the trackless sea they sped, where never furrow of mortal ship was seen before. After a long day's sail they came to the farther shore of the ocean stream, which surrounds the earth as with a girdle. There is the abode of the people called the Cimmerians, wrapped in shadow and mist; for never doth the sun look down upon them with his rays, neither when he climbs the starry sky, nor yet when he goeth down unto the place of his rest. And thus they dwell miserably under the curse of perpetual night.

As they peered through the gloom they saw what seemed a grove of dusky trees, in shape like the poplar and willow, fringing the shore. "It is the sign which Circe gave me," whispered Odysseus to his awe-struck comrades; "we are at the very gates of Hades." Landing in silence, they carried the victims for sacrifice to the verge of the grove, and Odysseus with his sword dug a trench, a cubit in length and breadth, and poured about it a libation of mead and water and wine. Then the sheep were slaughtered, and the trench was filled to the brim with their blood. When the solemn rite was ended, Odysseus called in a loud voice to the spirits of the dead, and waited in breathless expectation with his men.

Presently a rustling sound was heard, like the sound of the autumn wind in the dry leaves of the forest; it grew louder and louder, and out of the gloom the ghosts came flocking, youths and maidens cut off in their bloom, old men with all their burden of sorrow, and warriors slain in battle, still wearing the bloodstained armor. With a wild unearthly cry they came crowding to the trench, eager to drink of the blood. But Odysseus, though quaking with fear, stood his ground firmly, and held his drawn sword over the trench to keep off the multitude, until he had seen and spoken with Teiresias.

Among the hosts of spirits there was one who lingered near the trench, and seemed by his beseeching gestures and earnest looks to desire speech with Odysseus. When his first fears were over Odysseus recognized the features of Elpenor, who had come to an untimely end on the morning of their journey, and whose body still lay unburied in the house of Circe. Registering a mental vow to perform all due rites to that poor spirit on his homeward voyage, Odysseus warned him back, and stood waiting for the coming of the seer.

At last came one with tottering footsteps, leaning on a golden scepter, and halted on the farther edge of the trench. It seemed a very aged man, with flowing white beard, and sightless eyes; and Odysseus knew by these signs that he was in the presence of Teiresias, the famous prophet of Thebes,[1] who alone among departed spirits preserves his understanding, while the rest are flitting phantoms, with no sense at all. "What wouldst thou of me, Odysseus, son of Laertes," said the specter in faltering tones, "and wherefore hast thou left the glad light of day to visit this drear and joyless realm of the dead? Draw back from the trench, and put up thy sword in its sheath, that I may drink of the blood and tell thee all that thou wouldst know."

Thereupon Odysseus fell back, and sheathed his sword; and Teiresias, when he had drunk of the blood, spoke again in firmer and clearer tones: "Thou art fain[2] to hear of thy home-coming, illustrious hero; but thy path to Ithaca shall be beset with sorrows, because of the wrath of Poseidon, whose son, Polyphemus, thou hast blinded. Nevertheless thou and all thy company shall return safe to Ithaca, if only ye leave untouched the sacred flocks and herds of Helios,[3] when ye come to the island of Thrinacia. But if harm befall them at your hands, from that hour thy ship and all her crew are doomed and forfeit to destruction: and though thou thyself escape, yet thou shalt return after many days, in evil plight, to a house of woe. And now learn how thou mayest at last appease the anger of the

[1] THEBES—A city in Greece.
[2] FAIN—Desirous.
[3] HELIOS—The sun god.

god who pursues thee with his vengeance. When thou art once more master in thine own house thou shalt go on a far journey, carrying with thee an oar of thy vessel, until thou comest to a people that dwell far from the sea, and know naught of ships or the mariner's art. And there shalt meet thee by the way a man who shall say that thou bearest a winnowing shovel[4] on thy shoulder; and this shall be a sign unto thee, whereby thou shalt know that thou hast reached the end of thy journey. Then plant thy oar in the ground, and offer sacrifice to Poseidon. This shall be the end of thy toils, and death shall come softly upon thee where thou dwellest in a green old age among thy happy people."

When he had thus spoken Teiresias vanished into the darkness; and one by one the spirits came up to the trench, as Odysseus suffered them, and having drunk of the blood obtained strength to speak and answer his questions. First among them was the spirit of his mother, Anticleia, daughter of Autolycus, who had been hovering near during his conference with Teiresias. When she had drunk she said: "Whence comest thou, my son? Art thou still wandering on thy long voyage from Troy, or hast thou been in Ithaca, and seen thy wife?"

"Nay, mother," answered Odysseus, "I am wandering still, still treading the path of woe, since the day when I followed Agamemnon to Troy. But tell me now, and answer me truly, what was the manner of thy death? Came it slowly, by long disease? And tell me of my father and my son whom I left in Ithaca; do they still hold my possessions, or hath some other thrust them with violence from my seat? Tell me also of Penelope, my wedded wife, whether she abides steadfast and guards my goods, or whether she is gone to cheer some other man's heart."

"Steadfast indeed she is," replied Anticleia, "and wondrous patient of heart; all her thoughts are ever of thee. No one has yet usurped thy place in Ithaca, but Telemachus still reaps thy

[4] Winnowing Shovel—The oar.

fields and sits down to meat with the noblest in the land. As to thy father, he comes no more to the town, but dwells continually on his farm. He lives not delicately, as princes use, but is clad in sorry raiment, and sleeps in the winter among the ashes of the hearth with his thralls,[5] and in summer on a bed of dry leaves in his vineyard. There he lies forsaken, heavy with years and sorrows, mourning for thee. And in such wise also death came upon me, neither by wasting sickness, but my sore longing for thee, Odysseus, and for thy sweet counsels, at last broke my heart."

A flood of tenderness overpowered Odysseus at these sad words, and he sprang forward with arms outstretched to clasp his mother to his breast. Thrice he essayed to embrace her, and thrice his arms closed on emptiness, while that ghostly presence still flitted before him like a shadow or a dream. "O, my mother," cried Odysseus in deep distress, "why dost thou mock me thus? Come to my heart, dear mother; let me hold thee in mine arms once more, and mingle my tears with thine. Or art thou but the shadow of a shade, a phantom sent by Persephone to deceive me?"

"Persephone deceives thee not," answered the ghost, "but this is the fashion of mortals when they die. Flesh and bone and sinew are consumed by the might of fire, but the spirit takes flight and hovers ever like a winged dream. But make haste and get thee back to the daylight, and keep all that thou hast seen in memory that thou mayest tell it to thy wife."

When the spirit of Anticleia was gone, a shadowy throng pressed forward to the trench, all the ghosts of noble dames, wives and daughters of princes. And Odysseus kept his place, sword in hand, suffering them only to drink one by one, that he might question them and learn their story.

Odysseus still lingered, hoping yet to have speech with other souls, but he was destined to see another and more awful vision. Suddenly the pall of darkness which shrouded the

[5] THRALLS—Slaves.

secrets of the nether[6] abyss was lifted, and the whole realm of Hades was exposed to view. There he saw the place of torment, where great malefactors atone for their crime, and Minos, the infernal judge, sitting at the gates, passing sentence, and giving judgment among the shades. Within appeared the gigantic form of Tityos, stretched at full length along the ground, and two vultures sat ever at his side, tearing his liver. This was his punishment for violence offered to Leto, the mother of Apollo and Artemis. Not far from him appeared Tantalus, plunged up to the neck in a cool stream; the water lapped against his chin, but he had not power to drink it, though he was tormented with a burning thirst. As often as he stooped to drink, the water was swallowed up, and the earth lay dry as the desert sand at his feet. And nodding boughs of trees drooped, heavy with delicious fruit, over his head; but when he put forth his hand to pluck the fruit, a furious gust of wind swept it away far beyond his reach. And yet another famous criminal he saw, Sisyphus, the most cunning and most covetous of the sons of men. He was toiling painfully up a steep mountain's side, heaving a weighty stone before him, and straining with hands and feet to push it to the summit. But every time he approached the top, the stone slipped through his hands, and thundered and smoked down the mountain's side till it reached the plain.

Other wonders and terrors might still have been revealed, but as that hardy watcher stood at his post a great tumult and commotion arose in that populous city of the dead, and the whole multitude of its ghostly denizens[7] came rushing towards the trench, as if resolved to expel the daring intruder. Odysseus's heart failed him when he saw the air thick with hovering specters, who glared with dreadful eyes, and filled the air with the sound of their unearthly voices. Turning his back on that place of horror he made his way slowly towards the shore, where he found his men anxiously awaiting him.

[6] NETHER—Lower.
[7] DENIZENS—Citizens, inhabitants.

VII Circe's Advice

Following the same course as on his outward voyage, Odysseus put in again at the island of Circe, where his first duty was to bury the body of the young Elpenor, whose ghost he had seen in an attitude of mute reproach at the threshold of Hades. They were again received with all hospitality by Circe.

After the evening meal Circe drew Odysseus apart, and questioned him on all that he had seen and heard on that strange journey, from which he had returned, as she said, like one ransomed from death. And when he had told his story she instructed him as to the course which he had to steer on leaving the island, and warned him against the manifold perils of the voyage.

"First," said she, "thou wilt come to the rocks of the Sirens, maidens of no mortal race, who beguile the ears of all that hear them. Woe to him who draws near to listen to their song! He shall never see the faces of his wife and children again, or feel their arms about his neck, but there he shall perish, and there his bones shall rot. Therefore take heed, and when thou drawest near the place stop the ears of thy men with wax, and bid them bind thee fast with cords, that thou mayst hear the song of the Sirens. And when that seducing melody fills thine ears, thou wilt beg and implore thy comrades to set thee free, that thou mayst draw near and have speech of the Sirens. Then let them bind thee more firmly to the mast, and take to their oars, and fly the enchanted rocks.

"This peril past, thou hast the choice of two different routes. One of these will bring thee to the Wandering Isles, which stand, front to front, with steep slippery sides of rock, running sheer down to the sea. Between them lies a narrow way, which is the very gate of death. For if aught living attempts to pass between, those rocky jaws close upon it and grind it to powder. Only the doves which bear ambrosia[1] to Father Zeus can pass that awful strait, and one of these pays toll with her life as she

[1] Ambrosia—The substance which, with nectar, formed the food and drink of the gods.

passes, but Zeus sends another to fill her place. And one ship sailed safely through, even the famous *Argo,* when she bore Jason and his crew on their voyage from the land of Aeëtes. All others when they essayed the task perished and were brought to naught in a whirlwind of foam and fire.

"But if thou takest the other way thou wilt come to another strait, guarded day and night by two sleepless sentinels, Scylla and Charybdis. On one side thereof towers a lofty peak, shrouded, even in the noon of summer, in clouds and thick darkness. No mortal man could climb that steep and slippery rock, not though he had twenty hands and twenty feet; for the side is smooth as polished marble, and in the midst of the cliff is a shadowy cave overlooking the track by which thou must guide thy ship, Odysseus. Deep down it goes into the heart of the mountain, so that a man in his lusty prime could not shoot an arrow from his ship to the bottom of that yawning pit. In the cave dwells Scylla, and yelps without ceasing. Her voice is thin and shrill, like the cry of a hound, but she herself is a monster horrible to behold, so that neither man nor god could face her without affright. Twelve feet hath she, and six necks of prodigious[2] length, and on each neck a fearful head, whose ravening jaws are armed with triple rows of teeth. As far as her waist she is hidden in the hollow cave, but she thrusts out her serpent necks from the abyss, and fishes in the waters for dolphins and sea dogs and other creatures whose pasture is the sea. On every ship that passes her den she levies a tribute of six of her crew.

"On the other side of the strait thou wilt see a second rock, lying flat and low, about a bowshot from the first. There stands a great fig tree, thick with leaves, and under it sits Charybdis, sucking down the water, and belching it up again three times a day. Beware that thou approach not when she sucks down the water, for then none could save thee from destruction, no,

[2] PRODIGIOUS—Great, huge, enormous.

not Poseidon himself. Rather steel thy galley past Scylla's cave, for it is better to lose six of thy men than to lose them all.

"Next thou shalt come to the island of Thrinacia, where graze the oxen of Helios and his goodly sheep—seven herds of oxen, and as many fair flocks of sheep, and fifty in each flock and herd. They are not born, neither do they die, and two goddesses have charge of them, fair-haired nymphs, the daughters of Helios. Take heed that thou harm not the sacred beasts, that it may be well with thee, and that thou and thy company may come safely home."

VIII The Sirens, and Scylla and Charybdis

Once more they were afloat, and the brave little vessel bounded gayly over the waves, her canvas bellying in the wind.

For some hours they sailed on thus, and Odysseus recited to his men all that he had heard from Circe. Then suddenly the wind dropped, and the sail hung idly to the mast. Having furled and stowed the sail, they took to their oars, while the sea went down, and at last sunk to a level calm. In the distance a low-lying coast appeared, which Odysseus knew to be the island of the Sirens. Forthwith he began to make his preparations to meet the danger which lay before them. Taking a ball of wax he cut it into small pieces, and having worked each piece in his hand until it was soft and plastic he carefully stopped the ears of all his men with the wax. Then two of the crew, to whom he had already given his orders, bound him hand and foot to the mast of the vessel. All being ready, they rowed forward until they came within full view of the island. And there, in a low-lying meadow hard by the sea, sat the Sirens; lovely they were of aspect,[1] and gracious of mien[2]; but all around them were piled the bones of men who had fallen victims to their wicked wit, fleshless ribs, from which the skin still hung in yellow shreds, and grinning skulls, gazing with eyeless sockets at the sea.

[1] Aspect—Appearance.
[2] Mien—Stature, air, carriage.

As the ship drew near, the whole choir lifted up their voices and began to sing a sweet and piercing strain, which thrilled the very marrow of Odysseus as he listened. The winds hovered near on flagging[3] wing, the sea lay locked in deep repose, and all nature paused with attentive ear, to catch the SONG OF THE SIRENS.

"Mighty warrior, sage renowned,
Turn, O turn thy bark this way!
Rest upon this holy ground,
Listen to the Sirens' lay.

Never yet was seaman found
Passing our enchanted bay,
But he paused, and left our bound
Filled with wisdom from his stay.

All we know, whate'er befell
On the tented fields of Troy,
All the lore that Time can tell,
All the mystic fount[4] of joy."

It was a strain cunningly calculated to flatter a deep, subtle spirit like that of Odysseus. To know all! to read all secrets, and unravel the tangled skein of human destiny! What a bribe was this to this restless and eager mind! Then the voices of the witch women were so liquid, and the music so lovely, that they took the very air with ravishment, and melted the hearer's soul within him. Odysseus struggled to break his bonds, and nodded to his men to come and loose him. But they, who had been warned of this very thing, rose up and bound him with fresh cords. Then they grasped their oars again, the water roared under their sturdy strokes, and soon they were out of hearing of that seductive melody.

They had not long lost sight of the Sirens' Rocks when they heard the booming of breakers, which warned them that the fearful strait between Scylla and Charybdis was close at hand. A strong current caught the galley and whirled her with appall-

[3] FLAGGING—Halting, hesitating.
[4] FOUNT—Fountain, source.

ing swiftness towards the point of danger. The water boiled and eddied around them, and the blinding spray was dashed into their faces. Then a sudden panic came upon the crew, so that they dropped their oars, and sat helpless and unnerved, expecting instant death. In this emergency, Odysseus summoned up all his courage, and strode up and down between the benches, exhorting, entreating, and calling each man by name. "Why sit ye thus," he cried, "huddled together like sheep? Row, men, row for your lives! And thou, helmsman, steer straight for the passage, lest we fall into a direr strait, and be crushed between the Wandering Rocks. We have faced a worse peril than this, when we were penned together in the Cyclops's cave; and we shall escape this time also, if only ye will keep a stout heart."

Circe had cautioned Odysseus on no account to attempt resistance when he approached the cave of Scylla; nevertheless, he put on his armor, and took his stand on the prow of the vessel, holding in each hand a lance.

So on they sped, steering close to the tall cliff under which Scylla lay hid, and gazing fearfully at the boiling whirlpool on the other side. Just as they passed, a huge column of water shot into the air, belched up from the vast maw[5] of Charybdis, and the galley was half swamped under a fountain of falling water. When that ended, a black yawning chasm appeared, the very throat, as it seemed, of Charybdis, into which the water rushed in a roaring torrent.

Odysseus was gazing intently at this wondrous sight when he heard a sharp cry, and, looking back he saw six of his men, the stoutest of the crew, dangling high in the air, firmly clutched in the six sharklike jaws of Scylla. There they hung for a moment, like fishes just caught by the angler's hook; the next instant they were dragged into the black mouth of the cavern, calling with their last breath on their leader's name. This was the most pitiful thing that Odysseus had ever beheld, in all his long years of travel on the sea.

[5] Maw—Opening, mouth.

IX The Island of the Sun God

The last trial was now at hand, and if they could stand this final test a happy home-coming was promised to them all. By next day's dawn they ran down to the fair isle of Helios, and as they drew near they heard the lowing of oxen and the bleating of sheep. Then Odysseus remembered the warnings of Circe and Teiresias, and sought to persuade his men to sail past the island and fly from the reach of temptation. But they murmured against him, and Eurylochus, his lieutenant, gave voice to their feelings thus: "Thou man of iron, thou hast no pity on us, but thinkest that we are all as hardy and as strong as thou art. Hungry and weary as we are, wouldst thou have us turn away from this fair isle, where we could prepare a comfortable meal, and take refreshing sleep? Shall we add the horrors of night to the horrors of the sea, and confront the demons of storm that haunt the caverns of darkness? Nay, suffer us to abide here to-night, and to-morrow we will hoist sail again."

Odysseus saw by the looks of his men that it would be useless to strain his authority, and so he gave way, though with sore reluctance, only exacting a solemn oath from the whole company that they would keep their hands off the cattle of Helios. When each in turn had taken the oath they landed on the shore of a sheltered bay, and encamped by a fair spring of fresh water.

During the night it began to blow hard, and early next morning, as the weather was still stormy and the wind contrary, they hauled up their galley and bestowed her in a roomy cave, beyond the reach of wind and water. Odysseus repeated his warnings, and the crew then dispersed, to while away the time until the weather should mend.

For a whole month they had nothing but contrary gales from the south and east, and long before that time had run out they had come to the end of their store of provisions. For some time they contrived to live on the fish which they caught by angling from the rocks, though this was but poor fare for the robust appetites of those heroic days.

All this time Odysseus kept a careful watch over the movements of his men, fearing that they might be driven by hunger to break the oath which they had taken. But one morning he wandered away to a distant part of the island, that he might spend an hour in solitary prayer and meditation. Having found a secluded spot, he washed his hands, and prayed earnestly to the gods for succor[1]: and when he had prayed, heaven so ordered it that he fell into a deep sleep.

Then the demon of mischief entered into the heart of Eurylochus, a factious[2] knave, who had more than once thwarted the counsels of Odysseus. "Comrades," he said, "let us make an end of this misery. Death in any shape is loathly to us poor mortals, but death by hunger is the most hideous of all. Come, let us take the choicest of the herds of Helios, and feast upon them, after sacrifice to the gods. When we return to Ithaca we will build a temple to Helios, and appease him with rich offerings. And even though he choose to wreck our ship and drown us all, I would rather swallow the brine, and so make an end, than waste away by inches on a desert island."

The famishing sailors lent a ready ear to his words, and having picked out the fattest of the oxen they slaughtered them and offered sacrifice, plucking the leaves of an oak as a substitute for the barley meal for sprinkling between the horns of the victims, and pouring libations of water instead of wine. When the vain rite was finished, they spitted[3] slices of the meat, and roasted them over the glowing embers.

Meanwhile Odysseus had awakened from his sleep, and made his way, not without forebodings of ill, back to the camp. As he approached, the steam of roasting meat was borne to his nostrils. "Woe is me!" he cried, "the deed is done! What a price must we now pay for one hour of sleep."

Vengeance, indeed, was already prepared. Helios received prompt news of the sacrilege from one of the nymphs who had charge of his flocks and herds, and hastened to Olympus to

[1] Succor—Help, aid, guidance.
[2] Factious—Given to stirring up discontent, or opposition.
[3] Spitted—Put on spits for roasting.

demand speedy punishment for the transgressors, vowing that if they escaped he would leave the earth in darkness and carry the lamp of day to the nether world. Zeus promised that the retribution should be swift and complete, and Helios thereupon returned immediately to his daily round, knowing full well that the father of gods would keep his word.

When Odysseus entered the camp he rebuked his men bitterly for their impiety. But no words, and no repentance, could now repair the mischief; the cattle were slain, and in that very hour dire portents[4] occurred, to show them the enormity of their crime. A strange moaning sound, like the lowing of kine, came from the meat on the spits, and the hides of the slaughtered beasts crawled and writhed.

In spite of these dreadful omens they continued for six days to feast upon the herds of Helios. On the seventh day the wind blew fair, and they launched their vessel and continued their voyage. The last vestige[5] of the island had hardly been lost to view when the sky became black with clouds, and a violent squall struck the ship, snapping her mast, which fell upon the helmsman, and dashed out his brains. A moment after, a deafening peal of thunder broke overhead, and the avenging bolt of Zeus fell upon the ship, scattering her timbers, and strewing the charred[6] carcasses of the crew upon the waves.

Odysseus alone escaped with his life from that tremendous stroke, and clinging to a spar floated all day, until he came in sight of the strait between Scylla and Charybdis. By the favor of heaven[7] he was once more preserved from this great peril, and on the tenth day after the loss of his vessel he was thrown ashore by the waves on the island of Calypso.

[4] PORTENTS—Signs, omens.
[5] VESTIGE—Sight, view.
[6] CHARRED—Burned by the lightning.
[7] Odysseus was caught by Charybdis and carried upward on the rushing spout of water, to the tall fig tree on the bank. This he clutched and clung to as a bat clings, watching until he could see his spar disgorged by Charybdis. Late in the day it appeared, and, letting go hands and feet, Odysseus dropped down upon the mast, and rowed onward with his hands. He was given no further sight of Scylla.

X On Calypso's Island

For seven long years was Odysseus confined on Calypso's island, kept there by the malice of Poseidon, in vengeance for the blinding of his son, Polyphemus.

But now the prayers of Athene[1] have prevailed, and Hermes, the messenger of the gods, is on his way from Olympus, bearing a peremptory summons to Calypso to let Odysseus depart. Shod with his golden, winged sandals, which bear him, swift as the wind, over sea and land, and holding in his hand his magic wand, Hermes skimmed like a sea gull over the blue waters of the Ægean, until he came to that far distant isle. Arrived there, he went straight to the great cavern where Calypso dwelt; and he found her there, walking about her room, weaving with a golden shuttle, and singing sweetly at her work. A great fire was blazing on the hearth, sending forth a sweet odor of cedar and sandalwood. Round about the cavern grew a little wood of blossoming trees, alder and poplar tall, and cypress sweet of smell; and there owls and hawks and cormorants built their nests. Over the threshold was trained a wide-branching vine, with many a purple cluster and wealth of rustling leaves. Four springs of clear water welled up before the cave, and wandered down to the meadows where the violet and parsley grew. It was a choice and cool retreat, meet dwelling for a lovely nymph.

Calypso greeted her visitor kindly, bade him be seated, and set nectar and ambrosia before him. And when he had refreshed himself, he told his message. "I bear the commands of Zeus," he said, "and to do his high will have I traveled this long and weary way. It is said that thou keepest with thee a man of many woes, who has suffered more than any of those who fought at Troy. Him thou art commanded to send away from thee with all speed; for it is not destined for him to end his days

[1] Athene—One of the greater Olympian deities, noted as a civic goddess, wise in the industries of peace, and the arts of war, and the guardian goddess of Odysseus.

here, but the hour has come when he must go back to his home and country. Zeus has spoken, and thou must obey."

This was bitter news to Calypso, for she loved Odysseus, and would have made him immortal, that he might abide with her forever. She wrung her hands, and said in a mournful voice: "Now I know of a truth that the gods are a jealous race, and will not suffer one of their kind to wed with a mortal mate. But since no other deity may evade or frustrate the will of Zeus, let him go, and I will show him how he may reach his own country without scathe.[z]"

When he had heard Calypso's answer, Hermes took leave of her, and returned to Olympus, and the nymph went down to the part of the shore where she knew Odysseus was accustomed to sit. There he would remain all day, gazing tearfully over the barren waste of waters, and wearing out his soul with ceaseless lamentation. For he had long grown weary of his soft slavery in Calypso's cave, and yearned with exceeding great desire for the familiar hills of Ithaca, so rugged, but so dear. And there Calypso found him now, sitting on a rock with dejected mien. She sat down at his side, and said: "A truce to thy complaints, thou man of woes! Thou hast thy wish; I will let thee go with all good will, and I will show thee how to build a broad raft, which shall bear thee across the misty deep. I will victual her with corn and wine, and clothe thee in new garments, and send a breeze behind thee to waft thee safe. Thus am I commanded by the gods, whose dwelling is in the wide heaven, and their will I do. Up now and fell me yon tall trees for timber to make the raft."

Odysseus was by nature a very shrewd and cautious man, and he feared that Calypso was contriving some mischief against him, in revenge for his coldness. He looked at her doubtfully, and answered: "I fear thee, nymph, and I mistrust thy purpose. How shall a man cross this dreadful gulf, where no ship is ever

[z] SCATHE—Harm, injury.

seen, on a raft? And though that were possible, I will never leave thee against thy will. Swear to me now that thou intendest me no harm."

Calypso smiled at his suspicions, and patted him on the shoulder as she answered: "Thou art a sad rogue, and very deep of wit, as anyone may see by these words of thine. Now hear me swear: Witness, thou earth, and the wide heaven above us, and the dark waterfall of Styx,[3] the greatest and most awful thing by which a god may swear, that I intend no ill, but only good, to this man."

Having sworn that oath Calypso rose, and bidding Odysseus follow led the way to her cave. There she set meat before him, such as mortal men eat, and wine to drink; but she herself was served by her handmaids with immortal food, and nectar, the wine of the gods. When they had supped, Calypso looked at Odysseus and said: "And wilt thou indeed leave me, thou strange man? Am I not tall and fair, and worthy to be called a daughter of heaven? And is thy Penelope so rare, that thou preferrest her to me! Ah! if thou knewest all the toils which await thee before thou reachest thy home, and all the perils prepared for thee there, thou wouldst renounce thy purpose, and dwell forever with me. Nevertheless go, if thou must, and my blessing go with thee."

Her words were kind, but some anger lurked in her tone, which Odysseus hastened to appease. "Fair goddess," he answered, "be not wroth with me. I know that thou art more lovely far than my wife Penelope; for thou art divine, and she is but a mortal woman. Nevertheless I long day and night to see her face, and to sit beneath the shadow of my own rooftree. And if I be stricken again by the hand of Heaven on the purple sea, I will bear it, for I have a very patient heart. Long have I toiled, and much have I suffered, amid waves and wars. If more remains, I will endure that also."

[3] Styx—The principal river of the lower world, which flowed around it seven times, and had to be crossed in passing to the regions of the dead.

XI The Voyage on the Raft

At early dawn, when the eastern wave was just silvered by the dim light, Calypso roused Odysseus, and equipped him for the task of the day. First she gave him a weighty two-edged axe, well balanced on its haft[1] of olivewood, and an adz[2] freshly ground; then she showed him where the tall trees grew, and bade him fall to work with the axe. Twenty great trees fell beneath his sturdy strokes, and he trimmed the trunks with the axe, and stripped off the bark. Meanwhile Calypso had brought him an auger, and he bored the timbers, and fitted them together, and fastened them with bolts and crosspieces. So the raft grew under his hands, broad as the floor of a stout merchant-ship. And he fenced her with bulwarks, piling up blocks of wood to steady them. Last of all he made mast and sail and rigging; and when all was ready he thrust the frail vessel with rollers and levers down to the sea.

Four times the sun had risen and set before his labor was ended; and on the fifth day Calypso brought him provisions for the voyage, a great goatskin bottle full of water, and a smaller one of wine, and a sack of corn, with other choice viands as a relish to his bread.

A joyful man was Odysseus when he spread his sail, and took his place at the helm, and waved a last farewell to his gentle friend. A fair breeze wafted him swiftly from the shore, and ere long that lovely island, at once his home and his prison for seven long years, became a mere shadow in the distance. All night he sat sleepless, tiller in hand, watching the pilot stars, the Pleiades,[3] and the Bear,[4] which turns on one spot, and watches Orion,[5] and never dips into the ocean stream. For the goddess Calypso had bidden him keep that star[6] on the left

[1] Haft—Handle.
[2] Adz—A cutting tool having a curved blade at right angles to the handle.
[3] Pleiades—A constellation of stars.
[4] Bear—The stars forming the Great North Dipper which turns about the north star and never gets out of sight below the horizon.
[5] Orion—Another constellation.
[6] That Star—The North Star. In which direction was he sailing?

hand as he sailed the seas. Thus he voyaged for seventeen days, and on the eighteenth he saw afar off, dimly outlined, a range of hills, rising, like the back of a shield, above the horizon's verge.

Now Poseidon, his great enemy, had been absent for many days on a far journey, and thus had taken no part in the council at Olympus when Zeus had issued his order for the release of Odysseus. Just at this time he was on his way back to Olympus, and caught sight of the bold voyager steering towards the nearest land. "Ha! art thou there?" said the implacable[7] god, shaking his head; "and have the other powers plotted against me in my absence, to frustrate my just anger? Thy wanderings are well-nigh over, poor wretch! But thou shalt taste once more of my vengeance, before thou reachest yonder shore."

So saying the lord of ocean took his trident[8] and stirred up the deep; and the clouds came trooping at his call, covering the sky with a black curtain. Soon a great tempest broke loose, blowing in violent and fitful blasts from all the four quarters of heaven. Then pale fear got hold of Odysseus, as he saw the great curling billows heaving round his frail craft. "Woe is me!" he cried, "when shall my troubles have an end? Surely the goddess spoke truth, when she foretold me that I should perish amid the waves, and never see my home again. Here I lie helpless, given over to destruction, the sport of all the winds of heaven. Happy, thrice happy, were my comrades who fell fighting bravely and found honorable burial in the soil of Troy! Would that I had died on that great day when the battle raged fiercest; then should I have found death with honor, but now I am doomed to a miserable and dishonored end."

The words were hardly uttered when a huge toppling wave struck the raft with tremendous force, carrying away mast and sail, and hurling Odysseus into the sea. Deep down he sank, and the waters darkened over his head, for he was encumbered by the weight of his clothes. At last he rose to the surface,

[7] IMPLACABLE—Relentless.
[8] TRIDENT—A three-pronged spear, the symbol of authority of Poseidon.

gasping, and spitting out the brine, and though sore spent, he swam towards the raft, and hauled himself on board. There he sat clinging to the dismasted and rudderless vessel, which was tossed to and fro from wave to wave, as the winds of autumn sport with the light thistledown and drive it hither and thither.

But help was at hand. There was a certain ocean nymph, named Ino, daughter of Cadmus, who had once been a mortal woman, but now was numbered among the immortal powers. She saw and pitied Odysseus, and boarding the raft addressed him in this wise: "Poor man, why is Poseidon so wroth with thee that he maltreats thee thus? Yet shall he not destroy thee, for all his malice. Only do as I bid thee, and thou shalt get safely to land: take this veil, and when thou hast stripped off thy garments, bind it across thy breast. Then leave the raft to its fate, and swim manfully to land; and when thou art safe fling the veil back into the sea, and go thy way."

So saying the goddess sank beneath the waves, leaving Odysseus with her veil in his hand. But that cautious veteran did not at once act on her advice, for he feared that some treachery was intended against him. He resolved therefore to remain on the raft as long as her timbers held together, and only to have recourse to the veil in the last extremity.

He had just taken this prudent resolution, when another wave, more huge than the last, thundered down on the raft, scattering her timbers, as the wind scatters a heap of chaff. Odysseus clung fast to one beam and, mounting it, sat astride as on a horse, until he had stripped off his clothes. Then he bound the veil round him, flung himself head foremost into the billows, and swam lustily towards land.

The storm was now subsiding, and a steady breeze succeeded, blowing from the north, which helped that much-tried hero in his struggle for life. Yet for two days and two nights he battled with the waves, and when day broke on the third day he found himself close under a frowning wall of cliffs, at whose foot the

sea was breaking with a noise like thunder. Odysseus ceased swimming, and trod the water, looking anxiously round for an opening in the cliffs where he might land. While he hesitated, a great foaming wave came rushing landward, threatening to sweep him against that rugged shore; but Odysseus saw his danger in time, and succeeded in gaining a rocky mass which stood above the surface just before him, and clutching it with hands and knees, contrived to keep his hold until the huge billow was past. In another moment he was caught by the recoil of the wave, and flung back into the boiling surf, with fingers torn and bleeding. With desperate exertions he fought his way out into the comparatively calm water, outside the line of breakers, and swam parallel to the shore, until he saw with delight a sheltered inlet, whence a river flowed into the sea. Murmuring a prayer to the god of the river he steered for land, and a few strokes brought him to a smooth sandy beach, where he lay for a long time without sense or motion. All his flesh was swollen by his long immersion in the water, the skin was stripped from his hands, and when his breath came back to him he felt as weak as a child. Then a deadly nausea[9] came over him, and the water which he had swallowed gushed up through his mouth and nostrils. Somewhat relieved by this, he rose to his feet, and tottering to the river's brink loosed the veil from his waist, and dropped it into the flowing water. For he remembered the request of Ino, to whom he owed his life.

He had indeed escaped the sea; but his position seemed almost hopeless. There he lay, naked, and more dead than alive, without food or shelter, in a strange land, without a sign of human habitation in view. Crawling painfully to a bed of rushes he lay down and considered what was best for him to do. He could not remain where he was, for it was an exposed place, with no protection from the dew, and open to the chill breeze from the river, which blows at early dawn. A few hours of such a vigil would certainly kill him in his exhausted state.

[9] NAUSEA—Sickness.

If, on the other hand, he sought the shelter of the woods, he feared that he would fall a prey to some prowling beast.

At last he determined to face the less certain peril, and made his way into a thicket not far from the river side. Searching for a place where he might lie he soon came upon two dense bushes of olive, whose leaves and branches were so closely interwoven that they formed a sort of natural arbor, impenetrable by sun, or rain, or wind. "In good time!" murmured Odysseus, as he crept beneath that green roof, and scooped out a deep bed for himself in the fallen leaves. There he lay down, and piled the leaves high over him. And as a careful housewife in some remote farmhouse, where there are no neighbors near, covers up a burning brand among the ashes, so that it may last all night, and preserve the seed of fire; so lay Odysseus, nursing the spark of life, in his deep bed of leaves. And soon he forgot all his troubles in a deep and dreamless sleep.

XII Nausicaä, the Phæacian Maiden

The land on which Odysseus had thus been cast like a piece of broken wreckage was called Phæacia, and derived its name from the Phæacians, a race of famous mariners, who had settled there some fifty years before, having been driven from their former seat by the Cyclopes, the savage tribe, who dwelt on their borders. Defended by strong walls they were now safe against all attacks, and they soon grew rich and prosperous in the exercise of a thriving trade.

At this time the king of the Phæacians was Alcinous, who had a fair daughter, named Nausicaä. On the night when Odysseus lay couched in his bed of leaves Nausicaä was sleeping in her bower, and with her were two handmaids, whose beds were set on either side of the door. And in a dream she seemed to hear one of her girlish friends, the daughter of a neighboring house, speaking to her thus: "Nausicaä, why art thou grown so careless as to suffer all the raiment in thy father's house to remain unwashen, when thy bridal day is so near? Wouldst thou be wedded in soiled attire, and have all thy friends clad unseemly,

to put thee to shame? These are a woman's cares, by which she wins a good report among men, and gladdens her mother's heart. Arise, therefore, at break of day, and beg thy father to let harness the mules to the wain,[1] that thou mayst take the linen to the place of washing, far away by the river's side. I will go with thee, and help thee in the work."

So dreamed Nausicaä, and so spake the vision. But the voice which seemed the voice of her friend came from no mortal lips; it was Athene herself who had visited the maiden's bower, in her care for Odysseus, that he might get safe conduct to the city of the Phæacians. And when she had done her errand the goddess went back to Olympus, where is the steadfast, everlasting seat of the blessed gods, not shaken of any wind, nor wet with rain, nor chilled by snow, but steeped forever in cloudless, sunny air. There the gods abide forever and take their delight.

Nausicaä rose betimes, with her mind full of the dream, and went down to the hall, where she found her mother sitting by the hearth with her women, spinning the bright sea-purple thread. Inquiring for her father she learned that he had but that moment gone forth to attend the council of elders, and hastening after him she found him before the doors of the house.

"Father," she said, "may I have the wagon to take the household raiment to the place of washing? Thou thyself hast ever need of clean garments when thou goest to the council, and my brothers will reproach me if they lack clean raiment when they go to the dance."

Thus spake the maiden, being ashamed to make mention of her own marriage. But Alcinous knew, and smiled to himself, as he ordered his thralls to prepare the wagon. So when they had harnessed the mules, Nausicaä and her handmaids brought the soiled garments, and bestowed them behind the seat. And her mother brought a basket with food for the midday meal and oil for her daughter and the other maidens when they took their

[1] WAIN—Wagon.

bath. Then they took their seats, Nausicaä grasped the reins, and they went off at a sharp trot towards the riverside.

After a pleasant drive, they came to the place where stood a row of cisterns on the river's bank. There they unharnessed the mules, and left them to crop the sweet clover in the water meadows. Then they unloaded the wagon, threw the garments into washing-troughs, and trod them with their feet until they were thoroughly cleansed, and having wrung them out, they spread them on the white pebbly beach to dry. While the garments were bleaching in the wholesome sun and air, they took their bath, and afterwards sat down to the midday meal. When that was ended, they threw off their veils, and stood up to play at ball.

It was a pretty and graceful sight; they were all comely maidens, glowing with youth and health. Their sport was accompanied by dance and song, and as they chased the flying ball, keeping time with hand and foot and voice, they seemed like a choir of mountain nymphs, led by Artemis, when she goes forth to the chase, in the wild valleys of Arcady. Tallest and fairest of them all was Nausicaä, who led the sport, moving like a queen among her vassals.

Presently they grew tired of their sport, and Nausicaä flung the ball for the last time to one of her handmaids. The girl missed the ball, and it fell into the middle of the river, whereupon the whole company set up a sharp cry. The sound came to the ears of Odysseus, and woke him from his long slumber. He sat up in his bed of leaves and communed with himself: "Behold I hear the shrill cry of women, or perhaps of the nymphs who haunt this wild place. Now may I learn of what sort are the natives of this land, whether they be fierce and inhospitable, or gentle and kind to strangers." Plucking a leafy bough, and holding it before him to cover himself, he stepped forth from the thicket, and came in sight of that gentle company. Grim and dreadful he looked, like a hungry lion, buffeted by rain and wind, who goes forth in a tempest to seek his prey; for he was haggard with long fasting, and sore disfigured by his

battle with the sea; his eyes glared with famine, and his hair and beard hung ragged and unkempt about his face. At this fearful apparition the maidens fled shrieking along the river bank, all but Nausicaä, who stood her ground, and gazed fearlessly, though in wonder, while Odysseus came slowly forward. When he was still some way off he stopped, fearing to offend her delicacy if he came nearer. Then with a gesture of entreaty he began to speak, and Nausicaä knew at once that it was no common man who stood before her.

"Have pity on me, O queen!" he began, in soft and gentle tones. "Art thou a goddess, or a mortal woman? If thou art a goddess, thou seemest to me most like to Artemis, daughter of great Zeus, both in face, and in stature, and in form. But if thou art mortal, then thrice blessed are thy father and mother, and thrice blessed thy brethren, and their spirits are refreshed because of thee, when thou goest, a very rose of beauty, to the dance. Happy the man who wins thee for his bride! Never yet have I seen the like of thee among all the children of men. Only once have I beheld aught to compare unto thee, a young palm tree which I saw growing tall and straight by the altar of Apollo at Delos. I saw it, and was amazed, for it was wondrous fair; and even so is my soul filled with wonder and dread when I look upon thy face, so that I am afraid to draw near unto thee, though sore is my need. Yesterday I was flung naked on thy coast, after a voyage of twenty days. Many things have I suffered, and more, I ween,[2] remains for me in store; for I am a man of many woes. Have compassion on me, dear lady! I am thy suppliant, and to thee first I address my prayer. Show me the way to the city, and give me a cloth to wrap round me, that I may go among the people without shame. And may the gods give thee all, whatsoever thy heart desireth, a husband and a home, and happy wedded love, shedding warmth in thine house, and a strong defense against all ills from without, but above all a sacred treasure in thy husband's heart, and in thine."

[2] I WEEN—I suppose, imagine.

"Whatever be thy misfortunes," answered Nausicaä, "I am sure they are not the fruit of thine own folly or wickedness. And since thou art come as a suppliant to this land of ours, thou shalt want nothing, whether it be raiment, or aught else that befits thy state. I will show thee our city, and tell thee the name of the people. Know that thou hast come to the country of the Phæacians, whose ruler and king is Alcinous, and I am his daughter."

Then she called to her handmaids, who were looking on, half-frightened, half curious, from behind rocks and trees, a long way off, ready to resume their flight at the slightest alarm: "Come hither, and fear not the man; neither he nor any other shall ever come to this land with thoughts of harm; for we are very dear to the immortal gods. Far away we dwell amidst the rolling seas, remote from the haunts of men. But this is some hapless wanderer, driven by chance to our shores, and we must cherish him, for from Zeus come all strangers and beggars, and a little gift is a great thing to them. Take the stranger to a sheltered place, where he may wash and dress him, and give him wherewithal to clothe himself, and after that, meat and drink."

When they heard the words of their mistress the maidens came stealing timidly back, one by one. And they gave Odysseus clean raiment and when he had washed and clothed himself, he came back to the place where Nausicaä was waiting. Wonderful was the change which had been made in his appearance by the refreshing bath and fitting apparel. Instead of the squalid, battered wretch who had begged for countenance and shelter, Nausicaä saw before her a stalwart, stately man, broad-shouldered, and deep of chest, with dark clustering hair and beard, like the curling hyacinth, and an air of majesty and command.

"Hear me, friends," whispered Nausicaä, as she saw him coming, "methinks some god hath wrought a miracle on this man, who but now was so hideous to behold. Would that we might

prevail with him to make his abode among us! She would be a proud maiden who should wed with such as him. Now give the stranger food and drink." And they did so, and Odysseus ate and drank with keen appetite, having tasted nothing for many days. While he was eating, the maidens folded the garments and placed them in the wagon, and when he had finished, Nausicaä mounted the wagon, and bidding him and the handmaids follow on foot started the mules and drove slowly towards the city. When they reached the cultivated lands outside the walls she drew up, and addressed Odysseus thus: "Stranger, I may not go with thee further, for I fear the envious tongues of the citizens, who will point the finger at us and say: 'See what a tall and handsome stranger Nausicaä hath brought with her!—some seafaring man whom she hath brought with her to be her husband, since she despises the men of her own nation.' And this will be a reproach unto me. Therefore wait thou awhile, and do as I bid thee. Not far from here is a temple and grove of Athene, a fair coppice[3] of poplar trees, and a spring of clear water. Go thou thither, and wait until we have time to reach my father's house, then rise and go into the city and inquire for the dwelling of Alcinous. A little child could show thee the way, for there is none like it in all the city."

So saying, Nausicaä drove on, leaving Odysseus where he was. He soon found the temple, and going in knelt down and prayed to the goddess to continue her favor. When he thought that Nausicaä had had time to reach home, he rose and went into the city. The road lay along a narrow causeway, which connected the city with the mainland, and on either side was a sheltered haven, with ships drawn up on the beach. Passing through the gates he came next to the place of assembly, in front of a temple of Poseidon, with a circle of massive stones bedded deeply in the earth. Wherever he looked he saw signs of a busy seafaring people—masts, and oars, and great coils of rope—and his ears were filled with the sound of saw and hammer from the shipwrights' yards.

[3] Coppice—Growth.

XIII The Help from King Alcinous

As he stood thus gazing about him, he saw a young maiden coming towards him, carrying a pitcher. He inquired of her the way to the house of Alcinous, and she bade him follow her, as she was going that way. "My father's house," she said, "is close to the house which thou seekest. But thou art a stranger, I perceive, and not of this land; walk therefore warily, and regard no man, for the Phæacians love not the face of the stranger, nor are they given to hospitality. Their home is the deep, and their ships are as swift as a bird—swift as a thought—for they are the favorites of Poseidon."

So saying, the maiden led the way swiftly, and Odysseus followed, keeping close behind. He remarked with wonder that though the streets were full of people, so that they had to walk carefully, and thread their way through the crowd, none seemed to notice him or his companion, or gave any sign of being conscious of their presence. The truth was that the supposed maiden was none other than his patron goddess Athene, who so ordered it that he was invisible to all eyes but hers.

As they went, his companion entertained him with an account of the family history of the Phæacian king, Alcinous, whose father, Nausithous, was the son of Poseidon. Alcinous married Arete, who was related to him by blood, and was honored exceedingly by her husband and by all the Phæacians. "She is the idol of her household," continued the maiden, "and all eyes follow her with love and reverence when she goes through the town. So high is her character that even men consult her in their differences, and defer to her judgment. If thou canst enlist her on thy side, thou wilt soon obtain the safe conduct which thou desirest, and reach thy home in safety and honor."

They had now reached a large enclosed piece of land, surrounded by a tall fence, above which appeared the boughs of goodly trees, laden with their burden of fruit. "Here is the garden of Alcinous," whispered the maiden, "and yonder is the gate. Enter boldly in, and seek out the queen, who is now sit-

ting at meat with her husband's guests. Make thy petition to her, for if her heart incline unto thee all will be well."

With that word she vanished from his sight, and left him standing at the gates of Alcinous. Wondering greatly he entered the garden, and gazed about him. So fair a sight had never met his eyes. Fruit trees without number stood ranged in ordered rows, pear trees, and pomegranates,[1] and rosy apples, the luscious fig, and olives in their bloom. Their fruit never failed, summer or winter, all the year round. There blows the warm west wind without ceasing, nursing the tender blossom, and mellowing the swelling fruit. He saw pears and figs hanging on the trees in every stage of growth. Another part of the enclosure was set apart for the cultivation of the vine; and here also the same wonder was to be seen, springtime and summer dancing hand-in-hand, and yellow autumn treading close in their footsteps. Side by side hung the ripe, purple cluster, the crude grape just turning from green to red, and tiny green bunches lately formed from the blossom. There the labor of the vintagers never ceased, and the winepress overflowed without end.

Between the rows of fruit trees were garden beds, in which grew all manner of flowers and useful herbs; and the whole was watered by a perennial[2] stream, divided into channels which brought the water to every part of the garden.

Turning with a sigh from that paradise of color and perfume, Odysseus passed on to the house, and stood for awhile, scanning that stately structure. His eyes were almost blinded by the light which flashed from the outer walls, which were built of solid brass, with a coping of blue steel. The doors were of gold, with silver lintel and doorposts, and brazen threshold. Then he entered the hall, still unseen of all eyes; and here new wonders awaited him. Within the doorway on either side sat dogs wrought in silver and gold, living creatures, that know neither age nor death, which Hephæstus, the divine artificer, made, in the wisdom of his heart, to guard the house of the prince Alcinous day and night. At intervals stood figures of youths fash-

[1] Pomegranate—A fruit, resembling an orange in size and color.
[2] Perennial—Lasting, or continuing through the years.

ioned in gold, with torches in their hands, which at night time shed a blaze of light throughout the hall. And all round the walls were set rows of seats, covered with richly woven cloths, the work of women's hands. There sat the noble chieftains of Phæacia, feasting on the bounty of their king.

Far within, visible through a wide-opened door, was seen another chamber, where a troup of domestics were busy at their tasks. Some were grinding the yellow grain in hand mills, others were walking to and fro at the loom, and others sat plying distaff and spindle, nodding their heads like poplars waving in the wind. Very choice was the fabric woven in that chamber, for the women of Phæacia were famed beyond all others for their skill in weaving, even as the men surpassed all the world in seamanship.

Such were the glories of the house of Alcinous, and when Odysseus had gazed his fill he began to think of the purpose for which he had come. The feasters were just pouring a libation to Hermes, to be followed by a parting cup, before they went home. At that very moment their eyes were opened, and they saw Odysseus kneeling at the feet of Arete, and heard him utter these words:

"Great queen, daughter of a race divine, behold me, a toil-worn wanderer, who hath come hither to implore thy grace. Intercede for me, I pray thee, with thy husband, that he may send me speedily to my native land: and may it be well with thee, and with all this fair company, and with the children who come after thee."

Thereupon he sat down by the hearth in the ashes near the fire; and for awhile not a word was spoken, but all sat gazing at him in wonder. At last an aged Phæacian broke the silence, and said, looking at Alcinous: "My prince, it becomes thee not to suffer this stranger to sit on the ground in the ashes. Behold, we are all waiting for thee to speak and declare thy will. Give this poor man thy hand, and set him on a seat, that he may know that his prayer is granted. And let them give him to eat, and fill a bowl for a libation to Zeus."

Alcinous rose in response to the words of the elder, who was

famed among the Phæacians for his eloquence and wisdom, and taking Odysseus by the hand raised him from his abject posture, and seated him by his side. Food and drink were placed before him, and while he was eating, Alcinous ordered a bowl to be filled for a libation to Zeus, the god of hospitality. The wine was served out to the guests, the libations were poured, and then Alcinous began to speak again, unfolding his purpose towards Odysseus.

"Hear me, ye princes of Phæacia. Go ye now to your rest, and to-morrow we will call an assembly of all the elders, and make a great feast and sacrifice, and after that we will take counsel how we may best send the stranger on his way. Safe and sound we will bring him to his native land, but after that he must take up his portion, according as the Fates have ordained for him, and spun the thread of his life, rough or smooth, from the hour when his mother bare him. I speak as supposing our guest to be a man; but if he be a god, come down from heaven, then I fear that the gods are devising some snare against us. For never has it been their wont to appear among us in disguise, but at sacrifice and at feast they freely consort with us in their own shape, seeing that we are of their own kin."

"Alcinous," answered Odysseus, "let not this fear trouble thee. I am no god, as thou mayst see right well. If ye know any man conspicuous for the burden of sorrow which he bears, ye may learn my lot from his. But none, methinks, can equal the sum of what I have endured by the ordinance of heaven. Therefore let me sup and question me no further to-night; but rouse thee betimes to-morrow, and send me with all speed to my native land. Let me once see my possessions, and my household, and my stately home, and then I will close mine eyes in peace."

A murmur of approval went round the hall as Odysseus ended his speech. One by one the guests took leave of Alcinous, and he and his hosts sat awhile conversing together, while the servants were removing the remnants of the feast, and setting the house in order for the night. Arete was the first to speak, for she recognized the garments which Odysseus was wearing as the

work of her own hands. "Friend," said she, "let me ask thee one question. How camest thou by this raiment? For surely thou hast not brought it with thee in thy voyage across the deep. Say who thou art and whence thou comest."

Thus challenged Odysseus told her all the story of his shipwreck on the island of Calypso, of his long sojourn there, of his voyage on the raft, his second shipwreck, and his landing on the coast of Phæacia. Concluding he touched feelingly on his meeting with Nausicaä, and the kindness, courtesy, and modesty of her behavior. "Never saw I such grace and prudence," he added, "in one so young and so lovely."

"Yet in this she did not well," replied Alcinous, "that she brought thee not straightway to this house, but suffered thee to find thy way alone."

"Nay, blame her not," answered Odysseus, "she bade me come hither with herself and the maidens, but I feared to offend thee, and chose to come alone."

"Think not that I am so hasty, or given to causeless anger," said Alcinous; "excess in all things is evil." Then he looked earnestly at Odysseus, and continued, after a pause: "I would to heaven that thy thoughts were as mine; then wouldst thou abide forever in this land, and take my daughter to wife, and I would give thee house and lands. But I see that thou art steadfastly purposed to leave us; and none shall detain thee against thy will. To-morrow thou shalt go. I will appoint a ship and a crew, and they shall bear thee sleeping to thine own land, yea though it be more distant than far Eubœa, which lies, as I am told, in the uttermost parts of the earth. Yet the Phæacians went thither in their ships, and returned on the same day. They have no equals, as thou shalt soon learn, in seamanship, and no ships in all the world are like mine."

After some further talk they parted for the night, and Odysseus, after all his hardships, was right glad to lay him down in the soft bed prepared for him in the gallery before the house. But before he closed his eyes he muttered a prayer to Zeus that Alcinous might abide by his promise, and send him safely home.

XIV The Banquet of King Alcinous

The next day was appointed for a great feast in the palace of Alcinous, to which all the chief men of Phæacia were invited. The preparations for the banquet were on a heroic scale: twelve sheep, eight fat swine, and two oxen, the choicest of the herd, were slaughtered, and a goodly row of casks, filled with the finest vintages, gave further token that Alcinous was no mean host.

Although Odysseus was desirous of a quick return to his home, yet he could not refuse to accept such open-handed hospitality. The young Phæacians, marveling at the wondrous grace Athene had bestowed upon him, hastened, at the bidding of Alcinous, to launch a black ship into the black water, and to have it in readiness for his home going. Only when the honored bard sang the songs of the strife of Odysseus and of the tale of Troy, did Odysseus draw his great purple cloak before his face to hide his tears. Alcinous marked his sorrow, and ordered the games to begin.

Proudly the young men showed their skill in the foot race, in wrestling, in leaping, and in boxing. Then did the son of Alcinous invite Odysseus to show his skill, and to the amazement of the gathered company, he excelled them all in the throwing of the discus. To reward him, the young men in the first bloom of years, showed their skill in dancing. Odysseus watched their twinkling feet and was astonished.

Beautiful and rich gifts were brought to fill the long black ship, and Odysseus was pleased at the kindness of these Phæacians. At the courteous request of Alcinous, he now told them that his name was Odysseus and gave them an account of his wanderings, since he had left Troy.

As he ended his story, all were hushed to silence. At length, Alcinous turned to his friends and asked them to bring even richer gifts,—of caldrons and tripods of bronze,—so that the famous Odysseus might not return home empty handed, but with honor. This they gladly hastened to do.

PART TWO

XV Odysseus Lands in Ithaca

The last farewell has been spoken, the good ship is loosened from her moorings, and Alcinous is standing on the quay,[1] surrounded by the nobles of Phæacia, to bid his illustrious guest godspeed. The picked crew bend to the oars, and the galley leaps forward, like a mettled steed that knows his master's voice. The setting sun is just gilding the towers of the city as they cross the harbor bar. Swift as a falcon the magic vessel skims over the swelling waters, and the toil-worn hero lays him down to rest on a soft couch prepared for him in the stern. Then a deep and deathlike sleep falls upon him, and he lies breathing gently as an infant, while the soft southern breeze plays with his dark clustering hair.

There is a certain haven in the island of Ithaca, protected by two lofty headlands, leaving a narrow passage between them. Within, the water is so still that ships lie there without moorings, safe and motionless. At the head of the haven is a long-leaved olive tree, overshadowing a cool and pleasant cave, sacred to the Nymphs called Naiads, of the running brooks. Inside the cave are bowls and pitchers of stone, and great stone looms, at which the Naiads weave their fine fabrics of sea-purple dye. It is a favorite haunt of the honeybee, whose murmurs mingled with the splashing of perennial springs make drowsy music in the place. There are two gates to the cavern, one towards the north, where mortal feet may pass, and the other on the south side, which none may enter save the gods alone.

The day-star was gazing on that still, glassy mere[2] as the Phæacians steered between the sentinel cliffs and drove their galley ashore in front of the cave. They lifted Odysseus, still sleeping, from the stern, and laid him down gently, couch and all, on the sand. Then they brought all the rich gifts, and set them down by the root of the olive tree, out of the reach of any

[1] Quay (key)—Wharf.
[2] Mere—Sea.

chance wayfarer; and having bestowed all safely they launched their ship, and started on their voyage home.

But they were destined to pay dear for their good service to the stranger. Poseidon marked their course with a jealous eye, and he went to his brother, Zeus, and thus preferred his complaint: "Behold now this man hath reached home in safety and honor, and brought the oath to naught which I sware against him, when I vowed that he should return to Ithaca in evil plight! Is my power to be defied, and my worship slighted, by these Phæacians, who are of mine own race?"

"Thine honor is in thine own hands," answered Zeus. "Assert thy power, lift up thy hand and strike, that all men may fear to infringe thy privilege as lord of the sea."

Having thus obtained his brother's consent, Poseidon went and took his stand by the harbor mouth at Phæacia, and as soon as the vessel drew near he smote her with his hand, and turned her with all her crew into a rock which remains there, rooted in the sea, unto this day.

XVI The Advice of Athene

Twilight had not yielded to day when Odysseus awoke from his trancelike sleep, and gazed in bewilderment around him. His senses had not yet fully come back to him, and after his twenty years' absence[1] he knew not where he was. All seemed strange—the winding paths, the harbor, the cliffs, and the very trees. With a cry of dismay he sprang to his feet, and cried aloud: "Good lack, what land have I come to now, and who be they that dwell there? Are they savage and rude, or gentle and hospitable to strangers?" Then his eye fell on the gifts which had been brought with him from Phæacia. What was he to do with all this wealth? "Now this is a sorry trick which the Phæacians have played on me," he muttered again, "to carry me to a strange land, when they had promised to convey me safe to Ithaca."

[1] Twenty years—Ten years fighting in Troy; ten years returning home.

So unworthily did Odysseus deem of his benefactors that he fell to counting his goods, for fear lest they should have carried off a portion of the gifts while he slept. He found the tale[2] complete, and when he had finished counting them he wandered disconsolate along the sand, mourning for the country which he thought still far away. As he went thus, with heavy steps and downcast eyes, a shadow fell across his path, and looking up he saw a fair youth, clad and armed like a young prince, who stood before him and smiled in his face with kindly eyes. Glad to meet anyone of so friendly an aspect, Odysseus greeted him, asked for his countenance and protection, and inquired the name of the country.

"Either thou art simple," answered the youth, "or thy home is far away, if thou knowest not this land. It is a place not unknown to fame, but named with honor wherever mortal speech is heard. Rugged indeed it is, and unfit for horses and for chariots, but rich in corn and wine, and blessed by the soft rain of heaven. On its green pastures roam countless flocks and herds, and streams pour their abundance from its forest-clad hills. Therefore the name of Ithaca is spoken far and wide, and hath reached even to the distant land of Troy."

The wanderer's heart burned within him when he heard his dear native island described with such loving praise. But dissembling his joy he set his nimble wits to work, and began to spin a fine fiction for the stranger's ear. "I have heard of Ithaca," he said, "as thou sayest, even in Troy, where I fought under Idomeneus, King of Crete. And now I am an exile, flying from the vengeance of Idomeneus, whose son, Orsilochus, I slew, because he sought to deprive me of my share in the Trojan spoil."

Intent on his tale, Odysseus had not noticed the sudden change which had come over his hearer; for his eyes had been turned away, as he strove to spell out the features of the country, which still seemed unfamiliar. Now he looked round again, and instead of that dainty youth he saw a stately female form,

[2] TALE—Count, number.

tall and fair, in aspect like the mighty goddess Athene. And in truth it was the daughter of Zeus herself who answered him, smiling and touching him with a playful gesture. "Thou naughty rogue!" she said, "wilt thou never forget thy cunning shifts, wherein none can surpass thee, no, not the gods themselves? Yea, thou hast a knavish[3] wit, and no man can equal thee in craft, as no god can rival me. Yet for all thy skill thou knewest me not for Pallas Athene, who is ever near thee in all thy trials, and made thee dear to all the Phæacians. And now am I come to help thee hide thy goods, and weave a plot to ensnare the foes who beset thy house. Thou hast still much to endure, before thy final triumph, and thou must enter thy halls as a stranger, and suffer many things by the hands of violent men."

"It is hard, O goddess," answered Odysseus, "for a mortal man to know thee, keen though he be of wit; for thou appearest in a hundred shapes. Yet well I know that thou wast kind to me in days of old, when I fought with the Greeks at Troy. But since that time I have never seen thee, in all my wanderings and perils, save once in Phæacia. Now tell me truly, I implore thee, what is this place where I am wandering? Thou saidst 'twas Ithaca, but in that I think thou speakest falsely, with intent to deceive me; or is this indeed my native land?"

"Ever the same Odysseus as of old," said Athene, smiling again, "cautious and wary, and hard to convince. Verily thou art a man after mine own heart, and therefore can I never leave thee or forsake thee in all thy cares. Any other man would have rushed to embrace his wife, after so many years of wandering; but thou must needs prove her and make trial of her constancy, before thou takest her to thy heart. And if thou wouldst know why I held aloof from thee so long, it was because of Poseidon, my father's brother, who ever pursued thee with his ire.[4] Yet I knew that thou wouldst return at last, and have waited patiently for that hour. And now I will open thine eyes, that thou mayst know the land of thy birth."

[3] Knavish—Mischievous, roguish.
[4] Ire—Wrath, hatred.

As she spoke she touched his eyes, and a mist seemed to fall away from them, so that he recognized every feature of the place, the slopes of Neritus, waving with forest trees, the spreading olive tree, the harbor, and the cavern where he had many a time sacrificed to the nymphs. Then Odysseus rejoiced in spirit, and kneeling down he kissed his native soil, and put up a prayer to the guardian deities of the place: "Greeting, lovely Naiads, maiden daughters of Zeus! Ne'er hoped I to see your faces again. Give ear unto my prayer, and if I live and prosper by the favor of Athene I will pay you rich offierings, as I was wont to do."

"Doubt not my good will," said Athene, when he had finished; "that is assured thee. But it is time to secure these goods of thine in a safe hiding place. After that we will advise what is next to be done."

With that she dived into the cave, closely followed by Odysseus, and showed him where he best might conceal his treasure. When all was safely bestowed, she set a great stone in the mouth of the cavern, and sat down at the foot of the olive tree, motioning Odysseus to take his place at her side. "Now mark my words," began Athene, "thou hast a heavy task before thee, to purge thy house of the shameless crew who for three years past have held the mastery there, and sought to tempt thy wife from her loyalty to thee. All this time she has been putting them off with promises which she has no mind to fulfill."

"'Tis well," answered Odysseus, "that thou hast warned me; else had I fallen in my own hall. But come, contrive some cunning device, whereby I may avenge me, and be thou at my side to aid me, that my heart fail me not. Pour into me might and the same valor as when we sacked Priam's royal citadel[5]; then should I fear nothing, though I fought single-handed against three hundred men."

"I will not fail thee, of that be sure," replied Athene, "when the time comes to enter on that task. They shall pay full dear

[5] PRIAM'S CITADEL—King Priam's palace in Troy.

for thy substance which they devour, even with their blood and brains, which shall be shed upon the ground like water. But thou must not appear among them in this fashion. I will give thee a disguise which none can penetrate, not even Penelope herself. And when thou leavest this place, go first to the swineherd, who abides ever by his charge, faithful to thee and to thy house. Thou wilt find him sitting by the swine on their feeding ground, near Raven's Rock and the fountain Arethusa, where there is abundance of acorns and fair water. Remain there and inquire of him concerning all things, while I go to Sparta to summon Telemachus, thy son, who went to visit Menelaus to ask news of thee."

"Why didst thou permit him to go on a vain errand?" asked Odysseus. "Was it that he might suffer as I have suffered, in wandering o'er the deep, while others devour his living?"

"Be not over anxious for him," answered Athene; "I myself sent him on that quest, that he might win a good name among men. And now he sits secure in the wealthy house of Menelaus, dwelling in luxury and honor. The wooers have laid an ambush against his return; but all their malice[6] shall be brought to naught."

It was now time for Odysseus to start on his way to the swineherd. But first he had to submit to a strange transformation. Athene touched him with a rod which she was carrying and instantly the flesh shriveled on his limbs, the clustering locks fell away from his head, and the keen, piercing glance of his eyes was quenched. He who a moment before had been a mighty man in his prime was now become a wrinkled, aged beggar, clad in miserable, grimy rags, with a staff, and a tattered scrip,[7] hanging by a cord from his shoulder. For a cloak she gave him an old deer's hide, from which all the hair was gone. Thus totally disguised, he parted from the goddess, and started inland, following a rugged mountain path, while Athene went to summon Telemachus from Sparta.

[6] Malice—Hate, evil intentions.
[7] Scrip—Satchel, small bag.

XVII The Visit to Eumæus

The office of swineherd was a position of great trust and importance among the patriarchal chieftains of ancient Greece. The principal diet was the flesh of swine and oxen, and these animals formed the chief part of their wealth. Eumæus, the chief swineherd of Odysseus, lived apart in a lonely place among the hills, where he had enclosed a wide space of ground with a stone fence defended at the top with brambles, and in front by a palisade of oak. Within the fence were twelve stys, and in each sty were fifty sows with their young. The boars had their quarters outside the enclosure, and their number had been greatly diminished by the constant demand for hog's flesh among the suitors. Still, they reached the formidable total of three hundred and fifty—a noisy and ravenous multitude.

It was no light task to provide shelter for nearly a thousand swine, with their young; yet Eumæus had undertaken this duty during his master's long absence, without the knowledge of Laertes or Penelope. And here he was sitting, on this sunny morning, cutting up a well-tanned ox-hide to make straps for sandals, while four dogs, large and fierce as wolves, prowled near at hand. Three of his helpers were gone with the swine to their feeding ground, and the fourth had been sent to the town with a fat hog for the wooers.

Suddenly the dogs rushed forward, baying furiously, and an old man in tattered raiment appeared at the gate of the court-yard. It would have gone hard with the stranger if Eumæus had not promptly come to the rescue, and driven the dogs off with a volley of stones. "Old man," said Eumæus, as the dogs slunk away yelping, "it was well that I was near, or thou hadst surely been torn to pieces, and brought shame on me. I have trouble enough without that. Here I sit, fattening my master's swine for other men's tables, while he wanders, perchance, among strangers, in poverty and want. But come into my hut, and when thou hast comforted thy soul with meat and wine thou shalt tell thy tale of sorrow."

Odysseus (for he it was, though sorely disfigured) followed Eumæus into the hut, and sat down on a shaggy goatskin, which the swineherd spread for him on a heap of brushwood. "Heaven bless thee," he said, when he was seated, "for this kindly welcome!" "I do but my duty," answered Eumæus. "The stranger and the beggar are sacred, by law divine. 'Tis but little that I can do, who serve young and haughty masters, in the absence of my true lord, who would have rewarded me nobly, and given me a plot of ground and a wife, had he been here to see how Heaven blesses the work of my hands. But he is gone to swell the host of those who fell in Helen's[1] cause. Cursed be she, and all her race, for she hath robbed me of the kindest master that ever man served."

In the midst of his sorrow, Eumæus forgot not his duties as host. Going out he took two young swine, slaughtered and dressed them, and set the flesh, all smoking on the spits, before Odysseus. Then he mixed wine in a bowl of ivy wood, and sitting down opposite to his guest bade him eat and drink.

"'Tis but poor fare which I have to offer you," he said. "The best of the herd ever goes to the young lords who are wooing my mistress. Their wantonness and riot calls aloud to Heaven for vengeance. They are worse than the wildest band of robbers that ever lived by open pillage and violence. Such waste of good meat and wine was never seen before. For a wealthy man was Odysseus, and his flocks and herds still range over all the hills of Ithaca. And from every flock the fattest and the choicest is driven off day by day to feed their dainty mouths."

Odysseus fell to with keen appetite, for he had eaten nothing since he left Phæacia. And when he had satisfied his hunger he pledged Eumæus in a full cup, and led him on to discourse on his favorite theme—the virtues and the sorrows of his lord. "Tell me more," he said, "of thy master. Who knows but that I may have met him in my travels, for I have wandered in many lands."

"Old man," answered Eumæus, "I see thy bent. Thou wouldst

[1] HELEN—Of Troy.

forge some glozing[2] tale to beguile the ears of that poor stricken lady, Penelope. Many a beggar has come to her doors crammed full of lies to amuse[3] her widowed heart; and she listens, and doubts, and weeps. And thou too, methinks, hast a like fertile fancy[4], for hunger and want are rare inventors. But save thy wits for a better purpose; thou canst not bring him back to life, or clothe with warm flesh his bones, long since picked clean by carrion birds or ravenous fish. He is lost forever, and sorrow is the portion of us who remain, but especially of me, for he was dearer to me than father and mother, dearer than my native land."

"Friend," said Odysseus, "thou hast misjudged me sorely, in thinking me one of those greedy mendicants[5] who tell lies for the sake of meat and drink. Believe me or not, I will say what is in my heart, and when my words are proved true by the event I will claim my reward. Odysseus is near at hand, and ere many days have passed he shall be seen in Ithaca, and take vengeance on those who oppress his wife and son. I swear it by this table at which I have eaten, and by the hearth of Odysseus, and by Zeus, the god of hospitality."

Eumæus remained totally unconvinced by this solemn assertion. "Talk no more of him," he said with emotion, "it cuts me to the heart to hear his very name. Would that it might be as thou sayest!—but 'tis an idle dream. 'Tis a cunning invention to flatter my ears. Long ago I was deceived by a false report, brought hither by a wandering exile like thee, who said that he had seen Odysseus repairing his ships in Crete, and bade us look for his coming in the autumn of that year. Since then I have closed my ears against all such rumors, and therefore I say, tell me no more of him, for I cannot and will not believe but that he is dead."

Evening was now coming on, and it was time for the herdsmen to return with their charge from the feeding ground. Pres-

[2] Glozing—Glowing, flattering.
[3] Amuse—Divert attention.
[4] Fertile Fancy—Keen, vivid imagination.
[5] Mendicants—Worthless fellows, beggars.

ently, with huge commotion, and multitudinous din, the swine were driven home and penned in their stys. Then Eumæus called to his helpers, and bade them bring the best of the herd to make savory meat for his guest. "Spare not," he said, "to bring the fattest and choicest of them all, for why should we be careful, when strangers devour our labor?" So they brought a hog of five years old, exceeding fat, and having slaughtered it they offered sacrifice, not forgetting a prayer for the return of Odysseus. When all rites of religion were duly paid, they roasted the flesh, and served it on wooden platters. Odysseus was honored by Eumæus with a choice portion of the loin.

When they had finished, night came on, dark and stormy, with furious gusts of rain and wind. Eumæus drew a truckle-bed close to the fire and heaped it with the skins of sheep and goats. There Odysseus lay down to rest, and Eumæus threw over him a stout mantle of his own. All the other herdsmen slept in the hut; but Eumæus, ever watchful for his master's property, went out, armed to the teeth, to pass the night among the swine, under the shelter of a hollow rock, which kept off the cold north wind. And Odysseus was glad when he saw that good servant so faithful to his trust.

XVIII The Meeting with Telemachus

On the evening before the arrival of Telemachus, Odysseus was sitting after supper with Eumæus and the other herdsmen, and wishing to learn the purpose of Eumæus towards him he said: "I will no longer be a burden to thee and thy fellows. To-morrow I will go to the town and beg my living, if thou wilt send one of thy men to show me the way. Perchance also I might visit the house of Odysseus, and have speech with Penelope. And it may be that the wooers will take me into their service, for I would have thee know that by favor of Hermes I am right skillful of my hands, and no one can match me in

laying a fire and cleaving dry logs, in carving and roasting meat, and in pouring of wine."

But this proposal found no favor with the honest swineherd. "Who put such a thought," he asked, "into thy mind? Serve with the wooers! They would put a speedy end to thy service, and pay thee thy wages in blood. Those who wait upon them are of a different sort from thee—gay striplings, daintily clad, with glossy hair and comely faces. Remain with us until Telemachus comes home; thou art no burden either to me or to my men."

"Be it so, then," answered Odysseus, "and may Heaven requite thee for thy goodness to a poor homeless outcast, who wanders in misery, driven by hunger from door to door!"

Early next day Eumæus and Odysseus were preparing their morning meal, when they heard the sound of footsteps approaching the hut. The hounds pricked up their ears at the sound, and ran fawning round the newcomer, who was evidently well known to them. Odysseus called to Eumæus, who was busy drawing wine, and said: "Some friend of thine is coming; for the dogs fawn upon him, and bark not."

Even as he spoke, a tall figure appeared in the open doorway, and his own dear son stood before him. Eumæus sprang up amazed, and let fall the pitcher into which he had been drawing the wine. Then with a cry of joy he ran to greet his young lord, kissed his hands and his face, and wept over him. Even as a father yearns over his only son, just returned from abroad after a ten years' absence, so Eumæus yearned over Telemachus, and hailed him as one returned from the dead. "Thou art come, Telemachus," he faltered at last, when his emotion suffered him to speak, "thou art come back again, dear as mine own life! Ne'er thought I to see thee again, after thou wast gone to Pylos. Sit thee down, that I may feast mine eyes upon thee; seldom dost thou come this way, but abidest in the house, to watch the wasteful deeds of the wooers."

Odysseus, in his character of beggar, rose respectfully from his seat, to make room for the young prince, but Telemachus

motioned him to resume his place, and sat down himself on a heap of brushwood, on which the swineherd had spread a fleece. While Eumæus was bringing bread and meat, and filling the cups with wine, Telemachus questioned him as to his mother, and learned that no change had occurred in her relation to the wooers since he left Ithaca. Breakfast being over, Eumæus, in answer to his inquiry, told him the story of the supposed stranger. "I have done what I could for him," he added, when he had repeated what he had heard from Odysseus. "Now I deliver him unto thee, to do with him as thou wilt; all his hopes are in thy grace."

"What can I do?" answered Telemachus, in perplexity. "Thou knowest that I am not master in my own house, and my mother is torn between two purposes: whether to wait still in patience for her lord's coming, or to choose a new husband from the noblest of the suitors. Neither she nor I can give protection to such a guest as this. Therefore I will bestow upon him a new cloak and doublet, with sandals for his feet, and arm him with a good sword, and send him whithersoever he chooses to go. Or if thou art willing, thou canst keep him here with thee, and I will send down food and raiment for him, that he may not be a burden to thee and thy men. But I will not allow him to go among the wooers, and suffer ill-treatment which I have no power to prevent."

Odysseus, who had not seen his son since he was an infant, desired to learn something more of his mind and character; and in order to draw him into further speech he asked, with an air of indignation, who the wooers were, and how it was that he submitted to their violence. "Is the public voice against thee," he asked, "or art thou at feud with thy brethren, so that they will not help thee? If I were in thy place I would fall upon them single-handed, for it were better to die once for all than tamely to submit to such outrage."

"Behold I will tell thee all the truth," answered Telemachus. "'Tis neither by the consent of the people nor by the ill will of my brethren, that this evil hath come upon me. But Heaven

hath ordained that the honors and the burden of our house should ever rest upon one alone. Laertes, my grandsire, was an only son, and Odysseus was the sole issue of his marriage; and even so I am the only child of Odysseus. Therefore I sit helpless and alone, at the mercy of this ruffian band. But enough of this! We have no hope left, save in the justice of Heaven." Then he turned to Eumæus, and said: "Make haste now, go down to the house, and tell Penelope that I have come back safe from Pylos. Let none else hear it, but come back hither at once, when thou hast delivered thy message, and I will wait here until thy return."

"Shall I not go to Laertes, and tell him also?" asked the swineherd. "Since the day of thy departure he has tasted neither meat nor drink, but sits alone in his sorrow, and will not be comforted."

"My mother can send a handmaid to inform him," answered Telemachus. "But as for thee, see that thou return here straightway, and lose no time."

XIX Odysseus Reveals Himself to Telemachus

Soon after the departure of Eumæus, Odysseus and Telemachus were sitting before the door of the hut, each lost in his own thoughts, when their attention was attracted by the strange behavior of the dogs. These animals, which had been lying basking in the sun, all at once started up with a stifled cry, and ran whining, with every sign of terror, to a distant corner of the courtyard. "What ails the hounds?" said Telemachus, looking up in surprise. But Odysseus was not long before he saw the cause of their alarm: standing at the outer gate was a tall female figure, of majestic countenance, and more than mortal beauty. Telemachus saw her not, but Odysseus instantly knew who she was, and, obeying a gesture of her hand, he rose from his seat and went out through the gate. She led him to a place where they were out of hearing, and then said: "It is time for thee to reveal thyself to thy son, that together ye

may contrive destruction for the wooers. When the hour of reckoning comes, I shall be near to aid you." Thereupon she touched him with her wand, and in a moment he was once more the powerful Odysseus, still in the full vigor of his manhood, dark and sunburnt, with thick black hair and curling beard. His rags also had been replaced by fair clean raiment; and thus completely transformed he went back to the hut to reveal himself to Telemachus. Athene, having done her part, had forthwith disappeared.

Fear came upon Telemachus, and he marveled exceedingly, when the real Odysseus appeared before him. "Who art thou," he asked, "that comest back in a moment thus wondrously transfigured? If thou be a god, as methinks thou art, let me find favor in thy sight, and we will honor thee with rich offerings of gold, and with humble prayers."

"No god am I," answered Odysseus, "but thine own dear father, for whose sake thou hast suffered so long with groanings and tears."

With that he kissed him, and giving vent to the tenderness which he had hitherto restrained he lifted up his voice and wept. But Telemachus could not yet believe that it was indeed his father whom he saw before him. "It cannot be," he said, drawing back in affright. "It is mere magic and glamour practiced against me by some hostile power, to mock my sorrow. No being of flesh and blood could work such a change upon himself. A moment since thou wast an old man in sordid raiment, and now thou art like unto the sons of heaven."

"Forbear!" said Odysseus, "no more amazement! I am thy father, and no other; if not, thou shalt never see him more. Much have I suffered, and wandered far, and now in the twentieth year I am come back to my native land. This change at which thou marvelest is no work of mine, but was wrought by Athene, daughter of Zeus. The gods can deal with us as they will, both for our glory and for our shame."

Then Telemachus was convinced, and fell into his father's arms, and they wept long and sore over each other, for joy

and grief are near neighbors. Presently they grew calmer, and Odysseus, in answer to his son's inquiry, told how the Phæacians had conveyed him to Ithaca, and of all the treasures which he had brought with him.

"But now we must speak of a sterner task," said Odysseus, when his story was ended. "Tell me now the number of the wooers, that I may know how many and what manner of men they be, and thereafter contrive how we may best assail them, whether by ourselves or with others to help us."

"Father," answered Telemachus, "I knew thy high renown, as a warrior mighty in word and deed. But I fear me greatly that this task is too hard for us; how shall two men prevail against so many? Listen now and I will tell thee their number. From Dulichium are two and fifty, with six menservants, from Same twenty-four, from Zacynthus twenty, and from Ithaca itself twelve, all proper men and tall. If we twain fall upon such a host, we may find the work of vengeance a bitter morsel, and our bane. It were better, then, to look for some other help."

"Helpers we shall find, and stout ones too," said Odysseus. "What sayest thou to Athene and her father, Zeus? Is their aid enough or shall we look for more?"

"Mighty indeed are the champions thou namest," replied Telemachus, "though throned far remote among the clouds; supreme are they in sovereignty, both on earth and in heaven."

"Thou sayest well," answered Odysseus; "and ere long the wooers shall feel their might. Now learn further what thou must do. To-morrow thou shalt go up to the house, and join the company of the wooers, and afterwards the swineherd will bring me thither in the disguise of a beggar old and miserable. If the wooers use me despitefully seek not to prevent it, but let thy heart endure, even though they beat me, or drag me by the feet through the doors. Thou mayst reprove them gently, and bid them cease from their wantonness, but they will not heed thee for their lives are forfeit already. Mark further, and take heed what I say. When the time to strike is come I will give

thee a signal, and, forthwith, thou shalt remove all the weapons from the halls, and make excuse to the wooers, saying that thou art bestowing them in a safe place, out of reach of the smoke. Leave only two swords and two shields and two spears, as weapons for ourselves. But above all I charge thee to let none know of my coming—neither Laertes, nor Eumæus, nor Penelope herself. Alone we must work, and watch the temper of the thralls, to see if there be any on our side."

XX The Plotting of the Suitors

Meanwhile the faithful swineherd made all haste to carry his message to Penelope. Just as he was approaching the house, he met one of the crew of Telemachus's ship coming up from the harbor on the same errand. So they went together, and while Eumæus conveyed the tidings privately to Penelope, he who was sent from the ship delivered his report in the hearing of the whole household.

Great was the dismay of the suitors when they learned that their foul plot had been frustrated. One by one they stole out of the house to a secret place of meeting; and when they were all assembled they began to devise what was next to be done. While they were debating they were joined by Antinous and the crew of the ship which had been lying in wait for Telemachus in the strait. Always the foremost in violent counsels, Antinous breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the young prince. "The boy only escaped us by a miracle," he said. "All day long we had sentinels on all the heights commanding the sea, and at night we patroled the waters in our ship. Yet for all our vigilance he has slipped through our hands. But I will not be baffled thus," he added, stamping with fury. "This wretched boy must die, or we shall never accomplish our purpose. Let us make haste and slay him before he comes back to the town, or he will call a meeting of the people and proclaim to all Ithaca that we sought to slay him, and failed. Then the whole city will rise against us, and we shall have to fly for our lives."

Then another of the wooers rose up and rebuked Antinous for

his bloodthirsty counsels. This man's name was Amphinomus, and he was chief among the wooers who came from Dulichium. More than any of the other suitors he found favor with Penelope, for he was a prudent man and just, and his voice was pleasant to her ear. "Remember," he said, "that Telemachus is of royal race; and it is a dreadful thing to shed the blood of kings. I will have no hand in such an act, without sure and manifest sign that it is the will of Zeus."

The speech of Amphinomus was received with a murmur of applause; for most of the wooers were averse to the violent measures proposed by Antinous. So they arose, and returned to the house.

Penelope had heard of their plotting from the herald, Medon, and obeying a sudden impulse she came down from her chamber, and standing in the doorway began to upbraid Antinous for his wicked purpose. "Thou hast the name of a wise and eloquent man," she said, "but thy fame is better than thy deeds. Wretch, why dost thou lay snares against the life of my son? Hast thou never heard how thy father came to this house, flying from the wrath of the Ithacans, who would have slain him, because he had joined the Taphian pirates in a raid on the Thesprotians, who were our allies? But Odysseus stood between him and their fury, and saved his life. A fair return thou art making for that good service, devouring his substance, paying court to his wife, and compassing the death of his son."

Antinous sat biting his lips, and made no answer; but Eurymachus, a subtler villain, smooth and specious, but all the more dangerous, spoke for him, and said: "Sage daughter of Icarius, fear nothing for thy son Telemachus, for while I live no man shall offer him violence. By this sword I swear it, and I care not who hears me, the man who seeks to harm him shall die by my hand. I at least have not forgotten the loving-kindness of thy lord, Odysseus, on whose knees I have often sat, and taken food and drink from his hand. Therefore I love Telemachus as a brother, and I swear to thee that none of the wooers shall do him any harm."

PART THREE

XXI Odysseus Arrives at His Palace Home

When Eumæus came back from his errand, Odysseus, who in the meantime had resumed his disguise, was helping Telemachus to prepare the evening meal. Telemachus questioned him about the ship which the wooers had sent out to waylay him on his return from Pylos, but Eumæus had been in such haste to get back to his farm that he had not stopped to inquire about the matter. "But this much I can tell thee," he said: "as I was crossing the hill which overlooks the town I saw a galley, bristling with spear and helm, entering the harbor; and I believe that this was the ship of which thou speakest."

"No doubt of it," answered Telemachus, with a significant glance at his father. Then they all fell to their suppers with hearty appetite, and soon afterwards retired to rest.

The first chill of dawn was still in the air when Telemachus roused the swineherd, and announced his intention of proceeding at once to the town. "I know," he said, "that my mother will have no peace until she sees me with her own eyes. Now as to this stranger, I charge thee to take him with thee into the town, that he may beg his bread from house to house. Burdened as I am already, and full of care, I cannot provide for him. If he thinks it hard, all the worse for him."

"Thou sayest well," answered Odysseus; "I have no mind to remain here. I am too old to take orders from a master, and it is better to beg for my living in the town than in the fields. Therefore I will go, when I have warmed me at the fire, and the sun is up; for I am ill equipped to face the frosts of morning."

Away went Telemachus, covering the ground with rapid strides, his mind occupied all the way with thoughts of vengeance against the wooers. The first who saw him when he crossed

the threshold of his home was his old nurse, Eurycleia, who was just then spreading fleeces[1] on the seats in the great hall. With a cry of joy she ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him; and all the faithful handmaids of Penelope crowded round to welcome their young master home. The sound of their voices reached the ears of Penelope, and with swift steps she came gliding into the hall, fair as Artemis, or golden Aphrodite. When she saw Telemachus she flung her arms round his neck and covered his face with kisses. "Welcome," she sobbed, "Telemachus, my heart's darling, restored to me beyond all hope! Say, hast thou brought any news of thy father?"

But Telemachus was too full of the stern task which lay before him to leave room for softer emotions. Gently extricating[2] himself from his mother's embrace he said: "Dear mother, thou shalt hear all in due season; at present I have other work to do. Go thou to thy chamber, and put on clean raiment, and when thou hast purified thyself pray to all the immortal gods to hasten the day of atonement for those who have wronged our house. I will return presently, when I have done my business in the town."

The gentle Penelope went to do her son's bidding, and Telemachus started for the town, with two hounds following close at his heels. He seemed taller and manlier after his short absence, and many an eye followed him with wonder as he passed through the streets. Presently he came to the place where the wooers were assembled, and they came crowding about him with false words of welcome. But he turned his back on them with scorn, and seeing a little group of his father's friends, among whom were Mentor and the aged Halitherses, he went and sat down among them. While they were questioning him about his travels, Peiræus came up, bringing with him the seer, Theoclymenus, whom Telemachus had left in his charge the day before. "I restore to thee thy guest," said Peiræus, "who has been entertained in all honor at my house; and if

[1] Fleeces—Of sheep.
[2] Extricating—Freeing.

thou wilt send thy handmaids, I will deliver unto them the treasure which thou hast brought with thee from Pylos."

"I thank thee," answered Telemachus; "Theoclymenus shall go with me; but as to the treasure, do thou keep it for me until these evil days are passed. If aught untoward befall me, I had rather it remained with thee than that it should fall into the hands of the wooers."

Having taken leave of his friends, he returned to the house, taking Theoclymenus with him. And when they had bathed and put on fresh raiment, they sat down to meat. The meal proceeded in silence, and at last Penelope, who was sitting near, busy with her distaff,[3] and longing impatiently to hear her son's news, said in a tone of displeasure: "Hast thou no word for thy mother, Telemachus? Or art thou keeping thy tidings until the wooers return? Surely I thought in this rare interval of quiet to hear how thou hast fared and what thou hast learned on this journey. But if thou hast naught to tell me, I will go to my widowed bed, and weep away the hours until dawn."

Roused from his reverie[4] by his mother's reproaches, Telemachus gave a brief account of his visit to Nestor and Menelaus, and of what they had told him. Penelope was musing on her son's report, when Theoclymenus, second-sighted[5] man, started up from his seat, and cried, "I see him, I see him! He is landed in Ithaca, he is coming hither, he is here! Woe unto the suitors! Their hour is at hand, and not one of them shall escape."

Penelope had heard such prophecies too often to pay much heed to the seer's vision. "Ah! my friend," she said, with a sad smile, "I can but pray that thy words will be fulfilled; if ever they are, it shall be a happy day for thee."

At this moment the wooers came trooping in, filling the house with riot and uproar; and there was an end of all quiet converse[6] for that day.

[3] Distaff—Used in spinning.
[4] Reverie—Meditative mood.
[5] Second-Sighted—Sees into the future, a soothsayer.
[6] Converse—Conversation, talk.

XXII The Insolence of the Suitors

It was past noon before Odysseus and Eumæus set out for the town; for Eumæus had conceived a great liking for his guest, and listened with delight to his wonderful tales of adventure. "Come," he said at last, when Odysseus had finished one of his long stories. "It is time to be going, though I would willingly have kept thee here. But my young lord has spoken and we must obey." "Lead on," said Odysseus, "I know what thou wouldst say; but first give me a staff to lean on, for I heard thee say that the path was rough."

So saying he threw his tattered wallet[1] over his shoulder, and taking a stout staff, which Eumæus offered him, started with his friend across the hills. After a toilsome walk they reached the top of the hill which overlooked the town, and descending the slope they came to a copious[2] spring of water, well fenced with stones, and shaded by a grove of alders. The water descended into a basin from the face of a rock in a cool and copious stream; and on either side stood an altar to the nymphs. "It is the common fountain of the townspeople," explained Eumæus. "The altars and the basin which receives the water are the work of our ancient kings."

Odysseus paused a moment, lost in the memories which were awakened by that familiar scene. But his reverie was rudely interrupted. While he stood gazing at the fountain, he heard a rude voice hailing them from the road, and looking round he saw a man leading a pair of fine goats toward the town. It was Melanthius, his own goatherd, who was bringing the best of his flock to make savory[3] meat for the wooers.

"Here are two birds of a feather!" shouted the fellow, in jeering tones—"that wretched swineherd, and a ravenous beggar. A fine guest thou art bringing to our young masters, and a fair welcome, without doubt, they will give him. Were it not

[1] Wallet—Bag or knapsack.
[2] Copious—Large in amount, plentiful, abundant.
[3] Savory—Tasty, good.

better that I took him with me to my farm? He could sweep out the pens, and gather green shoots for the kids[4]; and we would give him whey[5] to drink, and put some flesh on these shrunk shanks of his. But the lazy knave will do no work; he would rather rub his shoulders[6] against every doorpost, begging for broken meat. Broken bones will be his portion, if the wooers see him near the house of Odysseus."

While he uttered these taunts Melanthius had gradually come close to Odysseus, and with the last word he lifted up his foot and kicked him with all his force on the hip. Odysseus stood like a rock, and stirred not an inch from his ground; his first impulse was to seize the ruffian by the ankles, and dash out his brains on the road; but he checked himself with a great effort, and said not a word.

But Eumæus rebuked the goatherd, and invoked the vengeance of heaven against him. "Would that our noble master were here!" he cried, "he would soon make an end of thee, thou braggart! Unfaithful herdsman, that rovest ever about the town, leaving thy flocks to underlings[7]!"

"Go to, thou dog!" retorted Melanthius, with a savage laugh. "Wilt thou be ever harping on that string? Thy noble master is dust long ago, and I would that Telemachus were lying with him. As for thee, I will one day cast thee bound into a ship, and sell thee[8] across the seas for a great price."

With that he left them, and stepped briskly out towards the house, while Odysseus and Eumæus followed more slowly. Presently they came to an extensive enclosure, standing conspicuously on a high level plateau[9] overlooking the town. Behind the fence towered the roof of a great timber house.[10] They passed through the outer gates, and as they entered the court-

[4] KIDS—Young goats.
[5] WHEY—Watery part of milk when separated from the curd in cheese making.
[6] RUB HIS SHOULDERS—Lean against.
[7] UNDERLINGS—Subordinates.
[8] SELL THEE—As a slave.
[9] PLATEAU—High level ground.
[10] TIMBER HOUSE—Heavy log house.

yard they heard the sounds of a harp, and the steam of roast flesh was borne to their nostrils.

"Take heed now," said Eumæus, lowering his voice, as they approached the door of the house. "I will go in first, and do thou follow me close, lest anyone find thee outside and do thee some hurt."

"Fear nothing for me," answered Odysseus, "I am no stranger to blows, for I have been sore buffeted on land and sea."

So saying he stepped aside to let Eumæus pass, then checked him with a hasty exclamation; for he had seen something which sent a pang of sorrow to his heart. Heaped up against the wall by the doorway was a great pile of refuse, left there until the thralls should carry it away and lay it on the fields; and there, grievously neglected, and almost blind with age, lay a great gaunt hound, to all seeming more dead than alive. What was the emotion of Odysseus when he recognized in that poor creature his old favorite, Argus, whom he had reared with his own hand, and trained to the chase, in the old days before he sailed to Troy! As he stooped down with a caressing gesture the hound feebly raised his head; a strange light came into his eyes, he drooped his ears, and wagged his tail, but was too weak to stir from the place where he lay. Odysseus brushed away a tear, and said to Eumæus: "'Tis strange that so fine a hound should lie thus uncared for in his old age. Or do his looks belie his qualities? Handsome he must have been, as I can see still; but perhaps his beauty was all he had to boast of."

"He was my master's favorite hound," answered Eumæus, "and there was none swifter or keener of scent in all the land. Formerly the young men would take him with them to hunt the wild goat or the hare or the deer; but now that he is sore stricken with years not one of the women will bring him a morsel to eat, or a little water to drink. So it ever is when the master is absent; for a slave has no conscience when his owner's eye is not upon him."

When Eumæus had entered the house, Odysseus lingered awhile, gazing sadly at the faithful Argus. The old hound raised

himself, and struggled painfully to drag himself to his master's feet; but the effort was too much for him, and he sank back on his sorry bed, and breathed his last.

With a heavy heart Odysseus turned away, and passing into the hall sat down on the threshold and laid his scrip beside him. Telemachus was the first to notice him, and calling the swineherd, who was sitting near, he gave him a loaf of bread and a good handful of meat, and bade him carry it to the beggar. "And tell him to go round and beg of all the wooers," he said: "want and modesty agree ill together." Eumæus brought the gift and the message, which Odysseus received with a blessing on the giver. And when he had eaten he rose and went round the hall, begging of the wooers. All gave him something until he came to Antinous, who stared at him insolently and asked who he was.

"I saw the fellow," answered Melanthius, "a little while ago. Eumæus brought him hither, but who he is I know not."

"Ah! thou rogue," said Antinous to the swineherd, "we know thy ways! Why didst thou bring this caitiff[11] to the town? Are there not beggars enough here already to mar our pleasure when we sit down to meat?"

"He is no guest of my inviting," answered Eumæus. "I would not invite to this house any wandering stranger, unless he were a prophet, or shipwright, or minstrel; and he is none of these. But thou art ever hard on the servants of Odysseus, and especially on me; yet I care not, so long as I satisfy Penelope and my young lord, Telemachus."

"Eumæus, thou art overbold of speech," said Telemachus; then turning to Antinous he added: "I thank thee for thy fatherly care, but we are not so poor that we need to drive the stranger from our doors—heaven forbid! Give him something; 'tis I that bid thee: but thou are ever better at taking than at giving."

[11] Caitiff—Base person, despicable man.

"I will give him something, thou malapert [12] boy," answered Antinous, grinding his teeth with rage, "something which will keep him from the house for three months to come." As he spoke he thrust forward a heavy footstool from under the table, and placed it ready at hand.

Meanwhile, Odysseus, having filled his wallet, was preparing to return to his place on the threshold. But first he came to Antinous, and addressed to him a long harangue [13] in the common style of the professional beggar, who had seen better days and been brought to want by the malice of fortune.

Antinous heard him to the end with ill-disguised impatience, and then broke out in angry tones: "Who brought this wretched fellow here to vex us? Stand off from my table, thou shameless varlet! [14] It is a shame to see how they have squandered good meat on a dog like thee;" and he pointed to the wallet, now filled with the cheap bounty of the wooers.

Odysseus drew back and made for the door, saying as he went: "Of a truth, I wonder to find so princely a presence wedded to so mean a temper."

When he heard that Antinous began to curse and to swear, and lifting the footstool he hurled it with all his force at the retreating figure of Odysseus. It struck him on the shoulder, with a crash that vibrated through the hall; but Odysseus heeded it not, but passed on without a pause or a stumble to his place on the threshold. When he was seated he complained loudly of the brutal conduct of Antinous. "Accursed be he," he said, "who lifts up his hand against a helpless beggar: may Heaven requite [15] him for this foul deed!"

"Thou hadst best be quiet," said Antinous, "or we will drag thee by the heels through the hall, until we have stripped the flesh off thy bones."

But this was too much even for the wooers. "Antinous," said one of them, "it was ill done of thee to strike the hapless wan-

[12] MALAPERT—Bold, saucy, impudent.
[13] HARANGUE—A noisy speech.
[14] VARLET—Scoundrel.
[15] REQUITE—Revenge, repay.

derer. Take heed that thou bring not a curse upon thyself, if there be gods in heaven to see such deeds. And what if a god should visit this house in some strange disguise, to make trial of our hearts? It were no new thing."

A chill seemed to have fallen on the company after this shameful incident. The wooers had ceased their clamor, and sat talking in low tones together; Odysseus and Telemachus sat silent in their places, brooding gloomily on the outrage; Antinous alone remained unmoved, being hardened, within and without, against all reproach.

When Penelope, who was sitting among her maidens in her chamber, heard how the stranger had been ill-treated, she cried: "So may Apollo smite thee, Antinous, thou godless man!" "Ay," said Eurycleia, "if prayers could slay them, not one of these men would see to-morrow's dawn."

"Go, one of you," said Penelope, "and bring hither the swineherd. I would fain speak with this stranger; who knows but he may have somewhat to tell me of Odysseus, my lord?" Eumæus was summoned, and having heard the desire of Penelope, he answered: "My queen, there is a rare pleasure awaiting thee. This man hath a tongue to charm thy very soul. Three days and nights he abode with me, and all that time he kept us spellbound by the tale of his adventures. It was as if we were listening to the lay of some rare minstrel, a god-gifted man, who sways all hearts as he will by the magic of his voice. And he brings sure tidings of Odysseus too, if we may believe what he says."

"Call him hither," answered Penelope, "that he may speak to me face to face. If his news be true, we may yet see the day when these men shall pay a heavy price for their plunder of our house."

As she spoke, a loud sneeze was heard in the room below. "It was my son," said Penelope, laughing, "I know it by the sound; and it is a sign that my words will be fulfilled. Make haste now, and bring the stranger to me."

Eumæus went, and presently returned with a message from

the supposed beggar, to say that he feared fresh violence from the wooers, if he left his place by the door and passed through them again. The truth was that Odysseus feared recognition if he appeared before his wife in broad daylight; so he affected to complain of the indifference of Telemachus, who had allowed the savage deed of Antinous to go unpunished, and begged permission to wait until the evening, when the wooers would be gone home, and he could tell his story unmolested.

"He says well," answered Penelope, when she had heard the message. "And he seems to be a man of sense. We will wait until evening, as he desires."

The day was waning when Eumæus returned to the hall, and the wooers had already begun their evening pastimes. The swineherd went up to Telemachus, and said to him in a low tone: "It is time for me to return to my farm, that I may give an eye to the things which I have in charge. I leave thee to look to the house, and all that it contains; but above all be careful of thyself, for there are many here who wish thee ill."

XXIII The Beggar Irus

Just after Eumæus had left, a huge, ungainly fellow came slouching up to the place where Odysseus was sitting, and eyed him with a look of great disfavor. He was the town beggar, known far and wide in Ithaca as the greediest and laziest knave in the whole island. His real name was Arnæus, but from being employed to run errands about the place he had received the nickname of Irus. Highly indignant at finding his rights usurped by a newcomer, and thinking to find in that battered old man an easy victim, he began to rate[1] his supposed rival in a big, blustering voice: "Give place, old man, to thy betters, and force me not to use my hands upon thee. Begone, and that quickly, or it shall be the worse for thee; out of the way, I say!"

With a stern look Odysseus answered him, and said: "What

[1] Rate—To scold or rail.

possesses thee, fellow, that thou seekest a quarrel with me? Thou art, as I perceive, a beggar like me, and I grudge thee not anything which thou mayst receive in the way of alms from those who sit here. There is room on this threshold for us both. But I warn thee not to provoke me to blows, for old as I am I will set a mark upon thee which thou wilt carry to thy death."

Trusting in his size, and encouraged by the nods and winks of the wooers who sat near, Irus was only too ready to take up the challenge. "Hark to the old starveling cur!" he shouted. "How glib of tongue he is, like any scolding hag! Get thee to thy fists then, since thou wilt have it so, and I will knock all thy teeth out, if thou hast any left;" and he thrust Odysseus with his foot.

All the wooers now came running up, and crowded round the exasperated beggars, hoping to see fine sport. Antinous took the lead, such a scene being exactly to his taste. "Here is matter for mirth," he cried, laughing, "for many a day. Make a ring quickly, and let them fight it out."

In the courtyard there was a red smouldering fire, on which two huge sausages were roasting, a sort of haggis[2] made by filling the belly of a goat with fat and blood. It was determined to give one of these messes to the winner in the fight; and he also was henceforth to have the sole right to receive the broken meats at the wooers' feasts.

Odysseus now pretended to draw back, as if he feared an encounter with a man younger than himself; but at last he consented to the match, on condition that the wooers would swear an oath not to strike him a foul blow while he was fighting with Irus. To this they all agreed, and forthwith Odysseus stripped to the waist, and girded his rags about his loins. By some strange magic his limbs seemed to have filled out; and when the wooers saw his mighty chest and broad shoulders they cried out in amazement. "Methinks Irus will pay dearly for his ire,"

[2] Haggis (hăg'is)—A pudding.

said one. "Look what a brawny thigh the old carle[3] shows under his rags!"

Irus himself was not less astonished than dismayed, so that they were obliged to use force to make him face his opponent: and as he stood there quaking with fear Antinous reviled him bitterly, and threatened, if he were defeated, to carry him to the mainland, and hand him over to a robber chieftain, nicknamed the Mutilator, and notorious for his cruelties. "He will carve thee into collops[4] and fling them to his dogs," said the ferocious prince.

Little encouraged, as may be supposed, by this prospect, Irus in his despair aimed a blow at Odysseus, and struck him on the right shoulder. Then Odysseus, who had resolved to put forth but half his force, lest he should betray himself to the wooers, struck the wretched man under the ear. There was a crash of broken bones, and down went Irus in the dust, spitting blood, and beating the ground with his heels. The wooers hailed his fall with shouts of laughter, and Odysseus, seizing the prostrate beggar by the foot, dragged him through the courtyard gate, and propped him against the wall. "Sit there," he said, placing his staff in his hand, "and keep off dogs and swine. Methinks thou hast had enough of playing the tyrant among strangers and beggars."

When he returned to his place on the threshold he found the wooers in high good humor at the defeat of Irus. "May Heaven fulfill all thy heart's desire!" cried one who sat near, "seeing that thou hast rid us of that hungry, brawling rogue." His words had a meaning which he little guessed, and Odysseus rejoiced when he heard them. Then Antinous brought the pudding, all steaming from the fire, and set it by him; and Amphinomus gave him two loaves, and filled a cup with wine. "Hail, old fellow!" he said, offering the cup, "and mayst thou live to see happier days."

[3] CARLE—Vagabond, tramp.
[4] COLLOPS—A small portion or slice of anything.

This Amphinomus differed in character from the other suitors, being a prudent and fair-minded man. Odysseus knew him and his father well, and being willing to save him, if possible, he looked earnestly at him, and said: "Amphinomus, thou seemest to be a man of understanding, and therefore I will give thee a word of warning. Hark, in thine ear! Quit this company at once! The day of doom is very near to them all, and I would not that thou shouldst perish with them."

These words, spoken in a low and solemn tone, so that none besides might hear, sent a chill to the heart of Amphinomus. Slowly and sadly he went back to his seat, his mind full of dark foreboding. Nevertheless, he did not profit by the warning; for he had thrown in his lot with that guilty band, and had to drink of the same cup.

XXIV Penelope and the Wooers

"How slowly move the hours," said Penelope to Eurycleia, yawning and then laughing in sheer vacancy of spirit. "How would it be if I showed myself to the wooers? I hate them, it is true, but it would serve to pass the time, and I could caution my son not to be so familiar with these treacherous friends."

"Do so, my child," answered Eurycleia, "but first wash and anoint thyself, and go not among them with this tear-stained face. And waste not thy life in perpetual mourning; think what a comfort thou hast in thy son."

"Speak not to me of such vanities," answered Penelope; "why should I wish to preserve this poor remnant of my beauty? Foul or fair, what matters it in my widowed state? But send two of my handmaids hither to attend me, for it is not seemly that I should go alone among the men."

While the nurse was gone to fetch the maidens, a sudden drowsiness[1] overpowered Penelope, and she sank back in her

[1] Sudden drowsiness—Caused by Athene.

chair, subdued by a short but trancelike sleep. And while she slumbered, invisible hands were busy with her person, washing away all the stains which sorrow had left on her face, and shedding upon her immortal loveliness, such as clothes the Queen of Love herself, when she joins the sister Graces in the dance. The voices of the women entering her chamber roused her from that strange sleep, and sitting up she rubbed her cheeks and said: "Wondrous soft was the slumber which overtook me in my sorrow! Would that it were death which had come upon me with like softness, that I might no longer waste away in mourning for the excellence of my dear, dear lord!"

Thereupon she arose, and descending the stairs stood in the open doorway of the hall, with a handmaid on either side. A murmur of surprise and admiration went round the whole company, for never had she seemed so wondrous fair. Turning to Telemachus she said: "My son, with grief I perceive that thy understanding increaseth not with thy growth, but rather becometh less. Who would think, seeing thee thus tall and comely, like a prince's true son, that thou wouldst suffer such deeds to be wrought upon the stranger within thy gates? What if he had come by his death through this violence? What shame and infamy to thee!"

"Mother," answered Telemachus, "thou hast some reason for thine anger. Howbeit, I have a man's wit, and am not, as thou sayest, more foolish than a child. But what can one do against so many? And as to this stranger, thou wouldst know that thy fears are idle, if thou couldst see Irus as he now sits at the gate, rolling his head like a drunkard, with no strength to stand on his feet or stir from his place. Would that all the wooers were in the same plight!"

While Telemachus was defending himself, Eurymachus had been gazing with bold eyes on that fair lady; and now he addressed her with smooth words of flattery: "Daughter of Icarius, sage Penelope, if all the Greeks could behold thee as now thou art, this house would not contain the multitude of

thy wooers. Thou surpassest all the daughters of men in beauty, and in stature, and in thy even-balanced wit."

"Eurymachus," answered Penelope, "all the bloom of my womanhood was blighted on the evil day when the Greeks embarked for Troy, and Odysseus, my lord, went with them. But now I am like some poor hunted creature, hard beset by the hounds of fate. Well I remember my husband's parting words. Holding my right hand he said: 'Dear wife, I am going into the midst of perils, and it may be that we shall never see each other again. Be thou but faithful to thy trust, and remember whose daughter thou art; and when thou seest thy son with a beard on his cheeks, thou art free to marry whom thou wilt.' Such were his words, and now they shall shortly be fulfilled. I see the day approaching which shall make me another man's wife; better for me if I were the bride of death! For who ever beheld such wooing as yours? 'Twas ever the custom among those who sought the daughter of a wealthy house in marriage to bring with them their own sheep and oxen to make good cheer for the friends of the bride; but ye sit here as unbidden guests, and devour my living."

Odysseus smiled to himself with pleasure when he heard this artful speech of Penelope, for he perceived her intention, which was to draw gifts from the wooers, and raise their hopes by the prospect of her approaching marriage. And the artifice was successful, for the wooers, following the lead of Antinous and Eurymachus, at once dispatched their servants to bring the bride gifts from their houses. Antinous gave a splendid embroidered robe, with twelve golden clasps, Eurymachus a necklace of amber and gold, and Eurydamas a pair of jeweled earrings. These and other costly offerings were brought to Penelope in her chamber.

When evening came on, the wooers ordered three braziers[2] to be set up in the hall, to give them light as they sat at their

[2] Braziers—Pans of burning coals.

pastimes. The braziers were fed with dry chips of pine wood, and the maidservants relieved each other from time to time in the duty of keeping up the fires. Presently Odysseus drew near to the handmaids, and said: "Go ye and attend the queen in her chamber. I will serve the fires, and give light to the company. Yea, though they sit here all night they shall not tire me out, for I am a much-enduring man."

The women laughed, and glanced at one another; and one of them, whose name was Melantho, spoke bitterly to Odysseus, and reviled him, saying: "Thou wretched old man, why goest thou not to find a bed in the smithy,[3] or wherever else thou canst, instead of loitering here, and vexing us with thy prate[4]? Either thou hast drunk a cup too much, or else thou art stricken in thy wits. Get thee gone, lest a stronger than Irus lay his hand upon thee and break thy bones."

"Now will I go straightway to Telemachus," answered Odysseus fiercely, "yonder where he sits, and tell him what thou sayest, thou vixen,[5] that he may hew thee in pieces on the spot."

So menacing were his looks and his tones that the women fled quaking from the hall, and left him to tend the fires. So there he stood in view of the whole company, to their eyes a poor outcast, intent on his menial[6] task; but thoughts other than of the fires filled his heart.

As he stooped over one of the braziers and stirred the fuel into a blaze, Eurymachus noticed the red gleam which was reflected from the smooth, bald crown of the supposed beggar. "Look!" he cried, laughing and pointing at Odysseus, "surely this man is a favorite of heaven; for see how the light shines like a crown of glory on his hairless pate[7]!"

Then he called to Odysseus, and said: "How sayest thou, friend, wilt thou be my thrall, and work on my farm among the

[3] SMITHY—Blacksmith shop.
[4] PRATE—Worthless talk.
[5] VIXEN—Ill-tempered woman.
[6] MENIAL—Low.
[7] PATE—Crown of the head.

hills for a fixed wage? Thy business would be to repair the stone fences and work on the plantation; thou wouldst have a whole coat to thy back, and shoes to thy feet, and thy penny fee,[8] and bread to eat all the year round. But I can read thine answer in thy face: thou wouldst rather crouch and whine for bread than do aught useful to earn thy living."

"Eurymachus," answered Odysseus firmly, "I would that I could prove my manhood against thine in any trial of strength and endurance. A great man and a mighty thou seemest to thyself, having never learned what true manhood is. Poor windy braggart, if Odysseus set foot in this house again, the doors would seem too narrow to thee in thy haste to escape."

"Thou saucy knave!" cried Eurymachus, incensed by this daring speech, "I will teach thee respect for thy betters;" and seizing a footstool he prepared to hurl it at the offender's head. But Odysseus sprang aside and ran to Amphinomus for protection; the heavy missile flew hurtling through the air, and struck one of the servants, who was just crossing the room, on the arm. Down went the man with a cry of pain, and the wooers raised an uproar throughout the hall. "A murrain[9] on this begging loon!" exclaimed one. "Why came he hither to bring strife among us?"

"Ye are mad, my masters!" said Telemachus, raising his voice; "verily ye are flown[10] with insolence and wine. Ye had better go home and sleep off your liquor before worse comes of it."

The wooers were indeed in a dangerous mood, and they began to finger[11] their weapons, and utter fierce threats against Telemachus. But Amphinomus interposed, and by exerting all his influence induced them to forgo their murderous purpose and disperse quietly to their homes.

[8] PENNY FEE—Small wages.
[9] MURRAIN—A plague.
[10] FLOWN—Filled, steeped.
[11] FINGER—Touch lightly.

XXV Odysseus and Penelope

As soon as the house was quiet, Telemachus, obeying a sign from his father, prepared to convey the weapons which hung about the hall to an inner chamber, out of the reach of the wooers. First he ordered Eurycleia to keep the women out of the way, and having barred the doors leading to the inner apartments, he took down helmet and spear and shield from the walls, and carried them, with his father's help, to the upper room. When this important task was performed he withdrew for the night, and Odysseus was left alone in the hall to await the coming of Penelope.

Presently the doors were opened, and by the flickering light of the braziers Odysseus, for the first time after twenty years, saw the face of his wife. Lovely indeed she seemed in his eyes, not less than when he wedded her in her maiden bloom. Her handmaids brought a chair of silver and ivory, a work of most rare device, and set it by the fire with a soft fleece upon it. Penelope took the seat prepared for her and gazed curiously at the stranger, who sat crouched in the shadow of a pillar, avoiding her eye. Meanwhile the women were bustling about the hall, removing the remains of the feast, and heaping fresh fuel on the fires. Among them was Melantho, who had spoken so roughly to Odysseus an hour or two before. When she saw Odysseus she began railing[1] at him again, and rudely bade him begone. Penelope soon reduced her to silence, and then calling Eurycleia she bade her place a seat for the stranger.

"Now tell me," began Penelope, when the chair had been brought, "who art thou, and of what country? And who were thy father and mother?"

"Ah! lady," answered Odysseus, "I beseech thee, question me not as to my country and my friends, lest thou open anew the fountain of my grief. It is not seemly to sit weeping and wailing in a stranger's house; and I fear that thou wilt say that my tears are the tears of drunkenness."

[1] Railing—Mocking, chiding, scolding.

Penelope pressed him for an answer. "Thou surely art of some country," she said, smiling; "or art thou one of those of whom old stories tell, born of stocks and stones?"

"Since thou urgest it so strongly," replied Odysseus, "I cannot deny thee. In the broad realm of Crete there is a certain city, Cnosus by name; there reigned Minos, and begat Deucalion, my famous sire. To Deucalion two sons were born, Idomeneus the elder, and myself, whom he named Æthon. When war arose between the Greeks and Trojans, Idomeneus sailed to fight for the sons of Atreus, and I was left behind in my father's house. Then it was that I saw Odysseus, who was driven by stress of weather to seek shelter on our coasts. When he had anchored his ships in the harbor, he came up to the town and inquired for Idomeneus, who he said was his friend, honored and beloved; but we told him that Idomeneus had departed ten days before. Then I received him in my house, and feasted him and all his company for twelve days; for all that time the north wind blew, so that a man could not stand up against it. On the thirteenth day the wind ceased and they put out to sea."

Penelope's tears flowed fast as she listened to that cunning fiction, which seemed to bring her husband before her eyes. Odysseus watched her, with eyes set like horn or iron, as she sat before him sobbing and rocking herself to and fro; but his heart grew big within him, and he could hardly keep back his own tears. At length she grew calmer, and wishing to try him, asked him this searching question: "If thou didst indeed entertain my husband in thy house, tell me what manner of man he was, and what garments he had on, and who they were that attended him."

"It is hard," answered Odysseus, "to tell thee of what thou askest, after twenty years; nevertheless I will attempt to call up his image from the past. He wore a purple woolen cloak, of two folds, and it was held by a golden brooch with a double clasp; and on the brooch was fashioned a hound, holding in his jaws a fawn; and so skillfully was it wrought that the

figures seemed to live, the fawn struggling to escape, and the hound clenching his fangs to hold him—so rare a piece it was. Under his cloak, Odysseus wore a close-fitting tunic, which glistened like the peel of a dried onion; for very soft and fine was the texture. I cannot tell whether these were the garments which he had on when he left you; it may be that they were a gift received on his voyage, for he had many friends. Even so I gave him a sword of bronze and a mantle, and a fringed tunic, when I bid him adieu. Further, I would have thee know that he had a squire with him, somewhat older than himself, a round-shouldered man, dark of complexion, and with curling hair. His name was Eurybates, and Odysseus held him in high regard."

What were the emotions of Penelope, when she heard the raiment and ornaments which her husband was wearing the last time she saw him thus described down to the minutest detail! For a long time she remained silent, overpowered by her feelings; and when she spoke again there was a ring of sincere warmth and friendliness in her voice. "I pitied thee before," she said, "seeing thee thus forlorn, but now thou shalt be my dear and honored guest, for I know that thou hast spoken the truth. These garments, and the golden brooch, were a gift from my own hands to my dear lord. Alas! I shall never see him again. Cursed be the day that parted me from him, and sent him to the land of Troy, that name abhorred[2] of my soul!"

"Lady," answered Odysseus, "no one could blame thee, or say that thou sorrowest beyond measure, for such a husband as thine. He was indeed a man of rare and godlike gifts. Nevertheless be comforted; for ere many days are passed thou wilt see him here, safe and sound, and loaded with the wealth which he has gathered in his wanderings. Witness, this hearth of Odysseus, to which I am come, and witness Zeus, the supreme lord of heaven, if I lie! Ere yonder moon hath waned,[3] Odysseus will be sitting under this roof."

[2] ABHORRED—Hated.
[3] WANED—Faded, changed.

Penelope shook her head sadly, as she replied: "It will be a happy day for thee, if thy prophecy is confirmed by the event. But what am I saying? 'Tis an empty dream. But come, let the maidens prepare a bath for thee, and afterwards thou shalt sleep sound in a soft, warm bed. Well hast thou deserved to receive all honor and worship at my hands, and woe unto him that shall seek to harm thee! I will put a speedy end to his wooing. For what wilt thou say of me, when thou art wandering in distant lands, if I suffer thee to abide here thus poorly clad, unwashed, and uncared for? Few and evil are the days of our life; and the best we can do is to win a good name by our gentle deeds while we live, and leave a fair memory behind us when we die."

"I doubt not thy goodness," replied Odysseus; "but I have long been a stranger to the comforts of which thou speakest, and they suit not my forlorn and desolate state. Nor would I that any of thy handmaids should wash my feet, and mock[4] my infirmities; but if thou hast here an aged house-dame, like unto me in years and in sorrows, I grudge not that such a one should wait upon me."

"Thou speakest as a prudent man," said Penelope, "and I have such an aged dame as thou describest among my household. She was the first who took my ill-fated husband in her arms when his mother bare him, and she nursed him tenderly and well. She shall wash thy feet, old though she be, and feeble." Then she called Eurycleia, who was sitting near, and said to her: "Come hither, nurse, and wash the stranger's feet. Who knows but thy master is now in like evil case, grown old before his time through care and misery?"

When she heard that, the old woman lifted up her voice and wept: "Odysseus," she cried, "child of my sorrow, what have I not borne for thee! Pious thou wast, and righteous in all thy dealings, yet Zeus hath chosen thee out from among all men to be the object of his hate. Yea, and perchance even now he is mocked in the house of strangers, as these women were lately

[4] Mock—Laugh at, ridicule.

mocking thee. Yea, I will wash thee, as Penelope bids me, and for thy sake also, for my heart is moved with pity because of thy woes."

With such speed as her years allowed, the dame went and fetched warm water, and a vessel for washing the feet. She set them down in front of Odysseus, and before she began her task, stood for some time peering curiously into his face. "Hear me, friend," she said, after a while, "of all the strangers that ever entered these doors, ne'er saw I one so like unto Odysseus as thou art, in form, and in voice, and in feet."

"So said everyone who saw us together," answered Odysseus. But her words filled him with alarm, and recalled to his mind an old scar, just above the knee, caused by a wound which he had received from a wild boar while hunting in his boyhood in the valleys of Parnassus, during a visit to Autolycus, Penelope's father. If his old nurse should discover the scar she would be certain to recognize him, and the consequences of the premature discovery might be fatal. However, he had now no excuse for declining the bath, so he drew back his chair into the shadow, still hoping to escape detection.

But Eurycleia, whose suspicions were already aroused, was not thus to be evaded. As she handled the limb her fingers felt the well-known mark, and she let the foot fall with a loud cry. The vessel was overset, and the water ran over the floor. Half laughing and half weeping, the old woman fell upon his neck. "Thou art Odysseus, dear child!" she cried, "and yet I knew thee not till I had touched thee with my hands."

During all this scene Penelope had been sitting like one in a dream, lost in the memories awakened by the supposed beggar's story. The nurse now turned to rouse her from her reverie, and tell her the joyful news: but Odysseus, seeing her intention, pressed a heavy hand on her mouth, and, drawing her down to him with the other, said in a fierce whisper: "Peace, woman, or I will slay thee! Wouldst thou destroy him whom thou hast nursed at thine own breast?"

Eurycleia had now recovered from the shock of that sudden

recognition. "Fear me not," she said, "I will be as secret as the grave. But see, the water is all spilt; I go to fetch more." And so with a grave face, but a heart bounding with delight, the faithful old creature brought a fresh supply of water, and proceeded with the task of washing her master's feet.

When he resumed his place by the fire, he found Penelope in a soft and pensive mood, and dwelling, as was her wont, on the sorrows of her widowed state. "Friend," she said, with a gentle sigh, "I will not keep thee much longer from thy rest, for the hour approaches which brings sweet oblivion[5] to care-worn hearts—all save mine. For the night brings me no respite[6] from my woes, but rather increases them. When the day's duties are over, and all the house is still, I lie tossing ceaselessly, torn by conflicting doubts and fears. E'en as the wakeful bird sits all night long, and pours her endless plaint, now low and mellow, now piercing high and shrill, so wavers my spirit in its purpose. Sweet home of my wedded joy, must I leave thee, and all the faces I love so well? Shall I become a byword among the people as false to the memory of my husband?

"But I wished to ask thee concerning a dream which I had last night. There are twenty geese which I keep about the house, and I take pleasure in seeing them crop the grain from the water trough. In my dream I saw a great eagle swoop down from the mountains and slay them all, breaking their necks. There they lay dead in one heap; and I made loud lament[7] for the slaying of my geese, so that the women gathered round me to comfort me. But the eagle descended again, and alighted on a jutting beam of the roof, and thus spake unto me with a human voice: 'Take comfort, daughter of Icarius; no dream is this, but a waking vision, which shall surely be fulfilled. The geese are the wooers, and I the eagle am thy husband, who will shortly come and give them to their doom.' Even as he said

[5] OBLIVION—Forgetfulness.
[6] RESPITE—Rest.
[7] LAMENT—Sorrowing, mourning.

this I awoke, and going to the window I saw the geese by the door, cropping the grain from the trough, as was their wont."

"Lady," answered Odysseus, "there is but one interpretation of thy dream, and thy husband declared it with his own voice. Death looms near at hand for the wooers, and not one of them shall escape."

But Penelope shook her head. "It is ill trusting in dreams," she said, "and hard to discern the false from the true. There are two gates from which flitting dreams are sent to men: one is of horn, and the other of ivory: and the dreams which pass through the ivory gate are sent to beguile, while those which come from the gate of horn are a true message to him who sees them. And my dream, I believe, was sent me from the gate of ivory. Yea, the day is approaching, the hateful day, which shall part me forever from the house of Odysseus; and this shall be the manner of the trial whereby I will prove which of the wooers is to win me: I will set up twelve axes, like the trestles[8] on which the keel of a ship is laid, in the hall, and he who can send an arrow through the line of double axe heads from the further end of the hall shall win me for his bride. This device I learned from Odysseus, who was wont thus to prove his skill in archery. Then farewell my home, the house of my lord, the home of my love, so fair, so full of plenty, which will haunt me in my dreams even unto life's end."

"'Tis well-imagined, this trial of the wooers," answered Odysseus, "and I counsel thee to put them to the proof without delay; for I am sure that Odysseus will return here again before ever one of these men shall string his bow and shoot an arrow through the line of axes."

"Well, my friend," said Penelope, "I will now bid thee good night, though gladly would I sit here till to-morrow's dawn, and let thee discourse to enchant mine ear. But there is a time for all things, and I would not rob thee of thy needful rest. Therefore I will go and lay my head on my uneasy pillow, and the women shall lay a bed for thee here, or where thou choosest."

[8] TRESTLES—Framework for holding ship's keel while being built.

XXVI Ill Signs and Omens

True to his character as a wandering beggar, Odysseus lay down to rest on a pile of sheepskins in the portico[1] of the house. His mind was full of the events of the day, and of the terrible task which he had to perform on the morrow. When he thought of all the insults which had been heaped upon him in his own house, he ground his teeth with rage, and muttered bitter curses against the wooers. As if on purpose to provoke him further, just at this moment Melantho, and several of the other women, who slept in the town, came forth from the house, and passed by him with shrill laughter and merry gibes.[2] Then his heart growled within him. When anger and shame had had their turn, other and more pressing anxieties came crowding upon him, banishing sleep from his eyelids. How was he with such help as Telemachus could give him to overpower and slay a hundred men in the prime of their youth and strength? It seemed an impossible feat, and his heart quaked within him as he counted those fearful odds.

At last sleep came upon him unawares, and in a dream he saw his divine friend and helper, Athene, standing by him, robed in beauty. "Where is thy faith?" she asked, in sweet and solemn tones. "Dost thou doubt my power to help thee? Know this, that with me at thy side thou couldst rout and slay a thousand armed men. Sleep on, then, and vex thyself no more; in a few short hours all thy trials shall be passed, and thou shalt rest in triumph under thine own rooftree." Then she touched his brow with her finger, and departed; and after that he slept on soundly until dawn.

In the first grey light of morning he awoke, roused by a sound as of one wailing within the house. He sat up in his bed and listened: it was the voice of Penelope, his wife; for she too had had her dreams, sweet, indeed, while they lasted, but bitter to her waking memory. She thought that her husband came to her,

[1] Portico—An open porch with columns.
[2] Gibes—Taunts.

in all the glory of his manhood, even as when he set out for Troy, and put his arms about her, and kissed her tenderly. Therefore she wept and wailed, thinking that it was another false vision, sent by some hostile deity to mock her widowhood.

By this time the whole household was afoot, and a score of busy hands were at work, under the direction of Eurycleia, preparing for the coming of the wooers. For it was a general holiday, being the festival of Apollo, and the guests were expected earlier than usual. Some went to the public fountain to fetch water, some swept and sprinkled the floor, and some sponged the tables and scoured the drinking vessels. Presently the herdsmen came in, driving before them the beasts for sacrifice; and of these the first to arrive was Eumæus, who brought three fat hogs as his part of the daily tribute. Leaving his charge to grub about in the courtyard, he came up to Odysseus, and inquired how he had fared among the wooers on the previous day. "I fared ill," answered Odysseus, "and ill fare the villains who deal thus with the stranger under another man's roof!"

A rude voice here broke in upon him, and Melanthius the goatherd thrust himself between them, jostling Odysseus, and reviling him in brutal terms. "What, still loitering here, thou vagabond? Wilt thou go begging at other men's tables, or art thou waiting to taste of my fists?" Odysseus deigned no reply, but shook his head, biding his time.

Another herdsman now entered the courtyard; this was Philœtius, who had charge of the herds of Odysseus on the mainland. He brought a heifer and two or three fat goats, having crossed over to Ithaca by the ferry. When he saw Odysseus he took Eumæus aside, and inquired who he was. "He is of kingly aspect," remarked the newcomer, "in spite of his wretched garb. But even kings may come to beggary, if it be Heaven's will."

Having heard from Eumæus what he had to tell, Philœtius approached Odysseus, and taking his right hand greeted him kindly, saying: "Welcome, old friend, for my master's sake! E'en such, methinks, is his case, if he still lives and looks upon

the daylight. Ah! what a thought is that! It brings the sweat of agony to my brow when I think that even now he may be wandering in rags from door to door, begging for a morsel of bread, while his flocks and herds roam in thousands on the hills. What shall I do? It is not to be borne that all this wealth should increase and multiply, to feed the mouths of thieves and rogues. Often have I resolved to drive off my cattle into a far country, and no longer to abet[3] these men in their riotous living; but my duty to Telemachus, and the hope that even now my lord may return, still hold me back."

Perceiving the neatherd[4] to be loyal and stanch, Odysseus resolved to take him partly into his confidence, and answered accordingly: "Thy hope is nearer to fulfillment than thou thinkest. Hear me swear, by the hearth of Odysseus, and by the board at which I have fed, that before thou leavest Ithaca thou shalt see thy master with thine own eyes—thou shalt see him slaying the wooers who play the master here."

"Would that I might live to behold that day!" cried Philœtius. "May I never eat bread again, if the wooers felt not the might of my hands." Eumæus also declared himself ready to risk all by the side of Odysseus.

While they were thus conversing, the whole body of the wooers came thronging into the house, and the daily banquet began. At the inner end of the hall, commanding the door which led to the women's quarters, was a sort of platform or dais of stone, raised to some height above the general level of the floor, and facing the main entrance. Here Telemachus, as giver of the feast, was seated; and while the servants were handing round the dishes he called Odysseus from his place by the door, and made him sit down by his side. "Sit down here," he said, "and eat and drink thy fill. And you, sirs," he added, addressing the wooers, "keep a guard on your hands and your tongues. This is no tavern, but my own house, and I will not suffer my guest to be wronged by word or deed under my roof."

[3] Abet—Encourage, assist.
[4] Neatherd—One who has charge of herds of cattle.

This bold speech passed for the present unchallenged, though many a threatening look was directed at the young prince. By order of Telemachus, Odysseus received an equal portion with the other guests, and the banquet proceeded. Presently a new instance of the wooers' brutality was given, as if they were resolved to keep the edge of his anger fresh and keen. The author of this outrage was Ctesippus, a wealthy lord of Same. Taking up a bullock's foot from a basket, in which the refuse of the meal was thrown, he made this merry jest: "The stranger has received an equal share of our meat, as is but right; for who would wish to stint a guest of Telemachus? And now I will make him a present over and above, that he may bestow somewhat on the bathwoman, or some other of the servants." Suiting the action to the word he hurled the missile with savage force at Odysseus; but he, ever on the alert, avoided it by bowing his head, and it struck the wall with a crash.

"Ctesippus," said Telemachus sternly, "it is well for thee that thou hast missed, else thou hadst died by my hand. Is it not enough that ye slaughter my cattle and pour out my wine like water, but must I sit here day after day while ye fill my house with riot and injury and outrage?"

The wooers sat silent, being somewhat abashed by the just rebuke; and after a long pause, one of them, whose name was Agelaus, answered mildly: "Telemachus says well, for indeed he hath been sorely provoked. Let there be an end of these mad doings, which it is a shame to see. And if Telemachus will be advised by me he will urge his mother to make choice of a husband, that he may henceforth dwell unmolested in his father's house. Why will she delay us further? Surely by this time she must have given up all hope of ever seeing Odysseus again."

"Now by the woes of my father!" answered Telemachus, "I hinder her not from wedding whom she pleases; nay, I bid her do so, and offer bridal gifts besides. But I cannot drive her by force from my doors."

His words had a strange effect on the wooers: with one accord they broke out into a yelling peal of laughter, like women

in a hysteric fit, while their eyes were filled with tears. And, more awful still! their meat dropped blood as they conveyed it to their lips, and an unearthly wailing was heard, like the cry of a spirit in torment.

Among those present was Theoclymenus, the man of second sight, and in that very hour the vision came upon him, and he cried aloud from the place where he sat: "Woe unto you, ye doomed and miserable men! Thick darkness is wrapped about you, the darkness of the grave! All the air is loud with wailing, and your cheeks are wet with tears. See, see! the walls and the rafters are sprinkled with blood, and the porch and the court-yard are thronged with ghosts, hurrying downward to the nether pit; and the sun has died out of Heaven, and all the house lies in darkness and the shadow of death."

But the wooers had now recovered from their strange fit, and they laughed gayly at the terrible warning of the seer. "Poor man!" said Eurymachus, "he has left his wits at home. Go, some one, and show him the way to the town, if he finds it so dark here."

"I need no guide," answered Theoclymenus, "I have eyes and ears, and feet, and a steady brain, so that I shall not go astray. Farewell, unhappy men! Your hour of grace is past." And forthwith he arose and went his way to the town.

When he was gone the wooers began jeering at Telemachus, and taunted him with the behavior of his guests. "Thou hast a rare taste," said one, "in the choice of thy company! First, this filthy beggar that cumbers the ground with his greedy carcass, and after him comes the mad prophet, and screams like a raven over our meat."

One meaning glance passed between Telemachus and his father; the day was drawing on, and they cared not now to bandy words with the wooers. And so the merry feast came to an end with jesting, and mirth, and laughter; and after a few short hours they were to sit down to supper—such a supper as they had never tasted before, with a hero and a goddess to spread the board.

XXVII The Bow of Odysseus

The time had now arrived for the great trial of strength and skill of which Penelope had spoken, and which was to decide deeper and deadlier issues than those of marriage. Among the treasures which Odysseus had left behind him was a famous bow, which he had received as a gift from Iphitus, son of Eurytus, whom he met in his youth during a visit to Messene. He who strung this bow, and shot an arrow through a line of axes set up in the hall, was to be rewarded by the hand of Penelope.

"Mother, it is time!" whispered Telemachus, soon after the departure of Theoclymenus. Obeying the signal, Penelope, who had been sitting in the hall listening to the talk of the wooers, left her place, and ascending a steep staircase made her way to the storeroom, which was situated at the farther end of the house. In her hand she carried a brazen key with a handle of ivory; and when she came to the door, she loosened the strap which served to draw the bolt from the outside, and inserting the key drew back the bolt. The double doors flew open with a crash, and the treasury with all its wealth was revealed. Great coffers of cedar wood lined the walls, filled with fine raiment, which her own hands had wrought. It was a cool and quiet retreat, dimly lighted, remote from all rude sounds, full of fragrant odors, and fit to guard the possessions of a prince. And there, hanging from a pin, and heedfully wrapped in its case, was seen the fatal bow. She took it down, and, sitting on one of the coffers, laid it on her knees, and gazed on it fondly with her eyes full of tears. How often had she seen it in the hands of Odysseus, when he went forth at sunrise to hunt the hare and the deer! How often had she taken it from him when he came back at evening loaded with the spoils of the chase! And now a keen shaft from this very bow was to cut the last tender chord of memory, and make her another man's wife!

With a heavy heart she took the bow with its quiver in her hands, and descending the staircase reëntered the hall, followed

by her maidens, who carried a chest containing the axes.

"Behold the bow, fair sirs!" she said to the wooers, "and behold me, the prize for this fine feat of archery!" Therewith she gave the bow to Eumæus, who received it with tears; and Philœtius wept likewise when he saw the treasured weapon of his lord. These signs of emotion stirred the anger of Antinous, who rebuked the herdsmen fiercely. "Peace, fools!" he cried. "Peace, miserable churls! Why pierce ye the heart of the lady with your howlings? Has she not grief enough already? Go forth, and howl with the dogs outside, and we will make trial of the bow; yet methinks it will be long ere anyone here shall string it."

"Anyone save thyself, thou wouldst say!" rejoined Telemachus with a loud laugh. Then, seeing his mother regarding him with gentle reproach, he added: "'Tis strange that I should feel so gay and light of heart at the moment when I am about to lose my mother. Zeus, methinks, has turned my brain, and made me laugh when I should weep. But come, ye bold wooers, which of you will be the first to enter the lists for this matchless prize, a lady without peer in all the land of Hellas[1]? Why sit ye thus silent? Must I show you the way? So be it, then; and if I can bend the bow, and shoot an arrow straight, the prize shall be mine, and my mother shall abide here in her widowed state."

So saying he sprang up, flung off his cloak, and laid aside his sword. And first he made a long shallow trench in the floor of the hall, and set up the axes with their double heads in a straight line, stamping down the earth about the handles to make all firm. Then he took the bow from Eumæus; it was a weighty and powerful weapon, fashioned from the horns of an ibex,[2] which were firmly riveted into a massive bridge, and great force was required to string it. Telemachus set the end against the floor, and strove with all his might to drive the string into its socket. Three times he tried, and failed; but the fourth

[1] Hellas—Greece.
[2] Ibex—A wild mountain goat.

time, making a great effort, he was on the point of succeeding, when his father nodded to him to desist. "Plague on it!" cried Telemachus, laying the bow aside with an air of vexation, "must I be called a poltroon[3] all my life, or is it that I have not yet attained the full measure of my strength? Let the others now take their turn."

Then one by one the wooers rose up, in the order in which they sat, and tried to bend the bow. The first to essay it was Leiodes, a soothsayer, and a man of gentle and godly mind. But he was a soft liver, unpracticed in all manly pastimes, and the bow was like iron in his white, womanish hands. "I fear that this bow will make an end of many a bold spirit," he said, little guessing how true his words were to prove; "for better it were to die than to go away beaten and broken men, after all the long years of our wooing."

"Fie on thee!" cried Antinous, "thinkest thou that there are no better men here than thou art? Doubt not that one of those present shall bend the bow and win the lady." Then he called Melanthius, and bade him light a fire, and bring a ball of lard to anoint the bow and make it easier to bend. The lard was brought, and the wooers sat in turn by the fire, rubbing and anointing the bow, but all to no purpose. Only Antinous and Eurymachus still held back, each in the full assurance that he, and none other, had strength to bend the bow.

Odysseus sat watching the wooers from his place at the upper end of the hall, and his heart misgave him when he thought of the appalling task which he had undertaken. He had acquitted himself like a hero in many a hard-fought field, but never in all his life had he faced such odds as these. While he thus mused, and weighed the chances in his mind, he saw Eumæus and Philœtius leave the hall together, and pass out through the courtyard gate. Then a sudden thought struck him, and muttering to himself, "I must risk it," he rose and followed the two men. He found them talking together outside the court-

[3] Poltroon—Coward.

yard fence, and in order to make trial of their temper he addressed them in these cautious terms: "Tell me truly, good friends, which side would ye take, if by some miracle Odysseus suddenly appeared in this house? Would ye be for the wooers or for him?"

Eumæus and Philœtius with one voice protested that they were ready to hazard their lives for the rights of their master, whereupon Odysseus hesitated no longer, but answered: "The miracle has been wrought; I am he! After twenty years of toil and wandering Heaven hath brought me home. I have watched ye both, and I know that ye alone among all the thralls remain true to me. Only continue steadfast for this day, and your reward is assured. I will build houses for ye both, close to my own, and ye shall dwell there with your wives, as my friends and neighbors, equals in honor with Telemachus, my son."

The swineherd and neatherd listened with amazement, willing to believe, but still half in doubt; but when Odysseus showed them the scar, which they had seen many a time before, they were convinced, and embraced their old master with tears and cries of joy. Having allowed them some moments to indulge their feelings, Odysseus checked them with a warning gesture. "Take heed to yourselves," he said, "or your cries will betray us. And now mark what I shall tell you. I will go back to the house first, and do ye two follow me one by one. To thee, Philœtius, I give charge to make fast the gate of the courtyard, with bolt, and with bar, and with cord. And thou, Eumæus, when the time comes, shalt bring the bow and place it in my hands, whether the wooers cry out on thee or not; and when thou hast given me the bow, go straightway and command the women to make fast the doors of their apartments, and remain quiet by their work until I have finished what I have to do."

At the moment when Odysseus returned to his place in the hall, Eurymachus was just making a last attempt to bend the bow. "Out on it!" he cried, finding all his efforts of no avail. "It is a shame to think how far beneath Odysseus we all are

in the strength of our hands; 'tis this that stings me, much more than the loss of the lady."

"Thou mistakest the cause," answered Antinous. "This day is the holy feast of the divine archer, Apollo, and doubtless he is jealous because we try our skill in his own art on his sacred day. Let us leave the axes where they stand, and try our fortune again to-morrow."

The proposal was received with general applause, and forthwith the whole company called loud for wine, and began drinking heavily to drown their disappointment. Odysseus watched the progress of the revel with grim satisfaction, and when the flushed faces and thick talk of the wooers showed that they were far gone in drunkenness he asked, with an air of deep humility, to be allowed to try his hand at stringing the bow. His request was greeted with a loud cry of contempt and indignation from all the wooers; and Antinous especially was highly incensed, threatening him with dire pains and penalties for his presumption. Hereupon Penelope interposed, and rebuked Antinous for his violence. "Why should not the stranger try his skill with the rest?" asked she. "Thinkest thou that the poor man will win me for his wife if he succeeds? Sure I am that he is not so foolish as to entertain such a thought."

"'Tis not for that," said Eurymachus, answering her. "He cannot be so mad as that. But what a shame to all this noble company if a houseless beggar should accomplish a feat which none of us was able to perform."

"Talk not of shame," replied Penelope with scorn. "Are ye not covered with shame already, by your foul deeds done in this house in the absence of its lord? Give him the bow, I say! And if he string it, by Apollo's grace, I will clothe him in a new cloak and doublet, and give him a sharp javelin, to keep off dogs and men, and a two-edged sword, and sandals for his feet, and give him safe conduct to whatsoever place he desires to reach."

The decisive moment was at hand, and Telemachus saw the necessity of removing his mother from the scene of the approach-

ing conflict. "Mother," he said in a tone of authority, "leave these things to me; I am master here. Evening draws on, and it is time for thee to retire."

When Penelope had withdrawn, Eumæus took the bow, and was about to carry it to Odysseus, but paused half-way, in doubt and alarm, for a perfect storm of threats and abuse assailed his ears. "Halt, thou dog! Put down the bow! Art thou tired of thy life?" Appalled by the menacing cries of the wooers, the swineherd stood hesitating; but Telemachus raised his voice, and commanded him instantly to deliver the bow to Odysseus. "I will teach thee," he said, "who is thy master; thou shalt carry the marks of my hands to thy farm, if thou do not as I tell thee. Would that I could as easily drive the whole of this drunken rout[4] from my doors!"

"Well bragged, Sir Valiant!" cried Antinous; and all the wooers laughed boisterously when they heard him. Seizing his opportunity while their attention was thus diverted, Eumæus came and placed the bow in the hands of Odysseus; then, calling Eurycleia, he bade her make fast the door of the women's apartments. Meanwhile Philœtius secured the gates of the courtyard, and returning to his place sat watching the movements of Odysseus. With anxious eye the hero scrutinized the great weapon, turning it this way and that, to see if it had been injured by worms or natural decay. To his great joy he found that it was sound and untouched. Then, easily as a minstrel fastens a new cord to a lyre, without effort he strung the bow, and bending it made the string twang loud and clear, like the shrill voice of the swallow.

A hundred mocking eyes and sneering faces had been turned towards him, as he sat fingering the bow and weighing it in his hands; but pale grew those faces now, and blank was that gaze. To add to their terror, at this moment a loud peal of thunder shook the house. Filled with high courage by the happy omen, Odysseus took an arrow, and, fitting it to the string,

[4] Rout—Disorderly crowd.

sent it with sure aim from the place where he sat along the whole line of axe-heads, from the first to the last.

"Telemachus," he said, "thy guest hath not shamed thee. My hand is firm, and mine eye is true, poor worn-out wanderer though I be. Now let us give these fair guests their supper, and afterwards entertain them with music and with dancing, which are the fit accompaniment of a feast."

Then he beckoned to his son to draw near; and Telemachus made haste, and came and stood by his father's side, armed with sword and lance.

XXVIII The Slaying of the Wooers

Stripping off his rags, and girding them round his waist, Odysseus took the quiver, and poured out all the arrows on the ground at his feet. "Now guide my hand, Zeus," he cried, "and make sure mine aim, for this time I will shoot at a mark which never man hit before."

Therewith he bent his bow again, and pointed the arrow at Antinous, who just at that moment was raising a full goblet of wine to his lips. Little thought that proud and insolent man, as the wine gleamed red before him, that he had tasted his last morsel, and drunk his last drop. He was in the prime of his manhood, surrounded by his friends, and in the midst of a joyous revel; who would dream of death and doom in such an hour? Yet at that very instant he felt a sharp, sudden pang, and fell back in his seat, pierced through the throat by the arrow of Odysseus. The blood poured from his nostrils, he let fall the cup, and spurning the table with his feet in his agony he overset it, and the bread and meat were scattered on the floor.

Then arose a wild clamor and uproar among the wooers, and starting from their seats they sought eagerly for the weapons which were wont to hang along the walls; but not a spear, not a shield, was to be seen. Finding themselves thus baffled, they turned furiously on Odysseus, shouting, "Down with the knave!" "Hew him in pieces!" "Fling his carcass to the vultures!" As

yet they had not recognized him, and they thought that he had slain Antinous by mischance.

They were soon undeceived. "Ye dogs!" he cried, in a terrible voice, "long have ye made my house into a den of thieves, thinking that I had died long ago in a distant land. Ye have devoured my living, and wooed my wife, and mishandled my servants, having no fear of god or man before your eyes. But now are ye all fallen into the pit which ye have dug, and are fast bound in the bonds of death."

Like beaten hounds, that crew cowered before the man whom they had wronged, and every heart quaked with fear. Presently Eurymachus stood forward, and tried to make terms for them all. "If thou be indeed Odysseus," he said, "thou speakest justly concerning the evil doings of the wooers. And there lies the cause of the mischief, Antinous, struck down by thy righteous hand. He it was who sought to slay Telemachus, that he might usurp thy place, and make himself in Ithaca. But now that he is gone to his own place, let us, the rest, find favor in thy sight. And as for thy possessions which have been wasted, we will pay thee back out of our own goods, as much as thou shalt require."

But there were no signs of relenting on that stern, set face. "Talk not to me of payment," he answered, with a brow as black as night; "ye shall pay me with your lives, every one of you. Fight, if ye will, or die like sheep. Not one of you shall escape."

Thus driven to extremity, Eurymachus drew his sword and shouting to the others to follow his example he picked up a table to serve him as a shield, and raising his war cry rushed at Odysseus. In the midst of his onset an arrow struck him in the liver, and he fell doubled up over a table, smiting the floor with his forehead. Then he rolled over with a groan, and his eyes grew dim in death.

Before Odysseus could fix another arrow to the string, Amphinomus was upon him, with sword uplifted to slay him. Telemachus saw his father's peril, and thrust Amphinomus in the back with his spear. The fall of their leaders arrested the

advance of the wooers, and they drew back in a body to the lower end of the hall. Leaving the spear in the body of the fallen man, Telemachus ran to fetch armor for himself and Odysseus, and the two herdsmen. Quickly he brought shields and helmets and lances for the four, and they arrayed themselves and took their stand together on the platform.

While these preparations were in progress, Odysseus continued showering his arrows among the huddled troop of terrified men; and at every shot one of the wooers fell. At last Melanthius, the goatherd, made a desperate effort to save his party. Assisted by several of the wooers, he climbed up the wall of the banquet room, and made his exit through the open timbers at the top into a narrow passage which gave access to the inner part of the house. Presently he returned, laden with spears and shields and helmets, which he had found in the chamber where they had been stored by Telemachus.

What was the dismay of Odysseus when he saw his enemies arming themselves with spear and shield, and brandishing long lances in their hands! "Telemachus!" he cried, "we are betrayed! The women have sold us to the wooers." "Alas! I have erred," answered Telemachus, "for I left the door of the armory open, and one of them has observed it."

While they thus debated, Eumæus saw the goatherd making his way out of the hall again by the same exit. "It is the traitor Melanthius," he whispered; "now have we need of prompt action, or we are all undone."

Odysseus had now recovered his courage, and he issued his orders without losing another moment. "Go thou with the neatherd," he said to Eumæus, "and seize that villain before he has time to return. Bind him hand and foot, and come back with all speed to the hall."

At the side of the hall, close to the platform where Odysseus and his party were stationed, there was a door leading into the passage already mentioned. Through this the two men passed, and made their way stealthily to the armory. There they waited on either side of the door for Melanthius, whom they heard

moving within. Before long he came out, bearing in one hand a helmet, and in the other an old battered shield, once the property of Laertes. Together they fell upon him, dragged him down by the hair, and having bound him tight with a long cord they hauled him up to a beam of the roof and left him hanging. "Long and sweet be thy slumbers, goatherd!" said Eumæus as he contemplated his work, "thou hast a soft bed, such as thou lovest. Rest there till the morning light shall call thee to make breakfast for the wooers."

When they returned to the hall they found that a new ally had joined their party, in the person of Mentor[1], the old friend of Odysseus. No one saw when he came thither; but there he was, and right glad they were to see him. Very different were the feelings of the wooers when they saw their enemies thus reinforced, and one of them, named Agelaus, cried out upon Mentor, and threatened him, saying: "Give place, rash man, or thou wilt bring destruction on thyself and all thy house."

When he heard that, Mentor was wroth, and rebuked Odysseus as slow of hand and cold of heart. "Why standest thou idle?" he cried. "Get thee to thy weapons, and finish the work which thou hast to do, if thou art verily that Odysseus who wrought such havoc among the Trojans in the nine years' war."

With these words the supposed Mentor vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared, and a little swallow was seen darting hither and thither among the smoke-blackened beams of the roof.

The wooers understood not in whose presence they had been, and, thinking that Mentor had fled before their threats, they took courage again, and prepared to make a fresh assault. Agelaus now took the lead, and at his command six of them advanced and hurled their spears. But they were all dazed with drink, and weakened by long habits of loose indulgence, and not one of their weapons took effect.

"Now hurl ye your spears!" shouted Odysseus, and the four lances flew, and four wooers bit the dust. At the next discharge

[1] MENTOR—This was Athene in disguise, to give Odysseus courage.

from the wooers Telemachus received a slight wound on the wrist, and Eumæus was similarly injured on the shoulder by the spear of the brutal Ctesippus. A moment after Ctesippus himself was struck down by the lance of Philœtius, who mocked him as he fell, saying: "That is for the ox-foot which thou didst lately bestow on Odysseus, thou noisy railer!"

And so the great fight went on, and at every cast of the spear Odysseus and his men added another to the list of the slain. Seeing their numbers dwindling fast, the wretched remnant of the wooers lost heart altogether and huddled together like sheep at the end of the hall. To complete their discomfiture a terrible voice was suddenly heard in the air, and a gleam as from a bright shield was seen high up among the rafters. "'Tis Athene herself come to our aid!" cried Odysseus; "advance, and make an end of them. Athene is on our side!" Forthwith they all sprang down from the platform and charged the wooers, of whom some dozen still remained alive. What followed was not a battle, but a massacre. Like a drove of kine[2] plunging frantically over a field, tortured by the sting of the hovering gadfly[3]—like a flock of small birds scattered by the sudden swoop of a falcon—the panic-stricken wooers fled hither and thither through the hall, seeking shelter behind pillars and under tables from the blows which rained upon them. But vain was their flight. In a very short time the last of that guilty band was sent to his account, and the great act of vengeance was completed.

Like a lion fresh from the slaughter stood Odysseus, leaning on his spear, and covered with blood from head to foot. As he glared round him to see if any of his foes were still alive, his eye fell on Phemius, the minstrel, who was crouching in a corner near the side door, and clinging in terror to his harp. Seeing the stern gaze of Odysseus fixed upon him Phemius sprang forward, with a sudden impulse, and threw himself at the conqueror's feet. "Pity me, Odysseus," he cried, "and spare me!

[2] Kine—Cattle.
[3] Gadfly—Cattle fly.

Thy days will be darkened by remorse if thou slay the sweet minstrel whom gods and men revere. I am no common school-taught bard,[4] who sings what he has learned by rote[5]; but in mine own heart is a sweet fountain of melody, which shall be shed like the dew from heaven on thy fame, and keep it green forever. Therefore stay thy hand, and harm me not. Telemachus, thy son, knows that it was not of mine own will, nor for greed of gain, that I sang among the wooers, but they compelled me by force, being so many, and all stronger than I."

Thus appealed to, Telemachus readily confirmed what the minstrel had said, which was indeed the literal truth. Then he thought of the trusty Medon, who had been kind to him when a child, and remained loyal to the last to him and Penelope. "I trust he has not been slain among the wooers," he said. "Medon, if thou art still alive, come forth and fear nothing."

When he heard that, Medon, who had been huddled in a heap behind a chair, covered with a freshly-flayed ox-hide, flung off his covering, and come running to Telemachus. The poor man was still half mad with terror. "Here I am!" he gasped, with staring eyes, "speak to thy father, that he slay me not in his rage and his fury."

Odysseus smiled grimly at the poor serving-man, and bade him be of good cheer. "Live," he said, "thou and the minstrel, that ye may know, and tell it also to others, how much better are good deeds than evil. Now go ye forth and wait in the courtyard until I have finished what remains to be done." So forth they went, and sat down by the altar of Zeus, glancing fearfully about them, as if expecting every moment to be their last.

As soon as they were gone Odysseus walked slowly up and down the hall to see if any of the wooers still survived. But there was no sound or motion, save the tread of his own feet, to break the awful stillness in that chamber of death. There they lay, stark and silent, heap upon heap, like a great draught

[4] BARD—Minstrel.
[5] ROTE—Memory.

of fishes which have been hauled to shore in a dragnet, and have gasped out their lives on the beach. Having assured himself that he had not done the work negligently, he bade Telemachus summon the nurse, Eurycleia. Telemachus obeyed, and going to the door of the women's apartments, he smote upon it, and called aloud to the nurse. A moment after the bolts were drawn back and Eurycleia entered the hall. When she saw Odysseus standing among the heaps of slain wooers, she opened her mouth to utter a cry of triumph, but Odysseus checked her, saying: "Hold thy peace, dame, and give not voice to thy joy: it is an impious[6] thing to exult over the dead. They are the victims of Heaven's righteous law, and I was but the instrument of divine vengeance. Tell me now which of the women in the house have dishonored me, and which of them be blameless."

"Behold I will tell thee all the truth," answered the nurse; "fifty women there are in all thy house, that card the wool and bear the yoke of bondage. And of these twelve have been faithless, honoring neither me nor Penelope, their mistress. But now let me go and tell the news to thy wife, who all this time has been lying in a deep sleep."

"Rouse her not yet," said Odysseus, "but go quickly and send those guilty women hither."

While Eurycleia was gone to summon the maidservants, Telemachus and the two herdsmen began, by the command of Odysseus, to set the hall in order, and wash away the traces of slaughter. Presently, with loud weeping and lamentation, the wretched women entered, and were compelled to assist in the horrid task. The bodies of the slain were carried out, and laid in order along the wall of the courtyard. Then they washed and scoured the tables, and scraped the floor with spades; and when all was ready Odysseus bade his son and the two others to drive the women forth, and slay them with the edge of the sword. So these three drove them into a corner of the courtyard, and Eumæus and Philœtius drew their swords to slay them. But

[6] Impious—Unholy.

Telemachus held them back saying: "Let them die in shame, even as they have lived." So they took a long ship's cable, which was lying in an outhouse, and stretched it across an angle of the wall; to this they attached twelve nooses, and left the women hanging there by the neck until they were dead.

A horrid death was reserved for the traitor Melanthius. Dragging him out into the courtyard, they cut off his nose and ears, and his hands and feet, and so left him to die.

After that they washed themselves and went back to the hall. Then Odysseus bade Eurycleia kindle a fire, and bring sulphur to purify the chamber. And having thoroughly cleansed the house from the fumes of slaughter, he sat down to wait for the coming of his wife.

XXIX Odysseus and Penelope Reunited

Her face beaming with joy, and her feet stumbling over one another in their haste, Eurycleia ascended to the chamber where Penelope lay sleeping. "Awake, Penelope, awake!" she cried, standing by the bedside; "come and see with thine own eyes the fulfillment of all thy hopes. Odysseus has come home at last, and all the wooers lie slain by his hand!"

"Thou art mad, nurse," answered Penelope pettishly, turning in her bed and rubbing her eyes; "why mockest thou me in my sorrow with thy folly? and why hast thou disturbed me in the sweetest sleep that ever I had since the fatal, the accursed day when my lord sailed for Troy? But for thy years and thy faithful service I would have paid thee unkindly for this wanton insult."

"Heaven forbid that I should mock or insult thee, dear child!" cried the nurse, her eyes filling with tears. "I have told thee naught but the truth. The stranger whom we thought a beggar was Odysseus himself. Telemachus knew this all the time, but kept it from thee by the command of his father."

"May the gods ever bless thee for these tidings!" said Penel-

ope, springing from the couch, and throwing her arms round the nurse's neck. "But tell me truly, how did he with his single hand gain the mastery over such a multitude?"

"I saw not how it was done," answered Eurycleia. "I heard but the groans of the men as they were stricken, for I was shut up with the handmaids in the women's chamber. When it was over, he called me, and I found him standing among the slain, like a lion by his prey. It was a sight to gladden thy heart."

But Penelope's first impulse of joyful surprise had passed, and a cold fit of doubt and distrust succeeded. "It cannot be!" she murmured; "some god has taken the likeness of my husband, and slain the wooers." Even when Eurycleia told her how she had discovered the scar, while washing the feet of Odysseus, she remained unshaken in her unbelief. "The counsels of the gods," she said, "are beyond our knowing, and they can take upon them disguises too deep for a poor woman's wit. But come, let us go and see the slaughtered wooers, and their slayer, whoever he be."

Odysseus was sitting bowed over the fire, which shone redly on his face, as he leaned his head upon his hand. He was still clothed in his beggar's rags, and strangely disfigured by the magic power of Athene; while the red stains of slaughter, which still lay thick upon him, served to render his disguise yet deeper. Small wonder then that Penelope hesitated long to acknowledge him for her husband, as she sat some way off scanning his features with timid yet attentive gaze, like one who strives to decipher a blurred and blotted manuscript. More than once she started up, as if about to fall upon his neck; then the gleam which had lighted up her face died away, her arms drooped listlessly at her side, and she remained motionless and cold.

When this had lasted for some time, Telemachus, who was present, rebuked his mother in angry terms, saying: "Fie upon thee, my mother! hast thou no heart at all? Why holdest thou thus aloof from my father, who has come back to thee after twenty years of suffering and toil? But 'twas ever thus with thee—thou art harder than stone."

"My child," answered Penelope, "I am sore amazed; I cannot speak, or ask any question, or look him in the face. But if this man be indeed my husband, he knows how to convince me, and scatter all my doubts to the winds, for there are secrets between us whereof no one knoweth, save only ourselves."

Odysseus smiled at his wife's caution. "Not in vain," he thought, "is she known to all the world as the prudent Penelope." Then, in order to give her time, he turned to Telemachus and said: "Come not between my wife and me, Telemachus; we shall know each other in due season. I have another charge for thee, and do thou mark heedfully what I shall say. We have slain the noblest in the land, not one, but many, who leave a host of friends to take up their cause: how then shall we escape the blood feud? We had best look to it warily and well."

"Father," answered Telemachus, "thou hast the name of wise, beyond all living men. Be it thine, therefore, to declare thy counsel, and I will follow it, to the utmost stretch of my power."

"Thus, then, shalt thou do," said Odysseus: "let all the household put on clean raiment, and bid the minstrel take his harp and make sweet music for the festal dance. Then foot it merrily, everyone, that all they who pass by the house may think that ye are keeping the marriage feast. In this wise the rumor of the wooers' death shall not reach the town until we have had time to collect our men and prepare for our defense."

Telemachus went forthwith to carry out his father's orders. The whole household, men and women, arrayed themselves in festal attire, and soon the hall echoed to the throbbing notes of the lyre, and the loud patter of the dancers' feet. And those who heard it from without said to one another: "So the long wooing of our queen has come to an end at last! Fickle woman, that could not endure unto the end, and keep faith with the husband of her youth!"

After giving his orders to Telemachus, Odysseus had retired to refresh himself with the bath, and put on fresh raiment, while Penelope remained seated in her former place. After an interval of some length he reëntered the hall, and sat down face to face

with his wife. But what miracle was this? The haggard, time-worn beggar was gone, and in his place sat her husband, as she had known him in the days of old, with the added dignity which he had gained by twenty years of strenuous life. But the frost which had lain upon her spirit during her long period of weary waiting was not easily to be broken, and still she doubted. After a long silence Odysseus spoke, and now for the first time his tones had a ring of reproach: "Still not a word for thy husband, who has come back to thee after twenty years? Surely the very demon of unbelief possesses thee!" Even then Penelope made no answer, for she was waiting to put the final test, and at length Odysseus gave her the opportunity. "Go, Eurycleia," he said, "and prepare a bed for me; I will leave this iron-hearted wife and go to my rest."

"Ay, do so," said Penelope, "take the bed from the chamber which he built with his own hands, and lay it in another room, that he may slumber there." This she said to prove him, for the bed and the chamber had a secret history, known only to herself and her husband and the faithful nurse.

Odysseus rose bravely to the test: whether divining his wife's purpose or not, he exclaimed, with an air of surprise and indignition: "Lady, what meanest thou by this order? Who hath moved my bed from its place? He must be of more than mortal skill who could remove it, for it was fashioned in wondrous wise, and with my own hands I wrought it, to be a sign and a secret between thee and me. And this was the manner of the work. Within the courtyard there grew an olive tree, a fair tree and a large, with a world of green leaves, and a stem like a stout pillar. Round this I built the walls of the chamber with close-fitting stones, and roofed it over, and hung the door on its hinges. Then I went to work on the tree, lopping off the boughs, and smoothing the trunk with the adz, so as to fashion it into a bedpost, and beginning from this I made the frame of a bed, and decorated it with gold and silver and ivory, and over the frame I stretched broad bands of ox-hide, stained with

bright purple. This I tell thee as a sign by which thou mayst know me."

The last shadow was now removed, and before Odysseus had well ended what he was saying Penelope sprang towards him, threw her arms round his neck, and covered his face with kisses. "Be not angry with me, my dear lord," she murmured tenderly, "because I held back so long, and gave thee not loving welcome, as I do now. Thou art very wise, and knowest the dangers which beset a lonely woman who is over hasty to believe when a stranger comes and calls himself her husband. Many there be that lie in wait to lay snares for a weak and loving heart. But now I know thee for mine own dear love, and now is the winter of my widowhood made glorious summer, since I have seen thy face again."

So they sat locked in each other's arms, that valiant, long-suffering man, and his faithful wife, two brave and patient souls, parted so long, and tried so hard, but now united once more in wedded love and bliss. The hours went by unheeded, and day would have overtaken them in that trance of delight, had not Athene marked them with pity from her heavenly seat, and stayed the steeds of the morning in the east, and prolonged the reign of night, that the joy of that first meeting might not be broken until they had tasted all its honey to the lees.[1]

XXX Odysseus Visits His Father

Early next day Odysseus rose and donned his armor, and having charged Penelope to keep close in her chamber, and admit no one into the house, he set forth to visit Laertes on his farm, attended by Telemachus and the two faithful herdsmen, all armed to the teeth. Arrived at the farmhouse he left his companions there, bidding them prepare the morning meal, and went out alone to find his father. Passing through the courtyard gate, he entered a large plot of ground, planted by Laertes as

[1] Lees—Dregs, sediment.

a garden and orchard; and there he found the old man, who was digging about the roots of a young tree. With strange emotions Odysseus noted every detail of his dress and figure—the soiled and tattered coat, the gaiters of clouted[1] leather, the old gauntlets on his hands, and the goatskin cap. He who had once been the wealthiest prince in Ithaca had now the appearance of an ancient serving-man, broken down with years and toil.

But in the midst of his sorrow a freakish whim came into the head of Odysseus, characteristic of his subtle and tortuous nature. Approaching his father, who was still stooping over his work, he said to him in a disguised voice: "Old man, I perceive that thou art well skilled in the gardener's art: never saw I a garden better tended—not a tree, not a shrub, but bears witness to thy fostering care. And be not wroth with me if I say that it is a wonder to see the keeper of so fair a garden himself so squalid and unkempt. Surely he whom thou servest must be an ungrateful master. Tell me his name, if thou wilt, and answer me truly if this be indeed the land of Ithaca to which I am come, as I heard from a man whom I met by the way. He seemed a churlish fellow, and would not stay to answer my questions; for I was fain to ask him concerning a friend whom I once entertained in my house, a native of Ithaca, as he told me, and a son of one Laertes. Many days he dwelt with me, eating and drinking of the best, and I sent him away laden with rich gifts, gold and silver, and costly raiment."

"Friend," answered Laertes, shedding tears, "to Ithaca indeed art thou come, but he of whom thou askest is no longer here. In vain were thy gifts bestowed, for he who would have repaid thee richly for all thy kindness hath perished long ago, and his bones lie bleaching on the bare earth, or at the bottom of the sea. Tell me, how long is it since thou didst receive him, and who art thou, and where is thy home?"

"I am a man of Alybas," replied Odysseus, "the son of

[1] Clouted—Patched.

Apheidas the son of Polypemon, and Eperitus is my name; and it is now five years since Odysseus departed from my home. Fair omens attended him on his starting, and we parted in high hopes that we should meet again in his own land."

At these words of Odysseus the poor old man was overwhelmed with sorrow, and he heaped dust upon his gray head, groaning in bitterness of spirit. Odysseus was moved with pity at the sight of his distress, and thinking that he had now tried him enough, he revealed himself, pointing as proofs to the scar above his knee, and to certain trees which Laertes had allowed him to call his own when he walked with him, hand-in-hand, as a little child, through the garden.

The sudden shock of joyful recognition was too much for the old man, and he fell fainting into his son's arms. When he was somewhat recovered they went back together towards the house, and on the way Odysseus spoke of the slaying of the wooers, and of the danger which threatened him from the vengeance of their friends.

Meanwhile the news of the wooers' violent death had spread like wildfire through the island, and their kinsmen went with loud clamor to the house of Odysseus to carry away the dead bodies. When this was done they gathered together at the place of assembly to devise some plan of vengeance; and Eupeithes, the father of Antinous, made violent outcry against Odysseus for his great act of savage justice.

While they were debating, Medon and Phemius appeared on the scene, and described the manner in which the wooers had met their end. "The hand of Heaven," said Medon, "was made manifest in the deed. I myself saw Athene leading the onset, and your sons were laid low like ripe sheaves before the sickle." This report chilled their courage not a little; and Halitherses, seeing the effect produced, exerted all his eloquence to put an end to the blood feud. Nevertheless more than half of those present persisted in their purpose, and donning their armor went forth from the town to meet the party of Odysseus.

The encounter took place in front of the farmhouse, where

Odysseus and the others had just taken their morning meal. Laertes, who seemed to have recovered all the vigor of his youth, led the attack, and by a well-aimed cast of his lance struck down Eupeithes, the leader of the opposing party. This success was followed up by a vigorous charge, in the midst of which a supernatural voice was heard in the air, striking terror into the assailants of Odysseus, who turned and fled in wild panic towards the town. They were hotly pursued, and not a man would have been left alive had not Zeus himself interposed to stay the slaughter. By his command Athene acted as mediator between Odysseus and the kinsmen of the wooers, and an oath of amnesty was taken on both sides, confirmed with solemn prayer and sacrifice.

THE END

DICTIONARY OF IMPORTANT NAMES

1. Vowels with a dash (¯)
   Fāde; wē; mīte; hōme; mūte
2. Vowels with a curve (˘)
   Răn; mĕn; pĭn; nŏt; hŭt
3. Vowels with a dot (˙)
   Påst; fȧst; lȧst; pȧth
4. Vowels with two dots (¨)
   Fäther; cälm; bälm; psälm
5. The accent mark (′)

Achilles (ă-kĭl′lēz) A Greek officer, important in the capture of Troy.
Æolia (ē-ō′lĭ-à) Region from which the Winds came.
Æolus (ē′ō-lŭs) God of the Winds.
Agamemnon (ăgă-mĕm′nŏn) Leader of the Greeks in the siege of Troy.
Agelaus (ă-gĕ-lā′ŭs) One of the suitors.
Alcinous (ăl-sĭn′ōŭs) King of Phæacia, friend of Odysseus.
Amphinomus (ăm-fĭn′ō-mŭs) One of the suitors.
Anticleia (ăn-tĭ-klī′à) The mother of Odysseus.
Antinous (ăn-tĭn′ōŭs) Another of the suitors.

ARETE (ă-rē′tē) **Wife** of King Alcinous.
ARGUS (är′gŭs) **Odysseus's** faithful dog.
ATHENE (ă-thē′nē) The goddess who guided and guarded Odysseus.
AUTOLYCUS (au-tŏl′y̆-cŭs) The father of Odysseus's mother.
CALYPSO (cā-lȳp′sō) Sea nymph of the island by her name.
CHARYBDIS (kā-rĭb′dĭs) The huge and hideous creature which gulped and emitted water, forming a whirlpool dangerous to sailors.
CHIOS (kī′ŏs) Supposed to be Homer's birthplace.
CICONIANS (cĭ-kō′nĭ-ans) Inhabitants of Thrace, who were visited by Odysseus soon after leaving Troy.
CIRCE (cer′sē) The magic enchantress and sorceress who could change men into forms of swine or other animals.
CRETE (crēt) A large island near Greece.
CTESIPPUS (tē-sĭp′pŭs) One of the suitors.
CYCLOPES (cȳ′clō-pēz) One-eyed giants of huge stature living on the shores of Sicily.
CYCLOPS (cy′clops) One of the Cyclopes.
DEMODICUS (dē-mŏd′ō-cŭs) The bard or musician in Odysseus's palace.
DIONYSUS (dī-ō-nȳ′sŭs) One of the suitors.
ELPENOR (ĕl-pē′nor) One of Odysseus's followers who died on Circe's island.
EUMÆUS (ū-mē′ŭs) Swineherd to Odysseus, faithful and loyal to his master.
EURYCLEIA (ū-rĭ-klī′à) The old and faithful maidservant to Penelope.
EURYLOCHUS (ū-rĭl′ō-kŭs) Odysseus's companion; the only one who escaped Circe's spell.
EURYMACHUS (ū-rĭm′à-kŭs) One of the suitors.
HADES (hā′dēz) The lower regions, inhabited by spirits, which Odysseus visited.
HELLAS (hĕl′lâs) Another name for Greece.
HERCULES (her′cū-lēz) The Greek hero renowned for his great strength.
HERMES (her′mēz) Messenger of the gods; acted as messenger for Athene to Odysseus.
INO (ī′nō) Burial place of Homer.
IRUS (ī′rŭs) The haughty beggar in the palace with whom Odysseus fought.
LAERTES (lā-ĕr′tēz) Father of Odysseus, once King of Ithaca.
LÆSTRYGONIA (lĕs-trĭ-gō′nĭ-à) The land of the cannibal giants which Odysseus visited.
MEDON (mē′dŏn) A faithful servant of Odysseus.
MELANTHIUS (mĕl-ăn′thĭ-ŭs) The goatherd of Odysseus, unfaithful and disloyal.

MELANTHO (mĕl-ăn′thō) One of Penelope's servants, also unfaithful and haughty.

MENELAUS (mĕn-ĕ-lā′ŭs) Agamemnon's brother, whose wife, Helen, had been stolen and carried to Troy.

MENTOR (mĕn′tōr) Faithful friend of Odysseus who fought with him in Troy.

NAIADS (nā′yădz) Water nymphs presiding over rivers, springs, wells and fountains.

NAUSICAÄ (nă-sĭk′ā-à) Daughter of Alcinous who received Odysseus after his shipwreck.

ODYSSEUS (ō-dĭs′sūs) Hero of the story, King of Ithaca.

PATROCLUS (pă-trō′clŭs) Warrior friend of Achilles.

PEISISTRATUS (pī-sĭs′trā-tŭs) One of the suitors.

PENELOPE (pĕ-nĕl′ō-pē) Wife of Odysseus, Queen of Ithaca.

PHÆACIA (fē-ā′shĭ-à) Land visited by Odysseus, of which Alcinous was King.

PHEMIUS (fē′mĭ-ŭs) The faithful minstrel in Odysseus's house.

PHILŒTIUS (fī-lē′tĭ-ŭs) The faithful herdsman who cared for the cattle of Odysseus.

POLYPHEMUS (pŏl-ĭ-fē′mŭs) One of the Cyclopes, whose cave Odysseus visited.

POSEIDON (pō-sī′dŏn) Power god of the seas whose wrath Odysseus had incurred.

PYLOS (py′lŏs) A neighboring city to Ithaca.

SCYLLA (sĭl′là) The monster, dwelling on the cliffs, who preyed upon passing sailors.

SIDONIANS (sī-dō′nĭ-ànz) Inhabitants of Sidonia, a city visited by Odysseus.

SIRENS (sī′rĕns) Sea nymphs who sang most beautifully and alluringly.

STYX (stŷx) The river flowing in front of Hades.

TEIRESIAS (tī-rē′sĭ-às) A prophet of Thebes whom Odysseus visited in Hades.

TELEMACHUS (tĕ-lĕm′à-kŭs) Son of Odysseus and Penelope.

THEOCLYMENUS (thē-ō-clŷm′ĕn-ŭs) The prophet who came to Odysseus's palace.

TROJAN (trō′jàn) An inhabitant of Troy.

ZEUS (zūs) Father of the gods, greatest and mightiest.

THE STORY OF HOMER

NEARLY one thousand years before Christ lived on this earth, Homer was born in Greece. It was not certain in what city he was born, for seven cities wish to claim the honor, but it is supposed that either Smyrna or Chios is his birthplace.

Some of the stories about Homer state that when he grew to be a young man he became a schoolmaster. One day a rich traveler, named Mentes, having heard of Homer's wisdom, visited him, and so enjoyed his acquaintance that he finally induced Homer to sail with him to Italy and Spain.

During the course of his travels, Homer began to have trouble with his eyes. Finally, as the malady increased, Mentes was obliged to leave him on the island of Ithaca, at the home of a rich man, named Mentor, who was a most interesting story-teller. Many and varied were the stories that Homer gathered and treasured in his mind, and later wove into beautiful poems.

When Mentes returned to Ithaca, Homer again joined him in his travels, but, as the trouble with his eyes increased, Homer became blind. He now began to sing his songs and his stories, hoping that people would enjoy listening to them and would give him money. In this way he could earn his own living. But not many gifts were given to him so he was forced to move from city to city.

At one place a friendly schoolmaster offered to support him on condition that he might be allowed to write down the stories as they were told. Homer gladly consented to this but a little later he heard that this friend had taken his poems to Chios, and was reciting them as his own and gaining great applause. Of course Homer was indignant at this and started out for Chios so that he might claim his own poems. On the way a rich man persuaded him to remain and become the tutor of his children. Here he proved to be such a wise teacher that his fame spread throughout the region. A few years later he continued on his way to Chios, but by this time his treacherous friend had disappeared. His poems now brought him wealth, so he stayed at this place until he was quite an old man. He had often wished to return to Athens for a visit, and arranged to go, but became ill on the way, and died. He was buried on the seashore at Ino.

Homer made good use of his sight while he had it, and observed keenly the things he saw about him. Afterward when blindness came upon him, his memory and imagination and his genius gave him the power to send out magic music into the world. In like manner the great English poet, Milton, was able in his blindness to delight people with the music of his epic poems. In *The Odyssey* Homer shows us very clearly the pictures of the morning sunrise, which he always called "the rosy-fingered dawn," the pleasant lands, and the stormy seas. He shows us, too, the manners and customs of the people of his time, in their friendly social gatherings and games, and also on their battlefields.

In Homer's day we find that man's chief business was war, and that cruelty and robbery were accepted things. Great princes were slain in battle, and their wives and daughters carried away into slavery. We are also shown glimpses of the quiet home life of a people who, when resting from warfare, tended their flocks, drew water from springs, washed their clothes in the rivers, and daily offered their sacrifices to the many gods.

Homer is considered as great in the Greek literature as Shakespeare is in the English. He is the first and greatest of the ancient epic poets.

HOMER'S POETRY

Homer showed his genius by inspiring in his hearers a love for their religion and their country. He gave the Greeks a feeling of pride in their nation and made them into a people of life and action. He did not reveal himself in the characters he created and gave no hint of his own thoughts and life.

In his poems he cast a dreamlike radiance over the mythology of the past, when the Greek gods were connected with the earth. They were claimed as fathers of the heroes and kings, and shared with them their divine wisdom, and gods and heroes mingled on intimate terms almost inconceivable to our practical, twentieth century minds.

Wisdom was the prime characteristic of the Greek divinities. Zeus was called the Counselor; Apollo and Athene devised and suggested councils and all discussions had to be presented to and settled by the Olympian Assembly. Since the decisions made by the Assembly were sometimes thwarted by opposing divinities, however, the Greeks recognized and did homage not only to the great gods, but also to those lower in rank, for they dreaded incurring their displeasure.

Some people claim that Homer never lived, but that these poems were gathered together later, and called by his name. Others believe that

only by one man could *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* have been written, for the style is wonderfully uniform throughout the two poems, and the characters remain consistent from beginning to end. These two great epics are long, narrative poems, telling of the national and religious life of ancient Greece, and expressing the countless experiences and ideals of the Greek race. They are written in hexameter verse, and it is said that in these epics are found more sweetness and variety and majesty of sound than in any other language or poetry.

THE TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER

In the original, Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are poems. They were told and recited by the blind Homer three thousand years ago, and written down in the Greek language by a friend. To secure the greatest and fullest enjoyment from these greatest of all epics, they should of course be read in their original form, but in order that all may enjoy them, English scholars of the Greek language have translated them, sometimes in verse, and sometimes in prose.

One of the earliest translations of *The Odyssey* was in verse, done in 1615 by George Chapman. This has been a standard translation now for over three hundred years. Then followed the versions of Alexander Pope in 1725; William Cowper in 1781; Thomas Brydges in 1707, and other English translations, until we find our own American poet, William Cullen Bryant bringing forth a poetic translation in 1872.

There are also many prose translations, namely those of Theodore A. Buckley in 1868, Brutcher and Lang in 1879, George Palmer in 1884, and Samuel Butler in 1900. Although these translations for the most part use the terms and phrases of the ancient times and give the facts of the story in complete form, yet the language used, and the thought brought forth in each are more or less peculiar to its own translator. For example, one writer stresses the moral side of the story, another the mythology, another treats it as a fairy tale, and still another as a philosophic treatise. This is, of course, natural and to be expected, since each translator interprets it according to his own appreciation of the poem, and it is mentioned merely to explain briefly the seeming differences in the various English translations. There are also many stories written about the adventures in *The Odyssey* by such noted authors as A. J. Church, Edward Brooks, and others, which do not purport to be in any way translations.

It has been said that the greatest office of an epic as far as boys and girls are concerned is two-fold: first, to put in their possession the

great heroes of primitive ages, and secondly, to make them like literature and wish for more. We have therefore chosen an interpretation in which the phraseology is simple and straightforward, and the characters are painted with strong coloring. The plot has unity since the story is arranged in the logical time order and sequence of the adventures of Odysseus. It is an English interpretation which has omitted archaic expressions, and the intricacies and confusions of some of the translations, without losing the Homeric atmosphere and the classical concepts which the story is designed to give. The story as here used is the work of H. L. Havell, late professor of English in the University of Halle and former scholar at Oxford.

The story divides itself very naturally into the three parts as indicated. By scanning the list of chapter headings, it is noticed that the story starts with Odysseus leaving Troy on his return journey toward home. Part One is filled with the adventures which he encounters until he reaches his home shores. The action moves rapidly and swiftly from one adventure to another, and the reader conceives a more rapid succession of events than the time really allowed. It took Odysseus ten years for his return trip, but the events of these chapters occupy but forty or fifty days. The intervening time he was detained with Circe and on Calypso's Island, patiently awaiting the will of the gods.

The action in Parts Two and Three moves rather slowly. These chapters show the events which he encountered at home, and the reunion with his wife Penelope. The preparations and plans for killing the suitors consume time, and lead to the one and only exciting action when the wooers are killed. Penelope's loyalty and fidelity to her husband are proven and the end is a quiet but very happy and amicable reunion of husband and wife.

WHY THE ODYSSEY IS A CLASSIC

The Odyssey was written sometime about the eighth century, B.C., or earlier. This was almost three thousand years ago, but the story has lived through all these years. No other Greek literature has been preserved although at that time there must have been other Greek writers and story-tellers than Homer. A story that has been preserved through all these centuries, by all nations through all changing times, varying modes and temperaments of races and peoples, certainly can

be termed a classic. It has shaped ideals of men, policies of nations, aspirations of individuals, and had its influence in all countries and climes of civilized peoples. It is through the Homeric poems that the Greek civilization has shaped from the very beginning, the culture of the world in both thought and art.

The Homeric theme is dignified, graceful, cultural, and effective. It has left its influence on all ages of civilization in its advancement. The Greek customs, domestic and foreign, modes of warfare, worship of gods, treatment of strangers and guests, communication and travel are given clearly and precisely. The adventures, hardships, and endurances of fatigue, are all embodied in the story, as well as traits of loyalty, friendship, honesty, courage, bravery, and other such sterling traits which make men and nations strong and powerful.

Matthew Arnold gives us this description:

"Homer is *rapid* in his movement; Homer is *plain* in his words and style; Homer is *simple* in his ideas; Homer is *noble* in his manner."

THE BACKGROUND OF THE STORY

Both *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* have for their beginning the siege of Troy. That siege came about because the young prince, Paris, who was the son of Priam, the king of Troy, had stolen away the beautiful Helen who was the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta. Many of the chieftains of Greece, under the leadership of Agamemnon, the brother of Menelaus, went to besiege Troy in their effort to bring Helen back to her husband. For ten years the Grecians laid siege to the city, but the Trojans dared not come out to fight because they feared Achilles who was the bravest of the Greeks and who was supposed to have been protected from death because his mother had dipped him into the river Styx when he was a baby.

The siege of Troy lasted ten years, and *The Iliad* gives the events in the tenth year. One day one of the kings in the Grecian army offended Achilles so that he refused to fight, and the Trojans, hearing of his withdrawal, came outside the city and pressed hard upon their enemy. A dear friend of Achilles urged him to give his help, but he refused. Finally when the bravest of the Greek leaders were wounded and forced to leave the field, he agreed to lend his armor to his friend Patroclus, and allow his troops to take part in the battle. Patroclus was slain, however, and his body stripped of its armor. At the news of his friend's

death, Achilles at last went forth into battle and slew Hector, the hero of *The Iliad,* and the favorite son of King Priam. The broken-hearted father humbled himself by beseeching Achilles for Hector's body. It was given him, and a time of peace declared while the Trojans buried their hero. Later, by the strategy of the wooden horse, the Greeks entered Troy, ransacked the city, and carried away Helen, taking her back to her husband Menelaus.

The Odyssey tells the story of the thrilling adventures of the hero Odysseus on his return home after the capture of Troy. Although he was delayed on his journey for ten years, the action of the story itself occupies only forty or fifty days.

A CLASS PROJECT

As an interesting innovation, a class scrapbook is suggested—that is, one book to represent the work of the class as a whole. A committee can be chosen to act as the editorial staff and the book arranged by it.

In the layout of the book there would be the title page containing the title, the school name, the teacher's name, and the names of the editors. The preface should be written by the chairman of the committee who would be the editor-in-chief. The table of contents would follow and then perhaps an introduction written either by the teacher or by one of the associate editors.

The following offer suggestions for the contents. Any one book can be chosen, or two or more combined. The suggestions should, of course, be elaborated upon according to the originality and ingenuity of the editors and the members of the class. Large and very worthwhile books can be the result if each pupil will do his part in contributing to the contents.

I A Book of Pictures:

(*a*) Characters and scenes from *The Odyssey:* Copies of masterpieces from the great art galleries of Europe (catalogs of penny pictures may be procured and for a very small amount of money, a large number of pictures purchased).

(*b*) Gods and goddesses: Pictures of mythology (see also penny catalogs), both sculpture and painting.

(*c*) Ancient Greece: Pictures of Greek architecture such as the plan of the Acropolis, the Parthenon, photographs of public buildings of ancient Athens, pictures of Greek vases and sculpture.

Magazines, particularly travel and geographic magazines will yield a large number of beautiful photographs. Brief explanations and histories of the pictures should be written by members of the class, and each pupil should contribute as many pictures as he can find.

II A Book of Greek Mythology: Stories of the Greek gods and goddesses; the Olympian Council; life on Mount Olympus; how the gods mingled on earth with men; the jealousy of the gods towards each other; the influence of the gods on Greek life and history; the part the gods played in *The Odyssey*.

III The Life of Ancient Greece: Map of Greece; essays on the methods of warfare; home life; dress; amusements; sports; ideas of heaven and hell; religious worship; travel; treatment of servants; art and education; ideas of right and wrong; how *The Odyssey* gives us a picture of Greek life.

IV Homer and *The Odyssey:* Biography of Homer; value of Homeric verse; descriptions of Odysseus and other characters; the most thrilling adventures; character sketches.

V A Modern Odyssey: Odysseus can be transferred to modern life and a modern *Odyssey* composed.

When the kind of book has been decided upon, the editors should then plan it and get it in skeleton form. They can then proceed to list the contents and assign various topics to be written upon either to the class as a whole or to groups. When the best compositions have been decided upon, they should be autographed and then included in the book. As the work proceeds and interest increases, it will be found that new ideas and original plans will be suggested by the members of the class and there will be a wealth of material with which to work.

An attractive cover can be designed by an art student in the class, and perhaps a colored frontispiece can be found. The book when finished will not only be most attractive and entertaining, but will also be a good class exhibit, and a valuable book of reference, not to mention an incentive for the next year's class.

ORAL AND WRITTEN COMPOSITION

Narrations (Adapted and Original)

Any adventure of Odysseus as:

Odysseus Visits Polyphemus; The Bag of Winds; The Visit to Hades; The Sirens; Scylla and Charybdis; The Voyage on the Raft; The Fight with Irus; The Killing of the Suitors; The Experience of Odysseus Which I Enjoyed Most.

Any personal adventure of the student as:

An Adventure Story I Recently Read; A Fight; The Haunted House; An Unpleasant Occurrence; A Boy's Hardships and Endurance; A Girl's Courage and Quick Wit; An Accident Retold.

Descriptions of Places (Adapted and Original)

The Palace at Ithaca; The Herdsman's Hut; Circe's Palace; An Island Visited by Odysseus; A Beautiful Building I Have Seen; A Country Home; A Modern Skyscraper.

Descriptions of Persons (Adapted and Original)

The Giant, Polyphemus; Odysseus; Penelope; Eumæus; Athene; A Friend of Mine; The Traffic Cop at a Busy Corner; A Clerk in a Store; The President of the United States; An Interesting Man (or Woman) Whom I Know.

Character Sketches may be written from the list of titles above.

Biographies (Adapted and Original)

The Life of Homer; The Life of Odysseus; The Story of a Successful Business Man; The Story of a Great Statesman; My Father's Life Story; The Story of My School Life.

Essays (Adapted and Original)

The Value of Homeric Verse; The Worth of Epic Poetry; The Courage of Odysseus; The Faithfulness of Penelope; The Greek Gods; A Dog's Devotion; Greek Life and Customs; My Idea of a Hero; Classics as Literature; My Idea of Homer's *Odyssey*.

IVANHOE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SECTION V

IVANHOE

Sir Walter Scott

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LEADING CHARACTERS IN THE STORY

GURTH—The swineherd and thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.

WAMBA—Cedric's jester who proves to be a "friend in need."

PRIOR AYMER (Ī′-mēr)—Abbot of Jorvaulx (Zhôr-vōx′) and a favorite among the Norman nobility.

BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT (Brē′an dē Bwä Gēl-bār′)—A Knight Templar recently returned from the Crusades, haughty and cruel.

THE PALMER—A pilgrim from the Holy Land who guides the Prior and the Templar to Rotherwood.

CEDRIC OF ROTHERWOOD—A proud Saxon, unreconciled to the presence of the Norman invaders.

ROWENA—A Saxon princess, niece and ward of Cedric and in love with Ivanhoe.

ISAAC—The Jew of York, tolerated for his money, despised for his religion.

PRINCE JOHN—Brother of the absent King Richard and aspirant for the throne.

REBECCA—The beautiful daughter of Isaac, skilled in the art of healing and accused of witchcraft.

ATHELSTANE—A Saxon of noble blood, Cedric's choice as a husband for Rowena.

MAURICE DE BRACY (Brä-sē′)—A Norman follower of Prince John, determined to win Rowena.

WALDEMAR FITZURSE (Fĭts-ĕrs′)—Prince John's chief adviser.

THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT—Victor in the tournament at the lists of Ashby.

PHILIP DE MALVOISIN (Măl-vwä-zăn′)—A Norman lord, hated by the Saxons.

REGINALD FRONT DE BŒUF (Frôn-dē-Bĕf′)—A feudal baron, in whose castle Cedric and his party were imprisoned.

THE BLACK KNIGHT—Friend of the Disinherited Knight, and leader in the attack on Torquilstone.

LOCKSLEY—"King of outlaws, and Prince of good fellows."

THE FRIAR—The jolly Clerk of Copmanhurst, one of Locksley's band.

ULRICA—Of Saxon blood, revenging herself for Norman cruelty by burning Torquilstone.

LUCAS DE BEAUMANOIR (Bō-măn-wär′)—Chief of the Knights of the Temple and judge at Rebecca's trial.

CONRADE DE MONT FICHET (Môn Fē-shā′)—A Templar, companion of Beaumanoir.

ALBERT MALVOISIN (Măl-vwä-zăn′)—Preceptor of Templestowe, and brother of Philip.

IVANHOE

Sir Walter Scott

CHAPTER I

GURTH, THE SWINEHERD, AND WAMBA, THE JESTER

In that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster.

The date of our story refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard I, when his return from his long captivity had

become an event, rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects, who were in the meantime subjected to every species of subordinate oppression. Four generations had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons, or to unite, by common language and mutual interests, two hostile races, one of which still felt the elation of triumph, while the other groaned under all the consequences of defeat. The power had been completely placed in the hands of the Norman nobility by the event of the battle of Hastings, and it had been used, as our histories assure us, with no moderate hand The whole race of Saxon princes and nobles had been driven away or disinherited, with few or no exceptions; nor were the numbers great who possessed land in the country of their fathers, even as proprietors of the second or of yet inferior classes. At court, and in the castles of the great nobles, where the pomp and state of a court was emulated, Norman-French was the only language employed; in courts of law, the pleadings and judgments were delivered in the same tongue. In short, French was the language of honor, of chivalry, and even of justice, while the far more manly and expressive Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and hinds,[1] who knew no other.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward.

The human figures which mingled in this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of

[1] Rustics and Hinds—Country peasants, farmers.

the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially round the legs. To make the jacket set yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle; to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip,[2] and to the other a ram's horn, equipped with a mouthpiece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck a long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knife, with a buck's-horn handle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark-red color, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains. It was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no hindrance to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular collar was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following meaning: "Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall[3] of Cedric of Rotherwood."

Beside the swineherd, for such was Gurth's occupation, was seated, upon a fallen stone, a person about ten years younger in appearance and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of a more fantastic description. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colors. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh; it was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all around him, its width, contrasting with

[2] Scrip—Bag, satchel.
[3] Thrall—Servant, slave.

its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, "Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood." This personage had the same sort of sandals as his companion, but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other; and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff band of leather, cut at the top into openwork, resembling a coronet, while a long bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder like an old-fashioned nightcap, or a jelly bag. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached. His own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance further pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters, maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a scrip attached to his belt, but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to entrust with edge tools. In place of these, he was equipped with a sword of wood.

The outward appearance of those two men formed scarcely a stronger contrast than their look and demeanor. That of the serf was sad and sullen; his aspect was bent on the ground with an air of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eyes shown that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen despondency, a sense of oppression, and a disposition to resistance. The looks of Wamba, on the other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation and the appearance which he made. Their conversation was carried on

in Anglo-Saxon, which was universally spoken by the inferior classes.

"The curse of St. Withold[4] upon these infernal porkers!" said the swineherd, after blowing his horn obstreperously,[5] to collect together the scattered herd of swine. "Here, Fangs, Fangs!" he called at the top of his voice to a ragged wolfish-looking dog, half-mastiff, half-greyhound, which ran limping about as if with the purpose of seconding his master in collecting the stubborn grunters; but which, in fact only drove them hither and thither, and increased the evil. "A devil draw the teeth of him," said Gurth, "Wamba, up and help me an thou beest a man; take a turn round the back o' the hill to gain the wind[6] on them; and then thou mayst drive them before thee as gently as so many innocent lambs."

"Truly," said Wamba, without stirring from the spot, "I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs[7] would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs, and leave the herd to their destiny, which, whether they meet with bands of traveling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into Normans[8] before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort."

"The swine turn Normans to my comfort!" quoth Gurth; "expound that to me, Wamba, for my brain is too dull, and my mind too vexed, to read riddles."

"Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

"Swine, fool, swine," said the herd; "every fool knows that."

"And swine is good Saxon," said the Jester; "but how call you

[4] St. Withold—An imaginary Saxon saint.
[5] Obstreperously—Noisily, clamorously.
[6] Gain the Wind—To get on the windward side.
[7] Sloughs—Deep, muddy places, bogs.
[8] Converted into Normans—Eaten by Normans.

the sow when she is flayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels, like a traitor?"

"Pork," answered the swineherd.

"I am very glad every fool knows that, too," said Wamba; "and pork, I think, is good Norman-French; and so when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the Castle-hall to feast among the nobles. What dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?"

"It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool's pate."

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba, in the same tone, "there is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet,[9] while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf,[10] too, becomes Monsieur de Veau [11] in the like manner; he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

"By St. Dunstan," answered Gurth, "thou speakest but sad truths; little is left to us but the air we breathe. The finest and the fattest is for their board; the loveliest is for their couch; the best and bravest supply their foreign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones, leaving few here who have either will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon. God's blessing on our Master Cedric, who hath done the work of a man in standing in the gap; but Reginald Front de Bœuf is coming down to this country in person, and we shall soon see how little Cedric's trouble will avail him.—Here, here," he exclaimed again, raising his voice, "Well done, Fangs! thou hast them all before thee now, and bring'st them on bravely."

"Gurth," said the Jester, "I know thou thinkest me a fool, but one word to Reginald Front de Bœuf or Philip de Malvoisin,

[9] Epithet—Name.
[10] Mynheer Calf—Mr. Calf.
[11] Monsieur de Veau—Mr. Veal.

that thou hast spoken treason against the Norman—and thou wouldst waver [12] on one of these trees as a terror to all evil speakers against dignities."

"Dog, thou wouldst not betray me," said Gurth, "after having led me on to speak so much at disadvantage?"

"Betray thee!" answered the Jester; "no, that were the trick of a wise man; a fool cannot half so well help himself.—But soft, whom have we here?" he said, listening to the trampling of several horses which became then audible.

"Never mind whom," answered Gurth, who had now got his herd before him, and, with the aid of Fangs, was driving them toward home.

"Nay, but I must see the riders," answered Wamba; "perhaps they are come from Fairyland with a message from King Oberon." [13]

"A murrain take thee!" [14] answered the swineherd; "wilt thou talk of such things, while a terrible storm of thunder and lightning is raging within a few miles of us! Hark, how the thunder rumbles! and for summer rain, I never saw such broad downright flat drops fall out of the clouds; the oaks, too, notwithstanding the calm weather, sob and creak with their great boughs as if announcing a tempest. Let us home ere the storm begins to rage, for the night will be fearful."

Wamba seemed to feel the force of this appeal, and accompanied his companion, who began his journey after catching up a long quarterstaff which lay upon the grass beside him. This second Eumæus [15] strode hastily down the forest glade, driving before him, with the assistance of Fangs, the whole herd of his noisy charge.

[12] Waver—Hang.
[13] King Oberon—King of the fairies.
[14] A murrain take thee—A plague take you.
[15] Eumæus—The swineherd of Odysseus.

CHAPTER II

THE TEMPLAR AND THE PRIEST SEEK THE WAY TO ROTHERWOOD

But Wamba could not be prevented from lingering occasionally on the road, now catching from the hazel a cluster of half-ripe nuts, and now turning his head to leer after a cottage maiden who crossed their path. The horsemen, therefore, soon overtook them.

Their numbers amounted to ten men, of whom the two who rode foremost seemed to be persons of considerable importance, and the others their attendants. It was not difficult to tell the condition and character of one of these personages. He was obviously a priest of high rank; his dress was that of a Cistercian[1] Monk, but composed of materials much finer than those which the rule of that order admitted. His mantle and hood were of the best Flanders[2] cloth, and fell in ample, and not ungraceful, folds around a handsome though somewhat corpulent[3] person. His countenance bore as little the marks of self-denial as his clothes indicated contempt of worldly splendor. In defiance of rules, his sleeves were lined and turned up with rich furs, his mantle secured at the throat with a golden clasp, and the whole dress was much ornamented.

This worthy churchman rode upon a well-fed ambling mule, whose furniture was highly decorated, and whose bridle, according to the fashion of the day, was ornamented with silver bells. In his seat he had nothing of the awkwardness of the convent, but displayed the easy and habitual grace of a well-trained horseman. Indeed, it seemed that so humble a conveyance as a mule was only used by the gallant Monk for traveling on the road.

The companion of the priest was a man past forty, thin, strong,

[1] Cistercian—An order of monks founded at Cisteaux, France.
[2] Flanders—The Flemish were famed for their weaving.
[3] Corpulent—Robust, large, fat.

tall, and muscular; an athletic figure, in which long fatigue and constant exercise seemed to have left none of the softer part of the human form, having reduced the whole to brawn, bones, and sinews, which had sustained a thousand toils, and were ready to dare a thousand more. His head was covered with a scarlet cap, faced with fur. His countenance was therefore fully displayed, and its expression was calculated to impress a degree of awe, if not of fear, upon strangers. High features, naturally strong and powerfully expressive, had been burnt almost into Negro blackness by constant exposure to the tropical sun. His keen, piercing, dark eyes told in every glance a history of difficulties subdued and dangers dared, and seemed to challenge opposition to his wishes; a deep scar on his brow gave additional sternness to his countenance as well as an evil expression to one of his eyes.

The upper dress of this personage resembled that of his companion in shape, being a long monastic mantle; but the color being scarlet, showed that he did not belong to any of the four regular orders of monks. On the right shoulder of the mantle there was cut, in white cloth, a cross of a peculiar form. This upper robe concealed what at first view seemed rather inconsistent with its form, a shirt, namely, of linked mail, with sleeves and gloves of the same, curiously plaited and interwoven, as flexible to the body as those which are now wrought in the stocking loom out of less hard materials. The fore-part of his thighs, where the folds of his mantle permitted them to be seen, were also covered with linked mail; the knees and feet were defended by splints, or thin plates of steel, jointed upon each other; and mail hose, reaching from the ankle to the knee, effectually protected the legs, and completed the rider's defensive armor. In his girdle he wore a long and double-edged dagger.

He rode, not a mule, like his companion, but a strong hackney[4] for the road, to save his gallant war horse, which a squire led behind, fully fitted out for battle, with a plaited headpiece upon his head, having a short spike projecting from the front. On

[4] HACKNEY—An ordinary road horse.

one side of the saddle hung a short battle-ax richly inlaid with Damascene[5] carving; on the other, the rider's plumed headpiece and hood of mail, with a long two-handed sword, while a second squire held aloft his master's lance.

These two squires were followed by two attendants, whose dark visages, white turbans, and the oriental form of their garments showed them to be natives of some distant Eastern country. The whole appearance of this warrior and his retinue was wild and outlandish; the dress of his squires was gorgeous, and his Eastern attendants wore silver collars round their throats, and bracelets of the same metal upon their swarthy legs and arms. Silk and embroidery distinguished their dresses and marked the wealth and importance of their master. They were armed with crooked sabers, having the hilt and baldric inlaid with gold, and matched with Turkish daggers of yet more costly workmanship. Each of them bore at his saddlebow a bundle of darts or javelins, about four feet in length, having sharp steelheads, a weapon much in use among the Saracens.[6]

The singular appearance of this cavalcade not only attracted the curiosity of Wamba, but excited even that of his less lively companion. The monk he instantly knew to be the Prior of Jorvaulx Abbey, well known for many miles around as a lover of the chase, of the banquet, and, if fame did him not wrong, of other worldly pleasures still more inconsistent with his monastic vows. Yet so loose were the ideas of the times respecting the conduct of the clergy, that the Prior Aymer maintained a fair character in the neighborhood of his abbey. His free and jovial temper, and the readiness with which he granted absolution[7] from all ordinary failings, rendered him a favorite among the nobility and principal gentry, to several of whom he was allied by birth, being of a distinguished Norman family.

But the singular appearance of his companion arrested the attention of the Saxon serfs, and excited their wonder, and they

[5] Damascene—From Damascus in Palestine.

[6] Saracens—Name assumed by the followers of Mohammed, used by the Crusaders to indicate their opponents.

[7] Absolution—Forgiveness.

could scarcely attend to the Prior of Jorvaulx's question, when he demanded if they knew of any place of shelter in the vicinity.

"I asked you, my children," said the Prior, raising his voice, "if there be in this neighborhood any good man who, for the love of God and devotion to Mother Church, will give two of her humblest servants, with their train, a night's hospitality and refreshment?"

"If the reverend fathers," said Wamba, "love good cheer and soft lodging, a few miles of riding will carry them to the Priory of Brinxworth, where their quality cannot but secure them the most honorable reception; or if they prefer spending a penitential evening,[8] they may turn down yonder wild glade, which will bring them to the hermitage of Copmanhurst, where a pious anchoret[9] will make them sharers for the night of the shelter of his roof and the benefit of his prayers."

The Prior shook his head at both proposals.

"Tell us," said the armed rider, breaking in on the conversation with a high and stern voice, "tell us, if thou canst, the road to—How call'd you your Franklin,[10] Prior Aymer?"

"Cedric," answered the Prior; "Cedric, the Saxon.—Tell me, good fellow, are we near his dwelling, and can you show us the road?"

"The road will be uneasy to find," answered Gurth, who broke silence for the first time, "and the family of Cedric retire early to rest."

"Tush, tell not me, fellow!" said the military rider; "'tis easy for them to rise and supply the wants of travelers such as we are, who will not stoop to beg the hospitality which we have a right to command."

"I know not," said Gurth, sullenly, "if I should show the way to my master's house to those who demand as a right the shelter which most are fain to ask as a favor."

"Do you dispute with me, slave!" said the soldier; and, setting spurs to his horse, he caused him to make a demivolt[11]

[8] Penitential Evening—An evening of prayer.
[9] Anchoret—Hermit.
[10] Franklin—A landowner of some wealth.
[11] Demivolt—A half vault with the fore leg raised.

across the path, raising at the same time the riding rod which he held in his hand, with a purpose of chastising what he considered as the insolence of the peasant.

Gurth darted at him a savage and revengeful scowl, and with a fierce yet hesitating motion laid his hand on the haft[12] of his knife; but the interference of Prior Aymer, who pushed his mule betwixt his companion and the swineherd, prevented the meditated violence.

"Nay, by St. Mary, brother Brian, you must not think you are now in Palestine, predominating over heathen Turks and infidel Saracens; we islanders love not blows, save those of Holy Church, who chasteneth whom she loveth.—Tell me, good fellow," said he to Wamba, and seconded his speech by a small piece of silver coin, "the way to Cedric, the Saxon's; you cannot be ignorant of it, and it is your duty to direct the wanderer."

"In truth, venerable father," answered the Jester, "the Saracen head of your right reverend companion has frightened out of mine the way home; I am not sure I shall get there to-night myself."

"Tush," said the Abbot, "thou canst tell us if thou wilt. This reverend brother has been all his life engaged in fighting among the Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Sepulcher; he is of the order of Knights Templars,[13] whom you may have heard of; he is half a monk, half a soldier."

"If he is but half a monk," said the Jester, "he should not be wholly unreasonable with those whom he meets upon the road, even if they should be in no hurry to answer questions that no way concern them."

"I forgive thy wit," replied the Abbot, "on condition thou wilt show me the way to Cedric's mansion."

"Well, then," answered Wamba, "your reverences must hold on this path till you come to a sunken cross; then take the path to the left, for there are four which meet at Sunken Cross, and I trust your reverences will obtain shelter before the storm comes on."

[12] Haft—Handle.
[13] Knights Templars—One of three military orders of monks.

The Abbot thanked his sage adviser; and the cavalcade, setting spurs to their horses, rode on as men do who wish to reach their inn before the bursting of a night storm.

As their horses' hoofs died away, Gurth said to his companion, "If they follow thy wise direction, the reverend fathers will hardly reach Rotherwood this night."

"No," said the Jester, grinning, "but they may reach Sheffield if they have good luck, and that is as fit a place for them."

"Thou art right," said Gurth; "it were ill that Aymer saw the Lady Rowena; and it were worse, it may be, for Cedric to quarrel, as is most likely he would, with this military monk. But, like good servants, let us hear and see, and say nothing."

We return to the riders, who had soon left the bondsmen far behind them, and who carried on the following conversation in the Norman-French language, usually employed by the superior classes, with the exception of the few who were still inclined to boast their Saxon descent.

"What mean these fellows by their capricious insolence?" said the Templar to the Cistercian, "and why did you prevent me from chastising it?"

"Marry,[14] brother Brian," replied the Prior, "one is a fool speaking according to his folly; and the other churl is of that savage, fierce race, some of whom, as I have often told you, are still to be found among the descendants of the conquered Saxons. And besides that beating this fellow could procure us no information respecting the road to Cedric's house, it would have been sure to have established a quarrel betwixt you and him had we found our way thither. Remember what I told you; this wealthy Franklin is proud, fierce, jealous, and irritable. He stands up so sternly for the privileges of his race, and is so proud of his uninterrupted descent from Hereward,[15] that he is universally called Cedric, the Saxon; and makes a boast of his

[14] MARRY—A term of surprise, meaning, Indeed!—In truth!

[15] HEREWARD—A noted Saxon leader in the time of William the Conqueror.

belonging to a people from whom many others endeavor to hide their descent, lest they should encounter a share of the severities imposed upon the vanquished."

"Prior Aymer," said the Templar, "you are a man of gallantry, learned in the study of beauty, and as expert as a troubadour in all matters concerning the judgment of love; but I shall expect much beauty in this celebrated Rowena, to counterbalance the forbearance which I must exert if I am to court the favor of such a churl as you have described her father Cedric."

"Cedric is not her father," said the Prior, "and is but of remote relation; she is descended from higher blood than even he pretends to, and is but distantly connected with him by birth. Her guardian, however, he is, self-constituted as I believe; but his ward is as dear to him as if she were his own child. Of her beauty you shall soon be judge; and if the purity of her complexion, and the majestic yet soft expression of a mild blue eye do not chase from your memory the black-tressed girls of Palestine, I am an infidel and no true son of the church."

"Should your boasted beauty," said the Templar, "be weighed in the balance and found wanting, you know our wager?"

"My gold collar," answered the Prior, "against ten butts of Chian wine;—they are mine as securely as if they were already in the convent vaults, under the key of old Dennis, the cellarer."

"And I am myself to be judge," said the Templar, "and I am only to be convicted on my own admission that I have seen no maiden so beautiful.—Prior, your collar is in danger; I will wear it over my collar in the lists of Ashby de la Zouche."

"Win it fairly," said the Prior, "and wear it as ye will; I will trust your giving true response, on your word as a knight and as a churchman. Yet, brother, take my advice, and file your tongue to a little more courtesy. Cedric, the Saxon, if offended is a man who, without respect to your knighthood, my high office, or the sanctity of either, would clear his house of us, and send us to lodge with the larks, though the hour were midnight. And be careful how you look on Rowena, whom he cherishes with the most jealous care; if he takes the least alarm in that quarter we are but lost men. It is said he banished his only son from

his family for lifting his eyes in the way of affection towards this beauty, who may be worshipped, it seems, only at a distance."

"Well, you have said enough," answered the Templar; "I will for a night put on the needful restraint."

"But here is the clown's sunken cross," answered the Prior, "and the night is so dark that we can hardly see which of the roads we are to follow. He bid us turn, I think, to the left."

"To the right," said Brian, "to the best of my remembrance."

"To the left—certainly the left; I remember his pointing with his wooden sword."

"Ay, but he held his sword in his left hand, and so pointed across his body with it," said the Templar.

Each maintained his opinion with sufficient obstinacy, as is usual in all such cases; the attendants were appealed to, but they had not been near enough to hear Wamba's directions.

At length Brian remarked, what had at first escaped him in the twilight: "Here is some one either asleep or lying dead at the foot of this cross—Hugo, stir him with the butt end of thy lance."

This was no sooner done than the figure arose, exclaiming in good French, "Whosoever thou art, it is discourteous in you to disturb my thoughts."

"We did but wish to ask you," said the Prior, "the road to Rotherwood, the abode of Cedric, the Saxon."

"I myself am bound thither," replied the stranger; "and if I had a horse I would be your guide, for the way is somewhat intricate, though perfectly well known to me."

"Thou shalt have both thanks and reward, my friend," said the Prior, "if thou wilt bring us to Cedric's in safety."

And he caused one of his attendants to mount his own led horse, and give that upon which he had hitherto ridden to the stranger who was to serve for a guide.

Their conductor pursued an opposite road from that which Wamba had recommended for the purpose of misleading them. The path soon led deeper into the woodland, and crossed more

than one brook, the approach to which was rendered perilous by the marshes through which it flowed; but the stranger seemed to know, as if by instinct, the soundest ground and the safest points of passage, and, by dint of caution and attention, brought the party safely into a wider avenue than any they had yet seen; and, pointing to a large, low, irregular building at the upper extremity, he said to the Prior, "Yonder is Rotherwood, the dwelling of Cedric, the Saxon."

Finding himself now near shelter, the Prior's curiosity began to awake, and he demanded of the guide who and what he was.

"A Palmer,[16] just returned from the Holy Land," was the answer, to which the Prior expressed his astonishment that their guide, after such long absence, should be so perfectly acquainted with the passes of the forest.

"I was born a native of these parts," answered their guide, and as he made the reply they stood before the mansion of Cedric—a low, irregular building, containing several courtyards or inclosures, extending over a considerable space of ground, and which, though its size indicated the inhabitant to be a person of wealth, differed entirely from the tall, turreted buildings in which the Norman nobility resided, and which had become the universal style of architecture throughout England.

Rotherwood was not, however, without defenses; no habitation, in that disturbed period, could have been so, without the risk of being plundered and burnt before the next morning. A deep ditch was drawn round the whole building, and filled with water from a neighboring stream. A double stockade composed of pointed beams, which the near-by forest supplied, defended the outer and inner bank of the trench. There was an entrance from the west through the outer stockade, which communicated by a drawbridge with a similar opening in the interior defenses.

Before this entrance the Templar wound his horn loudly; for the rain, which had long threatened, began now to descend with great violence.

[16] PALMER—A pilgrim from the Holy Land. He carried a palm branch in token of his visit.

CHAPTER III

"THE SAXON"—CEDRIC OF ROTHERWOOD

In a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, a long oaken table formed of planks rough-hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Cedric, the Saxon. The roof, composed of beams and rafters, had nothing to divide the apartment from the sky excepting the planking and thatch. There was a huge fireplace at either end of the hall and the escaping smoke had polished the rafters and beams of the low-browed hall, by incrusting them with a black varnish of soot. On the sides of the apartment hung implements of war and of the chase, and there were at each corner folding doors, which gave access to other parts of the extensive building.

The floor was composed of earth mixed with lime, trodden into a hard substance, such as is often employed in flooring our modern barns. For about one quarter of the length of the apartment the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was called the dais, was occupied only by the principal members of the family and visitors of distinction. For this purpose, a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons fed. Massive chairs and settles[1] of carved oak were placed upon the dais, and over these seats and the more elevated table was fastened a canopy of cloth.

In the center of the upper table were placed two chairs more elevated than the rest, for the master and the mistress of the family. One of these seats was at present occupied by Cedric, the Saxon, who felt at the delay of his evening meal an irritable impatience. It appeared from the countenance of this proprietor that he was of a frank, but hasty and choleric, temper. He was not above the middle stature, but broad-shouldered, long-

[1] SETTLES—Seats, benches.

armed, and powerfully made, like one accustomed to endure the fatigue of war or of the chase; his face was broad, with large blue eyes, open and frank features, fine teeth, and a well-formed head, altogether expressive of that sort of good humor which often lodges with a sudden and hasty temper. Pride and jealousy there was in his eye, for his life had been spent in asserting rights which were constantly liable to invasion. His long yellow hair was equally divided on the top of his head and upon his brow, and combed down on each side to the length of his shoulders; it had but little tendency to gray, although Cedric was approaching to his sixtieth year.

His dress was a tunic of forest green, furred at the throat and cuffs with gray squirrel. This doublet hung unbuttoned over a close dress of scarlet which sate[2] tight to his body; he had breeches of the same, but they did not reach below the lower part of the thigh, leaving the knee exposed. His feet had sandals of the same fashion with the peasants, but of finer materials, and secured in the front with golden clasps. He had bracelets of gold upon his arms, and a broad collar of the same precious metal around his neck. About his waist he wore a richly studded belt, in which was stuck a short, straight, two-edged sword, with a sharp point, so disposed as to hang almost perpendicularly by his side. Behind his seat was hung a scarlet cloth cloak lined with fur, and a cap of the same materials, richly embroidered, which completed the dress of the opulent landholder when he chose to go forth. A short boar spear, with a broad and bright steelhead, also reclined against the back of his chair, which served him, when he walked abroad, for the purpose of a staff or of a weapon, as chance might require.

Cedric, as we have observed, was in no very placid state of mind. The Lady Rowena, who had been absent to attend an evening mass at a distant church, had but just returned, and was changing her garments, which had been wetted by the storm. There were as yet no tidings of Gurth and his charge, which should long since have been driven home from the forest; and such was the insecurity of the period as to render it probable

[2] Sate—Sat.

that the delay might be explained by some plundering of the outlaws, with whom the adjacent forest abounded, or by the violence of some neighboring baron.

Besides these subjects of anxiety, the Saxon was impatient for the presence of his favorite clown, Wamba, whose jests, such as they were, served for a sort of seasoning to his evening meal, and to the deep draughts of ale and wine with which he was in the habit of accompanying it. Add to all this, Cedric had fasted since noon, and his usual supper hour was long past, a cause of irritation common to country squires, both in ancient and modern times. His displeasure was expressed in broken sentences, partly muttered to himself, partly addressed to the domestics who stood around; and particularly to his cupbearer, who offered him from time to time a silver goblet filled with wine—"Why tarries the Lady Rowena?"

"She is but changing her headgear," replied a female attendant.

This produced a sort of acquiescent "Umph!" on the part of the Saxon, with the addition, "I wish her devotion may choose fair weather for the next visit to St. John's Kirk.[3]—But what, in the name of ten devils," continued he, turning to the cupbearer, and raising his voice, "keeps Gurth so long afield?"

Oswald, the cupbearer, modestly suggested, "That it was scarce an hour since the tolling of the curfew"—an ill-chosen apology, since it turned up a topic so harsh to Saxon ears.

"The foul fiend," exclaimed Cedric, "take the curfew! The curfew!" he added, pausing—"ay, the curfew, which compels true men to extinguish their lights, that thieves and robbers may work their deeds in darkness.—My faithful slave is murdered, and my goods are taken for a prey—and Wamba—where is Wamba? Said not some one he had gone forth with Gurth?"

Oswald replied in the affirmative.

"Ay, why, this is better and better! he is carried off too, the Saxon fool, to serve the Norman lord. But I will be avenged," he added, starting from his chair in impatience at the supposed

[3] KIRK—Church.

injury, and catching hold of his boar spear; "I will go with my complaint to the great council, I have friends, I have followers —man to man will I appeal the Norman to the lists.—Haply they think me old; but they shall find, alone and childless as I am, the blood of Hereward is in the veins of Cedric.—Ah, Wilfred,[4] Wilfred!" he exclaimed in a lower tone, "couldst thou have ruled thine unreasonable passion, thy father had not been left in his age like the solitary oak that throws out its shattered and unprotected branches against the full sweep of the tempest!" The reflection seemed to conjure into sadness his irritated feelings. Replacing his javelin, he resumed his seat, bent his looks downward, and appeared to be absorbed in melancholy reflection.

From his musing Cedric was suddenly awakened by the blast of a horn, which was replied to by the clamorous yells and barking of all the dogs in the hall, and some twenty or thirty which were quartered in other parts of the building.

"To the gate, knaves!" said the Saxon, hastily, as soon as the tumult was so much appeased that the dependants could hear his voice. "See what tidings that horn tells us of—to announce, I ween,[5] some robbery which has been done upon my lands."

Returning in less than three minutes, a warder announced, "That the Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx, and the good knight Brian de Bois Guilbert, commander of the valiant and venerable order of Knights Templars, with a small retinue, requested hospitality and lodging for the night, being on their way to a tournament which was to be held not far from Ashby de la Zouche on the second day from the present."

"Aymer—the Prior Aymer! Brian de Bois Guilbert!" muttered Cedric—"Normans both; but Norman or Saxon, the hospitality of Rotherwood must not be censured: they are welcome, since they have chosen to halt—more welcome would they have been to have ridden further on their way. But it were unworthy to murmur for a night's lodging and a night's food—Go, Hunde-

[4] WILFRED—Cedric's son; he said he was childless but only because he had banished his own son from his household.

[5] WEEN—Fancy, think.

bert," he added, to a sort of major-domo[6] who stood behind him with a white wand; "take six of the attendants and introduce the strangers to the guests' lodging. Look after their horses and mules, and see their train[7] lack nothing. Let them have change of vestments if they require it, and fire, and water to wash, and wine and ale; and bid the cooks add what they hastily can to our evening meal; and let it be put on the board when those strangers are ready to share it. Say to them, Hundebert, that Cedric would himself bid them welcome, but he is under a vow never to step more than three steps from the dais of his own hall to meet any who shares not the blood of Saxon royalty. Begone! see them carefully tended; let them not say in their pride, the Saxon churl has shown at once his poverty and his avarice."

The major-domo departed with several attendants to execute his master's commands. "The Prior Aymer!" repeated Cedric. "He is, they say, a free and jovial priest, who loves the wine cup and the bugle horn better than bell and book.[8] Good, let him come, he shall be welcome. How named ye the Templar?" he said, looking to Oswald.

"Brian de Bois Guilbert."

"Bois Guilbert!" said Cedric, still musing. "Bois Guilbert! That name has been spread wide both for good and evil. They say he is valiant as the bravest of his order; but stained with their usual vices—pride, arrogance, cruelty, and voluptuousness—a hard-hearted man, who knows neither fear of earth nor awe of heaven. So say the few warriors who have returned from Palestine.—Well, it is but for one night; he shall be welcome too.—Elgitha, let thy Lady Rowena know we shall not this night expect her in the hall, unless it be her special pleasure."

"But it will be her special pleasure," answered Elgitha, with great readiness, "for she is ever desirous to hear the latest news from Palestine."

Cedric darted at the forward damsel a glance of hasty re-

[6] MAJOR-DOMO—Steward of a household.
[7] TRAIN—Followers.
[8] BELL AND BOOK—Church and Bible.

sentment, but only replied, "Silence, maiden; thy tongue outruns thy discretion. Say my message to thy mistress, and let her do her pleasure. Here, at least, the descendant of Alfred[9] still reigns a princess."

Elgitha left the apartment.

"Palestine!" repeated the Saxon; "Palestine! how many ears are turned to the tales from that fatal land! I too might ask —I too might enquire—I too might listen with a beating heart to fables which the wily strollers devise to cheat us into hospitality; but no—the son[10] who has disobeyed me is no longer mine; nor will I concern myself more for his fate."

He knit his brows, and fixed his eyes for an instant on the ground; as he raised them, the folding doors at the bottom of the hall were cast aside, and preceded by the major-domo with his wand, and four domestics bearing blazing torches, the guests of the evening entered the apartment.

[9] Descendant of Alfred—Rowena was of the direct line of King Alfred.
[10] The Son—Wilfred.

CHAPTER IV

ROWENA, THE SAXON PRINCESS

The Prior Aymer had taken the opportunity afforded him of changing his riding robe for one of yet more costly materials, over which he wore a cape curiously embroidered. Besides the massive golden signet ring which marked his priestly dignity, his fingers, though contrary to the canon,[1] were loaded with precious gems; his sandals were of the finest leather which was imported from Spain; his beard trimmed to as small dimensions as his order would possibly permit, and his shaven crown concealed by a scarlet cap richly embroidered.

The appearance of the Knight Templar was also changed; and though less studiously bedecked with ornament, his dress was as rich, and his appearance far more commanding, than that of his companion. He had exchanged his shirt of mail for an

[1] Canon—Laws of the church.

undertunic of dark purple silk, garnished with furs, over which flowed his long robe of spotless white in ample folds. The eight-pointed cross of his order was cut on the shoulder of his mantle in black velvet. The high cap no longer invested his brows, which were only shaded by short and thick curled hair of a raven blackness, corresponding to his unusually swart complexion. Nothing could be more gracefully majestic than his step and manner, had they not been marked by an air of haughtiness, easily acquired by the exercise of unresisted authority.

These two dignified persons were followed by their respective attendants, and at a more humble distance by their guide,[2] whose figure had nothing more remarkable than it derived from the usual weeds[3] of a pilgrim. A cloak or mantle of coarse black serge enveloped his whole body. Coarse sandals, bound with thongs, on his bare feet; a broad and shadowing hat, with cockleshells stitched on its brim, and a long staff shod with iron, to the upper end of which was attached a branch of palm, completed the Palmer's attire. He followed modestly the last of the train which entered the hall, and, observing that the lower table scarce afforded room sufficient for the domestics of Cedric and the retinue of his guests, he withdrew to a settle placed beside, and almost under, one of the large chimneys, and seemed to employ himself in drying his garments, until the retreat of some one should make room at the board, or the hospitality of the steward should supply him with refreshments in the place he had chosen apart.

Cedric rose to receive his guests with an air of dignified hospitality, and, descending from the dais, made three steps towards them, and then awaited their approach.

"I grieve," he said, "reverend Prior, that my vow binds me to advance no farther upon this floor of my fathers, even to receive such guests as you and this valiant Knight of the Holy Temple. But my steward has explained to you the cause of my seeming discourtesy. Let me also pray that you will ex-

[2] THEIR GUIDE—The Palmer.
[3] WEEDS—Clothes, garments.

cuse my speaking to you in my native language, and that you will reply in the same if your knowledge of it permits; if not, I sufficiently understand Norman to follow your meaning."

"Vows," said the Prior, "must be unloosed, worthy Franklin, or permit me rather to say, worthy Thane,[4] unless our Holy Mother Church shall pronounce the contrary. And respecting language, I willingly hold communication in that spoken by my respected grandmother, Hilda of Middleham—God be gracious to her soul!"

When the Prior had ceased what he meant as a conciliatory speech, his companion said briefly and emphatically, "I speak ever French, the language of King Richard and his nobles; but I understand English sufficiently to communicate with the natives of the country."

Cedric darted at the speaker one of those hasty and impatient glances which comparisons between the two rival nations seldom failed to call forth; but, recollecting the duties of hospitality, he suppressed further show of resentment, and, motioning with his hand, caused his guests to assume two seats a little lower than his own, but placed close beside him, and gave a signal that the evening meal should be placed upon the board.

While the attendants hastened to obey Cedric's commands, his eye distinguished Gurth, the swineherd, who, with his companion Wamba, had just entered the hall. "Send these loitering knaves up hither," said the Saxon impatiently. And when the culprits came before the dais—"How comes it, villains, that you have loitered abroad so late as this? Hast thou brought home thy charge, sirrah Gurth, or hast thou left them to robbers and marauders?"

"The herd is safe, so please ye," said Gurth.

"But it does not please me, thou knave," said Cedric, "that I should be made to suppose otherwise for two hours, and sit here devising vengeance against my neighbors for wrongs they have not done me. I tell thee, shackles and the prison house shall punish the next offense of this kind.—I crave your par-

[4] THANE—A freeman, not of the nobility.

don, my worthy guests. I am beset here with neighbors that match your infidels, Sir Knight, in Holy Land. But your homely fare is before you; feed, and let welcome make amends for hard fare."

The feast, however, which was spread upon the board needed no apologies from the lord of the mansion, but when the repast was about to commence, the major-domo, suddenly raising his wand, said aloud: "Forbear!—Place for the Lady Rowena." A side door at the upper end of the hall now opened behind the banquet table, and Rowena, followed by four female attendants, entered the apartment. Cedric, though surprised, and perhaps not altogether agreeably so, hastened to meet her, and to conduct her, with respectful ceremony, to the elevated seat at his own right hand reserved for the lady of the mansion. All stood up to receive her; and replying to their courtesy by a mute gesture of salutation, she moved gracefully forward to assume her place at the board. Ere she had time to do so, the Templar whispered to the Prior: "I shall wear no collar of gold of yours at the tournament. The Chian wine is your own."

Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height, and her complexion was exquisitely fair. Her clear blue eye beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown, sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as to beseech. Her profuse hair, of a color betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and being worn at full length, showed the noble birth and free-born condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to which was attached a small reliquary[5] of the same metal, hung round her neck. She wore bracelets on her arms, which were bare. Her dress was an undergown and kirtle of pale sea-green silk, over which hung a long loose robe which reached to the ground, having very wide sleeves, which came down, however, very little below the elbow.

[5] Reliquary—Small casket or case containing holy relics.

This robe was crimson, and manufactured out of the very finest wool. A veil of silk interwoven with gold was attached to the upper part of it, which could be, at the wearer's pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom after the Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of drapery round the shoulders.

When Rowena perceived the Knight Templar's eyes bent on her with an ardor that, compared with the dark caverns under which they moved, gave them the effect of lighted charcoal, she drew with dignity the veil around her face, as an intimation that the determined freedom of his glance was disagreeable.

Cedric saw the motion and its cause. "Sir Templar," said he, "the cheeks of our Saxon maidens have seen too little of the sun to enable them to bear the fixed glance of a crusader."

"If I have offended," replied Sir Brian, "I crave your pardon —that is, I crave the Lady Rowena's pardon—for my humility will carry me no lower."[6]

"I will spare your courtesy, Sir Knight," said Rowena with dignity, and without unveiling herself; "or rather I will tax it so far as to require of you the latest news from Palestine, a theme more agreeable to our English ears than the compliments which your French breeding teaches."

"I have little of importance to say, lady," answered Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, "excepting the confirmed tidings of a truce with Saladin."[7]

Conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the porter's page, who announced that there was a stranger at the gate, imploring admittance and hospitality.

"Admit him," said Cedric, "be he who or what he may;—a night like that which roars without, compels even wild animals to herd with tame, and to seek the protection of man, their mortal foe, rather than perish by the elements. Let his wants be ministered to with all care; look to it, Oswald."

And the steward left the banqueting hall to see the commands of his patron obeyed.

[6] LOWER—This was an affront to the Saxon lord.
[7] SALADIN—Famous sultan of Egypt and Spain.

CHAPTER V

THE PALMER PLEDGES IVANHOE AGAINST SIR BRIAN

Oswald, returning, whispered into the ear of his master, "It is a Jew, who calls himself Isaac of York; is it fit that I should marshal him into the hall?"

"Let Gurth do thine office, Oswald," said Wamba with his usual impudence, "the swineherd will be a fit usher to the Jew."

"St. Mary," said the Abbot, crossing himself, "an unbelieving Jew, and admitted into this presence!"

"A dog Jew," echoed the Templar, "to approach a defender of the Holy Sepulcher?"

"Peace, my worthy guests," said Cedric; "my hospitality must not be bounded by your dislikes. But I constrain[1] no man to converse or to feed with him.—Let him have a board and a morsel apart,—unless," he said smiling, "these turban'd strangers[2] will admit his society."

"Sir Franklin," answered the Templar, "my Saracen slaves are true Moslems, and scorn as much as any Christian to hold intercourse with a Jew."

"He shall sit with thee, Wamba," said Cedric; "the fool and the knave will be well met."

"The fool," answered Wamba, raising the remains of a gammon of bacon, "will take care to erect a bulwark against the knave."

"Hush," said Cedric, "for here he comes."

Introduced with little ceremony, and advancing with fear and hesitation, and many a bow of deep humility, a tall thin old man, who, however, had lost by the habit of stooping much of his actual height, approached the lower end of the board. His features, keen and regular, with an aquiline nose, and piercing black eyes; his high and wrinkled forehead, and long gray hair

[1] Constrain—Force, make.
[2] Strangers—Saracen servants.

and beard, would have been considered as handsome, had they not been peculiar to a race, which, during those dark ages, was alike detested by the vulgar, and persecuted by the greedy nobility.

The Jew's dress, which appeared to have suffered considerably from the storm, was a plain russet cloak of many folds, covering a dark purple tunic. He had large boots lined with fur, and a belt around his waist, which sustained a small knife, together with a case for writing materials, but no weapon. He wore a high square yellow cap of a peculiar fashion, assigned to his nation to distinguish them from Christians, and which he doffed with great humility at the door of the hall.

The reception of this person in the hall of Cedric, the Saxon was such as might have satisfied the most prejudiced enemy of the tribes of Israel.[3] Cedric himself coldly nodded in answer to the Jew's repeated salutations, and signed to him to take place at the lower end of the table, where, however, no one offered to make room for him.

Probably the same motives which induced Cedric to open his hall to this son of a rejected people would have made him insist on his attendants receiving Isaac with more courtesy; but the Abbot had at this moment engaged him in a most interesting discussion on the breed and character of his favorite hounds, which he would not have interrupted for matters of much greater importance than that of a Jew going to bed supperless. While Isaac thus stood an outcast in the present society, like his people among the nations, looking in vain for welcome or resting place, the Palmer, who sat by the chimney, took compassion upon him, and resigned his seat, saying briefly, "Old man, my garments are dried, my hunger is appeased; thou art both wet and fasting." So saying, he gathered together and brought to a flame the decaying brands which lay scattered on the ample hearth; took from the larger board a mess of pottage[4] and seethed kid,[5] placed it upon the small table at which he had

[3] Tribes of Israel—Jewish people.
[4] Pottage—A dish of vegetables.
[5] Seethed Kid—Boiled kid.

himself supped, and, without waiting the Jew's thanks, went to the other side of the hall.

Meanwhile the Abbot and Cedric continued their discourse upon hunting; the Lady Rowena seemed engaged in conversation with one of her attendant females; and the haughty Templar, whose eye seemed to wander from the Jew to the Saxon beauty, revolved in his mind thoughts which appeared deeply to interest him.

"Cupbearer! knave, fill the goblets," ordered Cedric. "To the strong in arms, Sir Templar, be their race or language what it will, who now bear them best in Palestine among the champions of the Cross!"

"It becomes not one wearing this badge to answer," said Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert; "yet to whom, besides the sworn champions of the Holy Sepulcher, can the palm be assigned among the champions of the Cross?"

"To the Knights Hospitalers,"[6] said the Abbot; "I have a brother of their order."

"I impeach not their fame," said the Templar; "nevertheless—"

"Were there, then, none in the English army," said the Lady Rowena, "whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple and of St. John?"[7]

"Forgive me, lady," replied De Bois Guilbert; "the English monarch[8] did indeed bring to Palestine a host of gallant warriors, second only to those whose breasts have been the unceasing bulwark of that blessed land."

"Second to NONE," said the Palmer, who had stood near enough to hear, and had listened to this conversation with marked impatience. All turned towards the spot from whence this unexpected assertion was heard. "I say," repeated the Palmer in a firm and strong voice, "that the English chivalry were second to NONE who ever drew sword in defense of the Holy Land.

[6] KNIGHTS HOSPITALERS—Order of St. John—A military organization.
[7] ST. JOHN—The Knights Hospitalers.
[8] ENGLISH MONARCH—King Richard.

I say besides, for I saw it, that King Richard himself, and five of his knights, held a tournament after the taking of St. John de Acre,[9] as challengers against all comers. I say that, on that day, each knight ran three courses, and cast to the ground three antagonists. I add, that seven of these assailants were Knights of the Temple; and Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert well knows the truth of what I tell you."

It is impossible for language to describe the bitter scowl of rage which rendered yet darker the swarthy countenance of the Templar. In the extremity of his resentment and confusion, his quivering fingers gripped towards the handle of his sword, and perhaps only withdrew from the consciousness that no act of violence could be safely executed in that place and presence. Cedric omitted, in the joyous glee with which he heard of the glory of his countrymen, to remark the angry confusion of his guest. "I would give thee this golden bracelet, Palmer," he said, "couldst thou tell me the names of those knights who upheld so gallantly the renown of merry England."

"That will I do blithely," replied the Palmer, "and without reward; my oath, for a time, prohibits me from touching gold."

"I will wear the bracelet for you, if you will, friend Palmer," said Wamba.

"The first in honor as in arms, in renown as in place," said the Palmer, "was the brave Richard, King of England."

"I forgive him," said Cedric—"I forgive him his descent from the tyrant Duke William."

"The Earl of Leicester was the second," continued the Palmer. "Sir Thomas Multon of Gilsland was the third."

"Of Saxon descent, he at least," said Cedric, with exultation.

"Sir Foulk Doilly the fourth," proceeded the Pilgrim.

"Saxon also, at least by the mother's side," continued Cedric, who listened with the utmost eagerness, and forgot, in part at least, his hatred to the Normans in the common triumph of the King of England and his islanders. "And who was the fifth?" he demanded.

[9] St. John de Acre—A town in Palestine.

"The fifth was Sir Edwin Turneham."

"Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist!" shouted Cedric. "And the sixth?" he continued with eagerness—"how name you the sixth?"

"The sixth," said the Palmer, after a pause, in which he seemed to recollect himself, "was a young knight of lesser renown and lower rank, assumed into that honorable company less to aid their enterprise than to make up their number; his name dwells not in my memory."

"Sir Palmer," said Brian de Bois Guilbert, scornfully, "this assumed forgetfulness, after so much has been remembered, comes too late to serve your purpose. I will myself tell the name of the knight before whose lance fortune and my horse's fault occasioned my falling—it was the Knight of Ivanhoe;[10] nor was there one of the six that, for his years, had more renown in arms.—Yet this will I say, and loudly—that were he in England, and durst repeat, in this week's tournament, the challenge of St. John de Acre, I, mounted and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result."

"Your challenge would be soon answered," replied the Palmer, "were your antagonist near you. As the matter is, disturb not the peaceful hall with vaunts of the issue of a conflict which you well know cannot take place. If Ivanhoe ever returns from Palestine, I will be his surety that he meets you."

"A goodly security!" said the Knight Templar; "and what do you proffer as a pledge?"

"This reliquary," said the Palmer, taking a small ivory box from his bosom, and crossing himself, "containing a portion of the true cross, brought from the Monastery of Mount Carmel."

The Prior of Jorvaulx crossed himself and repeated a paternoster,[11] in which all devoutly joined, excepting the Jew, the Mohamedans, and the Templar; the latter of whom, without vail-

[10] KNIGHT OF IVANHOE—Wilfred had received the estate of Ivanhoe from King Richard.

[11] PATER-NOSTER—Our Father, the Lord's Prayer.

ing his bonnet or testifying any reverence for the alleged sanctity of the relic, took from his neck a gold chain, which he flung on the board, saying, "Let Prior Aymer hold my pledge and that of this nameless vagrant, in token that, when the Knight of Ivanhoe comes within the four seas of Britain, he underlies the challenge of Brian de Bois Guilbert, which, if he answers not, I will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every Temple Court in Europe."

"It will not need," said the Lady Rowena, breaking silence, "my voice shall be heard, if no other in this hall is raised, in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe. I affirm he will meet fairly every honorable challenge. Could my weak warrant add security to the inestimable pledge of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge name and fame that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight the meeting he desires."

A crowd of conflicting emotions seemed to have occupied Cedric and kept him silent during this discussion. Gratified pride, resentment, embarrassment, chased each other over his broad and open brow, like the shadow of clouds drifting over a harvest field; while his attendants, on whom the name of the sixth knight seemed to produce an effect almost electrical, hung in suspense upon their master's looks. But when Rowena spoke, the sound of her voice seemed to startle him from his silence.

"Lady," said Cedric, "this beseems not; were further pledge necessary, I myself, offended, and justly offended, as I am, would yet pledge my honor for the honor of Ivanhoe. But the wager of battle is complete, even according to the fantastic fashions of Norman chivalry.—Is it not, Father Aymer?"

"It is," replied the Prior; "and the blessed relic and rich chain will I bestow safely in the treasury of our convent, until the decision of this warlike challenge."

Having thus spoken, he crossed himself again and again, and after many bows and muttered prayers, he delivered the reliquary to Brother Ambrose, his attendant monk, while he himself swept up with less ceremony, but perhaps with no less

satisfaction, the golden chain, and bestowed it in a pouch lined with perfumed leather, which opened under his arm. "And now, Sir Cedric," he said, "permit us another pledge to the welfare of the Lady Rowena, and indulge us with liberty to pass to our repose."

The grace cup [12] was accordingly served round, and the guests, after making deep obeisance to their landlord and to the Lady Rowena, arose and mingled in the hall, while the heads of the family, by separate doors, retired with their attendants.

"Unbelieving dog," said the Templar to Isaac the Jew, as he passed him in the throng, "dost thou bend thy course to the tournament?"

"I do so propose," replied Isaac, bowing in all humility, "if it please your reverend valor."

"Ay," said the Knight, "I warrant thou hast a store of shekels [13] in thy Jewish scrip."

"Not a shekel, not a silver penny, not a halfling,[14]—so help me the God of Abraham!" said the Jew, clasping his hands. "I go but to seek the assistance of some brethren of my tribe to aid me to pay the fine which the Exchequer of the Jews [15] have imposed upon me, Father Jacob be my speed! I am an impoverished wretch—the very gaberdine [16] I wear is borrowed from Reuben of Tadcaster."

The Templar smiled sourly as he replied, "Beshrew thee for a false-hearted liar!" and passing onward, as if disdaining further conference, he communed with his Moslem slaves in a language unknown to the bystanders.

The Templar and Prior were marshaled to their sleeping apartments by the steward and the cup-bearer, each attended by two torchbearers and two servants carrying refreshments.

[12] Grace Cup—Parting cup.
[13] Shekels—The chief silver coin of the Jew, worth about 75¢.
[14] Halfling—Half a penny.
[15] Exchequer of the Jews—A court which levied taxes against the Jews.
[16] Gaberdine—A long, loose cloak.

CHAPTER VI

THE PALMER AND THE JEW LEAVE ROTHERWOOD

As the Palmer, lighted by a domestic with a torch, passed through the intricate combination of apartments of this large and irregular mansion, he was met by the waiting maid of Rowena, who, saying in a tone of authority that her mistress desired to speak with the Palmer, took the torch from the hand of the guide, and bidding him await her return, made a sign to the Palmer to follow.

A short passage, and an ascent of seven steps, each of which was composed of a solid beam of oak, led him to the apartment of the Lady Rowena, the rude magnificence of which corresponded to the respect which was paid to her by the lord of the mansion. The walls were covered with embroidered hangings, on which different-colored silks, interwoven with gold and silver threads, had been employed, with all the art of which the age was capable, to represent the sports of hunting and hawking. The bed was adorned with the same rich tapestry, and surrounded with curtains dyed with purple. The seats had also their stained coverings, and one, which was higher than the rest, was provided with a footstool of ivory, curiously carved.

The Lady Rowena, with three of her attendants standing at her back, and arranging her hair ere she lay down to rest, was seated in the sort of throne already mentioned and looked as if born to exact general homage. The Pilgrim acknowledged her claim to it by a low bow.

"Rise, Palmer," said she, graciously. "The defender of the absent has a right to favorable reception from all who value truth and honor manhood." She then said to her train, "Retire, excepting only Elgitha; I would speak with this holy Pilgrim."

The maidens, without leaving the apartment, retired to its

further extremity and sat down on a small bench against the wall, where they remained mute as statues, though at such a distance that their whispers could not have interrupted the conversation of their mistress.

"Palmer," said the lady, after a moment's pause, during which she seemed uncertain how to address him, "you this night mentioned a name—I mean," she said, with a degree of effort, "the name of Ivanhoe—in the halls where by nature[1] and kindred it should have sounded most acceptably; and yet such is the perverse course of fate, that of many whose hearts must have throbbed at the sound, I only dare ask you where, and in what condition, you left him of whom you spoke?—We heard that, having remained in Palestine, on account of his impaired health, after the departure of the English army, he had experienced the persecution of the French faction,[2] to whom the Templars are known to be attached."

"I know little of the Knight of Ivanhoe," answered the Palmer, with a troubled voice. "I would I knew him better, since you, lady, are interested in his fate. He hath, I believe, overcome the persecution of his enemies in Palestine, and is on the eve of returning to England, where you, lady, must know better than I what is his chance of happiness."

The Lady Rowena sighed deeply, and asked more particularly when the Knight of Ivanhoe might be expected in his native country, and whether he would not be exposed to great dangers by the road. On the first point, the Palmer professed ignorance; on the second, he said that the voyage might be safely made by the way of Venice and Genoa, and from thence through France to England. "Ivanhoe," he said, "was so well acquainted with the language and manners of the French, that there was no fear of his incurring any danger during that part of his travels."

"Would to God," said the Lady Rowena, "he were here safely arrived, and able to bear arms in the approaching tourney, in

[1] By Nature—By birth.
[2] French Faction—French party hostile to Richard.

which the chivalry of this land are expected to display their address and valor. Should Athelstane of Coningsburgh obtain the prize, Ivanhoe is like to hear evil tidings[3] when he reaches England.—How looked he, stranger, when you last saw him? Had disease laid her hand heavy upon his strength and comeliness?"

"He was darker," said the Palmer, "and thinner than when he came from Cyprus in the train of Cœur de Lion,[4] and care seemed to sit heavy on his brow; but I approached not his presence, because he is unknown to me."

"He will," said the lady, "I fear, find little in his native land to clear those clouds from his countenance. Thanks, good Pilgrim, for your information concerning the companion of my childhood.—Maidens," she said, "draw near—offer the sleeping cup to this holy man, whom I will no longer detain from repose."

One of the maidens presented a silver cup containing a rich mixture of wine and spice, which Rowena barely put to her lips. It was then offered to the Palmer, who, after a low bow, tasted a few drops.

"Accept this alms, friend," continued the lady, offering a piece of gold, "in acknowledgment of thy painful travels and of the shrines thou has visited."

The Palmer received the boon with another low reverence, and followed Elgitha out of the apartment.

In the anteroom he found his attendant Anwold, who, taking the torch from the hand of the waiting maid, conducted him with more haste than ceremony to an exterior and poor part of the building, where a number of small apartments, or rather cells, served for sleeping places to the lower order of domestics, and to strangers of mean degree.

"In which of these sleeps the Jew?" said the Palmer.

"The unbelieving dog," answered Anwold, "kennels in the cell next your holiness."

[3] Evil Tidings—Rowena would be married to Athelstane.
[4] Cœur de Lion—King Richard the Lion Hearted.

"And where sleeps Gurth, the swineherd?" said the stranger.

"Gurth," replied the bondsman, "sleeps in the cell on your right, as the Jew in that to your left."

The Palmer entered the cabin allotted to him, and taking the torch from the domestic's hand, thanked him and wished him good night. He then extinguished his torch, threw himself, without taking off any part of his clothes, on the rude couch, and slept, or at least rested, till the earliest sunbeams found their way through the little grated window, which served at once to admit both air and light to his uncomfortable cell. He then started up, and after repeating his matins[5] and adjusting his dress, he left it, and entered that of Isaac the Jew, lifting the latch as gently as he could.

The inmate was lying in troubled slumber upon a couch similar to that on which the Palmer himself had passed the night. Such parts of his dress as the Jew had laid aside on the preceding evening were placed carefully around his person, as if to prevent the danger of their being carried off during his slumbers. There was a trouble on his brow amounting almost to agony. His hands and arms moved convulsively, as if struggling with the nightmare; and besides several ejaculations in Hebrew, the following were distinctly heard in the Norman-English, or mixed language of the country: "For the sake of the God of Abraham, spare an unhappy old man! I am poor, I am penniless; should your irons wrench my limbs asunder, I cannot gratify you!"

The Palmer awaited not the end of the Jew's visions, but stirred him with his pilgrim's staff. The touch probably associated, as is usual, with some of the fears excited by his dream: for the old man started up, his gray hair standing almost erect upon his head, and huddling some part of his garments about him, while he held the detached pieces with the tenacious grasp of a falcon, he fixed upon the Palmer his keen black eyes, expressive of wild surprise and of bodily dread.

[5] MATINS—Morning prayers.

"Fear nothing from me, Isaac," said the Palmer, "I come as your friend, to tell you that if you leave not this mansion instantly, and travel not with some haste, your journey may prove a dangerous one. The purpose you can best guess, but rely on this, that when the Templar crossed the hall yesternight, he spoke to his Moslem slaves in the Saracen language, which I well understand, and charged them this morning to watch the journey of the Jew, to seize upon him when at a convenient distance from the mansion, and to conduct him to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin or to that of Reginald Front de Boeuf."

It is impossible to describe the extremity of terror which seized upon the Jew at this information, and seemed at once to overpower his whole faculties. He sank at the foot of the Palmer like a man borne down on all sides by the pressure of some invisible force, which crushes him to the earth without the power of resistance. "Holy God of Abraham!" was his first exclamation, "The dream was not dreamed for naught and the vision cometh not in vain!"

"Stand up, Isaac, and harken to me," said the Palmer, "you have cause for your terror, considering how your brethren have been used, in order to extort from them their hoards, both by princes and nobles; but stand up, I say, and I will point out to you the means of escape. Leave this mansion instantly, while its inmates sleep sound. I will guide you by the secret paths of the forest, known as well to me as to any forester that ranges it, and I will not leave you till you are under safe conduct of some chief or baron going to the tournament, whose good will you have probably the means of securing."

"Good youth," said the Jew, "let us haste—let us gird up our loins—let us flee!—Here is thy staff, why wilt thou tarry?"

"I tarry not," said the Palmer, giving way to the urgency of his companion; "but I must secure the means of leaving this place; follow me."

He led the way to the adjoining cell, which, as the reader knows, was occupied by Gurth, the swineherd. "Arise, Gurth,"

said the Palmer, "arise quickly. Undo the postern gate,[6] and let out the Jew and me."

Gurth, whose occupation, though now held so mean, gave him as much consequence in Saxon England as that of Eumæus in Ithaca,[7] was offended at the familiar and commanding tone assumed by the Palmer. "The Jew leaving Rotherwood," said he, raising himself on his elbow and looking superciliously at him, without quitting his pallet,[8] "and traveling in company with the Palmer to boot— Nevertheless, both Jew and Gentile must be content to abide the opening of the great gate— we suffer no visitors to depart by stealth at these hours."

"Nevertheless," said the Palmer, in a commanding tone, "you will not, I think, refuse me that favor."

So saying, he stooped over the bed of the swineherd, and whispered something in his ear in Saxon. Gurth started up as if electrified. The Palmer, raising his finger in an attitude as if to express caution, added, "Gurth, beware; thou art wont to be prudent. I say, undo the postern; thou shalt know more anon."

With hasty eagerness Gurth obeyed him, the Jew followed, wondering at the sudden change in the swineherd's manner.

"My mule, my mule!" said the Jew, as soon as they stood without the postern.

"Fetch him his mule," said the Palmer, "and, hearest thou, let me have another that I may bear him company till he is beyond these parts. I will return it safely to some of Cedric's train at Ashby. And do thou—" he whispered the rest in Gurth's ear.

"Willingly, most willingly shall it be done," said Gurth, and instantly departed to do the bidding.

Gurth appeared on the opposite side of the moat with the mules. The travelers crossed the ditch upon a drawbridge

[6] Postern Gate—Rear gate of the castle.
[7] Eumæus in Ithaca—From the story of the Odyssey.
[8] Pallet—Small bed.

of only two planks' breadth, the narrowness of which was matched with the straitness of the postern, and with a little wicket in the outer palisade, which gave access to the forest. No sooner had they reached the mules, than the Jew, with hasty and trembling hands, secured behind the saddle a small bag of blue buckram, which he took from under his cloak, containing, as he muttered, "a change of raiment—only a change of raiment." Then getting upon the animal with more eagerness and haste than could have been expected from his years, he lost no time in so disposing of the skirts of his gaberdine as to conceal completely from observation the burden which he had thus deposited behind the saddle.

The Palmer mounted with more deliberation, reaching, as he departed, his hand to Gurth, who kissed it with the utmost possible veneration. The swineherd stood gazing after the travelers until they were lost under the boughs of the forest path.

The travelers continued to press on their journey with a dispatch which argued the extremity of the Jew's fears, since persons at his age are seldom fond of rapid motion. The Palmer, to whom every path and outlet in the wood appeared to be familiar, led the way through the most winding paths, and more than once excited anew the suspicion of the Israelite that he intended to betray him into some snare of his enemies.

His doubts might have been indeed pardoned; for there was no race existing on the earth, who were the object of such an unintermitting, general and relentless persecution as the Jews of this period. Upon the slightest and most unreasonable pretenses, as well as upon accusations the most absurd and groundless, their persons and property were exposed to every turn of popular fury.

When the travelers had pushed on at a rapid rate through many winding paths the Palmer at length broke silence.

"That large decayed oak," he said, "marks the boundaries over which Front de Bœuf claims authority; we are long since far from those of Malvoisin. There is now no fear of pursuit."

"May the wheels of their chariots be taken off," said the Jew, "like those of the host of Pharaoh, that they may drive heavily! —But leave me not, good Palmer.—Think but of that fierce and savage Templar, with his Saracen slaves; they will regard neither territory, nor manor, nor lordship."

"Our road," said the Palmer, "should here separate; for it beseems not men of my character and thine to travel together longer than needs must be. Besides, what succor[9] couldst thou have from me, a peaceful Palmer, against two armed heathens?"

"O good youth," answered the Jew, "thou canst defend me, and I know thou wouldst. Poor as I am, I will repay it—not with money, for money, so help me my Father Abraham! I have none; but—"

"Money and recompense," said the Palmer, interrupting him, "I have already said I require not of thee. Guide thee I can, and it may be, even in some sort defend thee; since to protect a Jew against a Saracen can scarce be accounted unworthy of a Christian. Therefore, Jew, I will see thee safe under some fitting escort. We are now not far from the town of Sheffield, where thou mayest find many of thy tribe with whom to take refuge."

"The blessing of Jacob be upon thee, good youth!" said the Jew; "in Sheffield I can harbor with my kinsman Zareth, and find some means of traveling forth with safety."

"Be it so," said the Palmer; "at Sheffield then we part, and half an hour's riding will bring us in sight of that town."

The half hour was spent in perfect silence on both parts; the Palmer perhaps disdaining to address the Jew, except in case of absolute necessity, and the Jew not presuming to force a conversation with a person whose journey to the Holy Sepulcher gave a sort of sanctity to his character. They paused on the top of a gently rising bank, and the Pilgrim, pointing to the town of Sheffield, which lay beneath them, repeated the words, "Here, then, we part."

"Not till you have had the poor Jew's thanks," said Isaac;

[9] Succor—Aid, help.

"for I presume not to ask you to go with me to my kinsman Zareth's, who might aid me with some means of repaying your good offices."

"I have already said," answered the Pilgrim, "that I desire no recompense. If, among the huge list of thy debtors, thou wilt, for my sake, spare the gyves[10] and the dungeon to some unhappy Christian who stands in thy danger, I shall hold this morning's service to thee well bestowed."

"Stay, stay," said the Jew, laying hold of his garment; "something would I do more than this—something for thyself. God knows the Jew is poor—yes, Isaac is the beggar of his tribe—but forgive me should I guess what thou most lackest at this moment."

"If thou wert to guess truly," said the Palmer, "it is what thou canst not supply, wert thou as wealthy as thou sayest thou art poor."

"As I say!" echoed the Jew. "I can tell thee what thou lackest, and, it may be, supply it too. Thy wish even now is for a horse and armor."

The Palmer started, and turned suddenly towards the Jew. "What fiend prompted that guess?" said he, hastily.

"No matter," said the Jew, smiling. "There dropped words from you last night and this morning, that, like sparks from flint, showed the metal within; and in the bosom of that Palmer's gown is hidden a knight's chain and spurs of gold. They glanced as you stooped over my bed in the morning."

The Palmer could not forbear smiling. "Were thy garments searched by as curious an eye, Isaac," said he, "what discoveries might not be made?"

"No more of that," said the Jew, changing color; and drawing forth his writing materials in haste, as if to stop the conversation, he began to write upon a piece of paper which he supported on the top of his yellow cap, without dismounting from his mule. When he had finished, he delivered the scroll, which was in the Hebrew character, to the Palmer, saying, "In the

[10] GYVES—Shackles, fetters.

town of Leicester all men know the rich Jew, Kirjath Jairam of Lombardy; give him this scroll. He hath on sale six Milan harnesses, the worst would suit a crowned head—ten goodly steeds, the worst might mount a king, were he to do battle for his throne. Of these he will give thee thy choice, with everything else that can furnish thee forth for the tournament; when it is over, thou wilt return them safely—unless thou shouldst have wherewith to pay their value to the owner."

"But, Isaac," said the Palmer, smiling, "dost thou know that in these sports the arms and steed of the knight who is unhorsed are forfeit to his victor? Now I may be unfortunate, and so lose what I cannot replace or repay."

The Jew looked somewhat astounded at this possibility; but collecting his courage, he replied hastily, "No—no—no. It is impossible—I will not think so. The blessing of Our Father will be upon thee. Thy lance will be powerful as the rod of Moses."

So saying, he was turning his mule's head away, when the Palmer, in his turn, took hold of his gaberdine. "Nay, but, Isaac, thou knowest not all the risk. The steed may be slain, the armor injured—for I will spare neither horse nor man. Besides, those of thy tribe give nothing for nothing; something there must be paid for their use."

The Jew twisted himself in the saddle, like a man in a fit of the colic, but his better feelings predominated over those which were most familiar to him. "I care not," he said—"I care not; let me go. If there is damage, it will cost you nothing—if there is usage money, Kirjath Jairam will forgive it for the sake of his kinsman Isaac. Fare thee well!—Yet, hark, thee, good youth," said he, turning about, "thrust thyself not too forward into this vain hurlyburly—I speak not for endangering the steed and coat of armor, but for the sake of thine own life and limbs."

"Gramercy[11] for thy caution," said the Palmer, again smiling; "I will use thy courtesy frankly, and it will go hard with me but I will repay it."

They parted, and took different roads for the town of Sheffield.

[11] GRAMERCY—Many thanks.

CHAPTER VII

THE LISTS AT ASHBY

The Passage of Arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John[1] himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense meeting of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed morning to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was inclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the inclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience for the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many followers, and a strong body of men-at-arms, for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen

[1] Prince John—Richard's younger brother, in league against him.

colors of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same color. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised in some fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character he was pleased to assume during the game. The central pavilion, as the place of honor, had been assigned to Brian de Bois Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front de Bœuf and Richard de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity. Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists a gently sloping passage, ten yards in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a palisade on each side, as was the cleared place in front of the pavilions, and the whole was guarded by men-at-arms.

The northern access to the lists ended in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large inclosed space for such knights as might be disposed to enter the lists with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with attendants, in readiness to give their services wherever they might be necessary.

One gallery in the very center of the eastern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich liveries waited around this place of honor, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists; and more gayly, if less richly decorated than that destined for the Prince himself. A train

of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gayly dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colors. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the commonplace emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators that this seat of honor was designed for the Queen of Love and Beauty. But who was to represent this Queen on the present occasion no one was prepared to guess.

Meanwhile spectators of every description thronged forward to occupy their respective stations, and not without many quarrels concerning those which they were entitled to hold. Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles, in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the gayer and more splendid habits of the ladies, who, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thronged to witness a sport which one would have thought too bloody and dangerous to afford them much pleasure. The lower and interior space was soon filled by substantial yeomen and burghers, and such of the lesser gentry as, from modesty, poverty, or dubious title, durst not assume any higher place. It was of course amongst these that the most frequent disputes for precedence occurred.

"Dog of an unbeliever," said an old man, whose threadbare tunic bore witness to his poverty, as his sword, and dagger, and golden chain intimated his pretensions to rank—"darest thou press upon a Christian and a Norman gentleman?"

This rough protest was addressed to no other than our acquaintance Isaac, who, richly and even magnificently dressed in a gaberdine ornamented with lace and lined with fur, was endeavoring to make place in the foremost row beneath the gallery for his daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who had joined him at Ashby, and who was now hanging on her father's arm, not a little terrified by the popular displeasure which seemed generally excited by her parent's presumption. But Isaac, though we have seen him sufficiently timid on other occasions,

knew well that at present he had nothing to fear. It was not in places of general resort that any avaricious or evil noble durst offer him injury, for at such meetings the Jews were under the protection of the general law.

Thus emboldened, the Jew pursued his point, and jostled the Norman Christian without respect either to his descent, quality, or religion. The complaints of the old man, however, excited the indignation of the bystanders. One of these, a stout, well-set yeoman, arrayed in Lincoln green, advised the Jew to remember that all the wealth he had acquired by sucking the blood of his miserable victims had but swelled him like a bloated spider, which might be overlooked while it kept in a corner, but would be crushed if it ventured into light. This intimation, delivered in Norman-English with a firm voice and a stern aspect, made the Jew shrink back; and he would have probably withdrawn himself altogether from a vicinity so dangerous, had not the attention of everyone been called to the sudden entrance of Prince John, who at that moment entered the lists, attended by a numerous and gay train, consisting partly of laymen, partly of churchmen, as light in their dress, and as gay in their demeanor, as their companions. Among the latter was the Prior of Jorvaulx, in the most gallant trim which a dignitary of the church could venture to exhibit.

Attended by this gallant equipage, himself well mounted, and splendidly dressed in crimson and in gold, bearing upon his hand a falcon,[2] and having his head covered by a rich fur bonnet, adorned with a circle of precious stones, from which his long curled hair escaped and overspread his shoulders, Prince John, upon a gray and high-mettled palfrey,[3] caracoled[4] within the lists at the head of his jovial party, laughing loud with his train, and eyeing with all the boldness of royal criticism the beauties who adorned the lofty galleries.

In his joyous caracole around the lists, the attention of the Prince was called by the commotion, not yet subsided, which had

[2] Falcon—A bird trained for hunting.
[3] Palfrey—Saddle-horse.
[4] Caracoled—Pranced.

attended the ambitious movement of Isaac towards the higher places of the assembly. The quick eye of Prince John instantly recognized the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by his beautiful daughter who, terrified by the tumult, clung close to the arm of her aged father.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd an expert as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simar[5] of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colors embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. Of the golden and pearl-studded clasps which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe[6] set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.

"By the bold scalp of Abraham," said Prince John, "yonder Jewess must be the very model of that perfection whose charms drove frantic the wisest king[7] that ever lived! What is she, Isaac? Thy wife or thy daughter, that Eastern maiden whom thou lockest under thy arm like thy treasure casket?"

[5] Simar—A loose, light robe.
[6] Agraffe—An ornamental clasp or hook.
[7] Wisest King—King Solomon.

"My daughter Rebecca, so please your Grace," answered Isaac, with a low bow, nothing embarrassed by the Prince's salutation, in which, however, there was at least as much mockery as courtesy.

"The wiser man thou," said John, with a peal of laughter, in which his gay followers joined. "But, daughter or wife, she should be preferred according to her beauty and thy merits.—Who sits above there?" he continued, bending his eye on the gallery. "Saxon churls, lolling at their lazy length! Out upon them! Let them sit close, and make room for my prince of usurers and his lovely daughter. I'll make the hinds know they must share the high places of the synagogue with those to whom the synagogue properly belongs."

Those who occupied the gallery, to whom this injurious and unpolite speech was addressed, were the family of Cedric, the Saxon with that of his ally and kinsman, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, a personage who, on account of his descent from the last Saxon monarch[8] of England, was held in the highest respect by all the Saxon natives of the north of England. But with the blood of this ancient royal race many of their infirmities had descended to Athelstane. He was comely in countenance, bulky and strong in person, and in the flower of his age; yet inanimate in expression, dull-eyed, heavy-browed, inactive, and sluggish in all his motions, and so slow in resolution, that the nickname of one of his ancestors was conferred upon him, and he was very generally called Athelstane, the Unready. His friends —and he had many who, as well as Cedric, were passionately attached to him—contended that his sluggish temper arose not from want of courage, but from mere want of decision.

It was to this person that the Prince addressed his imperious command to make place for Isaac and Rebecca. Athelstane, utterly confounded at an order which the manners and feelings of the times rendered so injuriously insulting, unwilling to obey, yet undetermined how to resist, without stirring or making any

[8]Last Saxon Monarch—Edward the Confessor.

motion whatever of obedience, opened his large gray eyes and stared at the Prince with an astonishment which had in it something extremely ludicrous. But the impatient John regarded it in no such light.

"The Saxon porker," he said, "is either asleep or minds me not—prick him with your lance, De Bracy," speaking to a knight who rode near him, the leader of a band of free companions. There was a murmur even among the attendants of Prince John; but De Bracy, whose profession freed him from all scruples, extended his long lance over the space which separated the gallery from the lists, and would have executed the commands of the Prince before Athelstane, the Unready, had recovered presence of mind sufficient even to draw back his person from the weapon, had not Cedric, as prompt as his companion was tardy, unsheathed, with the speed of lightning, the short sword which he wore, and at a single blow severed the point of the lance from the handle. The blood rushed into the countenance of Prince John. He swore one of his deepest oaths, and was about to utter some threat corresponding in violence, when he was diverted from his purpose, partly by his own attendants, who gathered around him conjuring him to be patient, partly by a general exclamation of the crowd, uttered in loud applause of the spirited conduct of Cedric. The Prince rolled his eyes in indignation, as if to collect some safe and easy victim; and chancing to encounter the firm glance of the same archer whom we have already noticed, and who seemed to persist in his gesture of applause, in spite of the frowning aspect which the Prince bent upon him, he demanded his reason for clamoring thus.

"I always add my hollo," said the yeoman, "when I see a good shot or a gallant blow."

"Sayst thou?" answered the Prince; "then thou canst hit the white thyself, I'll warrant."

"A woodsman's mark, and a woodsman's distance, I can hit," answered the yeoman.

"And Wat Tyrrel's mark,[9] at a hundred yards," said a voice from behind, but by whom uttered could not be discerned.

This allusion to the fate of William Rufus, his grandfather, at once incensed and alarmed Prince John. He satisfied himself, however, with commanding the men-at-arms, who surrounded the lists, to keep an eye on the braggart, pointing to the yeoman.

"By St. Grizzel," he added, "we will try his own skill, who is so ready to give his voice to the feats of others!"

"I shall not fly the trial," said the yeoman, with the composure which marked his whole deportment.

"Meanwhile, stand up, ye Saxon churls," said the fiery Prince: "for, by the light of Heaven, since I have said it, the Jew shall have his seat amongst ye!"

"By no means, an it please your Grace!—it is not fit for such as we to sit with the rulers of the land," said the Jew, whose ambition for precedence, though it had led him to dispute place with the impoverished old man, by no means stimulated him to an intrusion upon the privileges of the wealthy Saxons.

"Up, infidel dog, when I command you," said Prince John, "or I will have thy swarthy hide stripped off and tanned for horse furniture!"

Thus urged, the Jew began to ascend the steep and narrow steps which led up to the gallery.

"Let me see," said the Prince, "who dare stop him!" fixing his eye on Cedric, whose attitude intimated his intention to hurl the Jew down headlong.

The catastrophe was prevented by the clown Wamba, who, springing betwixt his master and Isaac, and exclaiming in answer to the Prince's defiance, "Marry, that will I!" held to the beard of the Jew a shield of brawn,[10] which he plucked from beneath his cloak, and with which, doubtless, he had furnished himself lest the tournament should have proved longer than his

[9] Wat Tyrrel's Mark—King William Rufus was slain by an arrow supposed to have been shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel, with whom he was hunting.

[10] Brawn—Pork.

appetite could endure without food. Finding the abomination of his tribe opposed to his very nose, while the Jester at the same time flourished his wooden sword above his head, the Jew recoiled, missed his footing, and rolled down the steps—an excellent jest to the spectators, who set up a loud laughter, in which Prince John and his attendants heartily joined.

"Deal me the prize, cousin Prince," said Wamba; "I have vanquished my foe in fair fight with sword and shield," he added, brandishing the brawn in one hand and the wooden sword in the other.

"Who and what art thou, noble champion?" said Prince John, still laughing.

"A fool by right of descent," answered the Jester; "I am Wamba, the son of Witless, who was the son of Weatherbrain, who was the son of an alderman."

"Make room for the Jew in front of the lower ring," said Prince John, not unwilling, perhaps, to seize an apology to desist from his original purpose; "to place the vanquished beside the victor were false heraldry."

"Knave upon fool were worse," answered the Jester, "and Jew upon bacon worst of all."

"Gramercy! good fellow," cried Prince John, "thou pleasest me.—Here, Isaac, lend me a handful of byzants." [11]

As the Jew, stunned by the request, afraid to refuse and unwilling to comply, fumbled in the furred bag which hung by his girdle, and was perhaps endeavoring to ascertain how few coins might pass for a handful, the Prince stooped from his jennet [12] and settled Isaac's doubts by snatching the pouch itself from his side; and flinging to Wamba a couple of the gold pieces which it contained, he pursued his career round the lists, leaving the Jew to the derision of those around him, and himself receiving as much applause from the spectators as if he had done some honest and honorable action.

[11] Byzant—A gold coin worth from three to five dollars.
[12] Jennet—A small horse.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT BECOMES VICTOR OF THE DAY

In the midst of Prince John's ride, he suddenly stopped, and appealing to the Prior of Jorvaulx, declared the principal business of the day had been forgotten.

"By my halidom,"[1] said he, "we have neglected, Sir Prior, to name the fair sovereign of Love and of Beauty, by whose white hand the palm is to be distributed. For my part, I am liberal in my ideas, and I care not if I give my vote for the black-eyed Rebecca."

A murmur arose even among his own immediate attendants.

"This passes a jest, my lord," said De Bracy; "no knight here will lay lance in rest if such an insult is attempted."

"It is mere wantonness of insult," said one of the oldest and most important of Prince John's followers, Waldemar Fitzurse, "and if your Grace attempt it, cannot but prove ruinous to your projects."

From the tone in which this was spoken, John saw the necessity of agreeing. "I did but jest," he said; "and you turn upon me like so many adders.[2] Name whom you will, and please yourselves."

"Nay, nay," said De Bracy, "let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the love of valiant knights, who can exalt them to such distinction."

The Prince agreed, and assuming his throne, and being surrounded by his followers, gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were briefly as follows:

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

[1] By my halidom—By my honor.
[2] Adders—Venomous serpents.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy, that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and in addition to this reward of valor, it was now declared, he should have the peculiar honor of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the next day.

Fourthly, it was announced that, on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present, who were desirous to win praise, might take part; and being divided into two bands, of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of thin gold plate cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which was to follow, feats of archery, of bull baiting, and other popular amusements were to be practiced, for the immediate amusement of the populace.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "*Largesse,*[3] *largesse,* gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of ladies—Death of champions—Honor to the gen-

[3] LARGESSE—A gift.

erous—Glory to the brave!" When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them, save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-à-pie,[4] sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights, desirous to prove their skill against the challengers.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs.

The champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they showed their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of spectators in general—nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies—were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy.

Having intimated their more peaceful purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois Guilbert, descended from the platform and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

[4] CAP-À-PIE—From head to foot.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front de Bœuf rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent—a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed, because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor of his party, and parted fairly with the Knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applauses of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois Guilbert and Front de Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. But this did not alter the fortune of the field: the challengers were still successful.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that anyone was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front de Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric, the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But, though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado,* signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which

he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois Guilbert until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the dread knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to repay it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

Although he was incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois Guilbert changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had

sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured[5] the possibility that the encounter could end well for the Disinherited Knight; yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The skill of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a half-turn, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general applause, showed the interest taken in this encounter. But no sooner had the knights resumed their stations than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon[6] signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the center of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in

[5] AUGURED—Predicted.
[6] TRUNCHEON—Short staff.

his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To free himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the applause with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this kind of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with ax, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired

a herald to announce to them that he should make no choice, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front de Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, Adsum.*[7] Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front de Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter with Sir Philip de Malvoisin he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque[8] that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the skill of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The shouts of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

[7] Cave, Adsum—Beware, I am here.
[8] Casque—Helmet.

CHAPTER IX

ROWENA IS CHOSEN QUEEN OF LOVE AND BEAUTY

William de Wyvil and Stephen de Martival, the marshals of the field, were the first to offer their congratulations to the victor, praying him, at the same time, to suffer his helmet to be unlaced, or, at least, that he would raise his visor ere they conducted him to receive the prize of the day's tourney from the hands of Prince John. The Disinherited Knight, with all knightly courtesy, declined their request, saying that he could not at this time suffer his face to be seen, for reasons which he had assigned to the heralds when he entered the lists. The marshals were perfectly satisfied by this reply, and announcing to Prince John the conqueror's desire to remain unknown, they requested permission to bring him before his Grace, in order that he might receive the reward of his valor.

John's curiosity was excited by the mystery observed by the stranger; and, being already displeased with the issue of the tournament, in which the challengers whom he favored had been successively defeated by one knight, he answered haughtily to the marshals, "By the light of Our Lady's brow, this same knight hath been disinherited as well of his courtesy as of his lands, since he desires to appear before us without uncovering his face,—Wot[1] ye, my lords," he said, turning round to his train, "who this gallant can be that bears himself thus proudly?"

"I cannot guess," answered De Bracy, "nor did I think there had been within the four seas that girth Britain a champion that could bear down these five knights in one day's jousting."

"Your Grace," said Waldemar Fitzurse, "will do less than due honor to the victor if you compel him to wait till we tell your Highness that which we cannot know; at least I can form no

[1] Wot—Know.

guess—unless he be one of the good lances who accompanied King Richard to Palestine, and who are now straggling homeward from the Holy Land."

A whisper arose among the train, but by whom first suggested could not be ascertained. "It might be the King—it might be Richard Cœur de Lion himself!"

"Over God's forbode!" said Prince John, involuntarily turning at the same time as pale as death, and shrinking as if blighted by a flash of lightning; "Waldemar! De Bracy! brave knights and gentlemen, remember your promises and stand truly by me!"

"Here is no danger impending," said Waldemar Fitzurse; "are you so little acquainted with the gigantic limbs of your father's son, as to think they can be held within the circumference of yonder suit of armor?—De Wyvil and Martival, you will best serve the Prince by bringing forward the victor to the throne, and ending an error that has frightened all the blood from his cheeks.—Look at him more closely," he continued: "your Highness will see that he wants three inches of King Richard's height, and twice as much of his shoulder breadth. The very horse he backs could not have carried the ponderous weight of King Richard through a single course."

While he was yet speaking, the marshals brought forward the Disinherited Knight to the foot of a wooden flight of steps, which formed the ascent from the lists to Prince John's throne. Still disturbed with the idea that his brother, so much injured, and to whom he was so much indebted, had suddenly arrived in his native kingdom, the Prince gave a short and embarrassed eulogy[2] upon his valor and caused to be delivered to him the war horse assigned as the prize.

The Disinherited Knight spoke not a word in reply to the compliment of the Prince, which he only acknowledged with a profound bow.

The horse was led into the lists by two grooms richly dressed, the animal itself being fully fitted out with the richest war furniture; which, however, scarcely added to the value of the

[2] Eulogy—Speech or praise.

noble creature in the eyes of those who were judges. Laying one hand upon the pommel of the saddle, the Disinherited Knight vaulted at once upon the back of the steed without making use of the stirrup, and, waving aloft his lance, rode twice around the lists, showing the points and paces of the horse with the skill of a perfect horseman, and he was again greeted by the applause of all present.

In the meanwhile, the bustling Prior of Jorvaulx had reminded Prince John, in a whisper, that the victor must now display his good judgment instead of his valor, by selecting from among the beauties who graced the galleries a lady who should fill the throne of the Queen of Beauty and of Love, and deliver the prize of the tourney upon the ensuing day. The Prince accordingly made a sign with his truncheon as the Knight passed him in his second career around the lists. The Knight turned towards the throne, and, sinking his lance until the point was within a foot of the ground, remained motionless, as if expecting John's commands; while all admired the sudden dexterity with which he instantly reduced his fiery steed from a state of violent emotion to the stillness of a statue.

"Sir Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since that is the only title by which we can address you, it is now your duty, as well as privilege, to name the fair lady who, as Queen of Honor and of Love, is to preside over next day's festival. It is your right to confer on whom you please this crown, by the delivery of which to the lady of your choice the election of to-morrow's Queen will be formal and complete.—Raise your lance."

The Knight obeyed; and Prince John placed upon its point a coronet of green satin, having around its edge a circlet of gold, the upper edge of which was relieved by arrow points and hearts placed interchangeably.

The Disinherited Knight passed the gallery, close to that of the Prince, and pacing forwards as slowly as he had hitherto rode swiftly around the lists, he seemed to exercise his right of examining the numerous fair faces which adorned that splendid circle. At length he paused beneath the balcony in which

the Lady Rowena was placed, and the expectation of the spectators was excited to the utmost.

Cedric, the Saxon, overjoyed at the discomfiture of the Templar, and still more so at the miscarriage of his two evil neighbors, Front de Bœuf and Malvoisin, had, with his body half stretched over the balcony, accompanied the victor in each course not with his eyes only, but with his whole heart and soul. The Lady Rowena had watched the progress of the day with equal attention, though without openly betraying the same intense interest. Even the unmoved Athelstane had shown symptoms of shaking off his indifference when, calling for a huge goblet of muscadine,[3] he quaffed it to the health of the Disinherited Knight.

Another group, stationed under the gallery occupied by the Saxons, had shown no less interest in the fate of the day.

"Father Abraham;" said Isaac of York when the first course was run betwixt the Templar and the Disinherited Knight, "how fiercely that Gentile rides! Ah, the good horse that was brought all the long way from Barbary, he takes no more care of him than if he were a wild ass's colt—and the noble armor that is worth so many zecchins,[4] he cares for it as little as if he had found it in the highways!"

"If he risks his own person and limbs, father," said Rebecca, "in doing such a dreadful battle, he can scarce be expected to spare his horse and armor."

"Child!" replied Isaac, somewhat heated, "thou knowest not what thou speakest. His neck and limbs are his own; but his horse and armor belong to—Holy Jacob! what was I about to say? Nevertheless, it is a good youth.—See, Rebecca!—see, he is again about to go up to battle against the Philistine!—Pray, child—pray for the safety of the good youth; and of the speedy horse and the rich armor.—God of my fathers!" he again exclaimed, "he hath conquered, and the Philistine hath fallen before his lance!—Surely he shall take their gold and their silver,

[3] Muscadine—A brand of wine.
[4] Zecchins—A gold coin worth about two and a quarter dollars.

and their war horses, and their armor of brass and of steel, for a prey and for a spoil."

The same anxiety did the worthy Jew display urging every course that was run, seldom failing to hazard a hasty calculation concerning the value of the horse and armor which were forfeited to the champion upon each new success.

The champion of the day remained stationary for more than a minute, while the eyes of the silent audience were riveted upon his motions; and then, gradually and gracefully sinking the point of his lance, he deposited the coronet which it supported at the feet of the fair Rowena. The trumpets instantly sounded, while the heralds proclaimed the Lady Rowena the Queen of Beauty and of Love for the next day, threatening with suitable penalties those who should be disobedient to her authority.

There was some murmuring among the damsels of Norman descent, who were as much unused to see the preference given to a Saxon beauty as the Norman nobles were to sustain defeat in the games of chivalry which they themselves had introduced. But these sounds of unfriendliness were drowned by the popular shout of "Long live the Lady Rowena, the chosen and lawful Queen of Love and of Beauty!" To which many in the lower area added, "Long live the Saxon Princess! Long live the race of the immortal Alfred!"

However unacceptable these sounds might be to Prince John and to those around him, he saw himself nevertheless obliged to confirm the nomination of the victor, and accordingly calling to horse, he left his throne, and mounting his jennet, accompanied by his train, he again entered the lists, and moved forward to the gallery where Rowena was seated, with the crown still at her feet.

"Assume," he said, "fair lady, the mark of your sovereignty, to which none vows homage more sincerely than ourself, John of Anjou; and if it please you to-day, with your noble sire and friends, to grace our banquet in the Castle of Ashby, we shall learn to know the empress to whose service we devote to-morrow."

Rowena remained silent, and Cedric answered for her in his native Saxon.

"The Lady Rowena," he said, "possesses not the language in which to reply to your courtesy, or to sustain her part in your festival. I also, and the noble Athelstane of Coningsburgh, speak only the language, and practice only the manners of our fathers. We therefore decline with thanks your Highness's courteous invitation to the banquet. To-morrow, the Lady Rowena will take upon her the state to which she has been called by the free election of the victor Knight, confirmed by the applause of the people."

So saying, he lifted the coronet and placed it upon Rowena's head, in token of her acceptance of the temporary authority assigned to her.

"What says he?" said Prince John, affecting not to understand the Saxon language, in which, however, he was well skilled. The meaning of Cedric's speech was repeated to him in French. "It is well," he said; "to-morrow we will ourself conduct this mute sovereign to her seat of dignity.—You, at least, Sir Knight," he added, turning to the victor, who had remained near the gallery, "will this day share our banquet?"

The Knight, speaking for the first time, in a low and hurried voice, excusing himself by pleading fatigue, and the necessity of preparing for to-morrow's encounter.

"It is well," said Prince John, haughtily; "although unused to such refusals, we will endeavor to digest our banquet as we may, though ungraced by the most successful in arms, and his elected Queen of Beauty."

So saying, he prepared to leave the lists with his glittering train, and his turning his steed for that purpose was the signal for the breaking up and dispersion of the spectators.

But John had hardly proceeded three paces ere again, turning around, he fixed an eye of stern resentment upon the yeoman who had displeased him in the early part of the day, and issued his commands to the men-at-arms who stood near: "On your life, suffer not that fellow to escape."

The yeoman stood the angry glance of the Prince with the same unvaried steadiness which had marked his former deportment, saying, with a smile: "I have no intention to leave Ashby until the day after to-morrow. I must see how Staffordshire and Leicestershire can draw their bows."

"I," said Prince John to his attendants, but not in direct reply—"I will see how he can draw his own; and woe betide him unless his skill should prove some apology for his insolence!" He then resumed his retreat from the lists and the dispersion of the multitude became general.

CHAPTER X

GURTH IS SENT TO PAY ISAAC, THE JEW

The Disinherited Knight had no sooner reached his pavilion than squires and pages in abundance tendered their services to him. Their zeal on this occasion was perhaps sharpened by curiosity, since everyone desired to know who the knight was that had gained so many laurels, but their inquisitiveness was not gratified. The Disinherited Knight refused all other assistance save that of his own squire, a clownish-looking man, who, wrapped in a cloak of dark-colored felt, and having his head and face half-buried in a Norman bonnet made of black fur, seemed to effect the disguise as much as his master. All others being excluded from the tent, this attendant relieved his master from the more burdensome parts of his armor, and placed food and wine before him, which the exertions of the day rendered very acceptable.

The Knight had scarcely finished a hasty meal ere his squire announced to him that five men, each leading a barbed[1] steed, desired to speak with him. The Disinherited Knight had exchanged his armor for the long robe usually worn by those of his condition, which, being furnished with a hood, concealed the

[1] Barbed—Clad in armor.

features; but the twilight, which was now fast darkening, would of itself have rendered a disguise unnecessary.

The Disinherited Knight therefore stept boldly forth to the front of his tent, and found in attendance the squires of the challengers, each of whom led his master's charger, loaded with the armor in which he had that day fought.

"According to the laws of chivalry," said the foremost of these men, "I, Baldwin de Oyley, squire to the redoubted Knight Brian de Bois Guilbert, make offer to you, styling yourself for the present the Disinherited Knight, of the horse and armor used by the said Brian de Bois Guilbert in this day's passage of arms, leaving it with your nobleness to retain or to ransom the same according to your pleasure; for such is the law of arms."

The other squires repeated nearly the same formula and then stood to await the decision of the Disinherited Knight.

"To you four, sirs," replied the Knight, addressing those who had last spoken, "and to your honorable and valiant masters, I have one common reply. Commend me to the noble knights, your masters, and say, I should do ill to deprive them of steeds and arms which can never be used by braver cavaliers.—I would I could here end my message to these gallant knights; but being, as I term myself, in truth and earnest the Disinherited, I must be thus far bound to your masters, that they will, of their courtesy, be pleased to ransom their steeds and armor, since that which I wear I can hardly term mine own."

"We stand instructed, each of us," answered the squire of Reginald Front de Bœuf, "to offer a hundred zecchins in ransom of these horses and suits of armor."

"It is sufficient," said the Disinherited Knight. "Half the sum my present necessities compel me to accept; of the remaining half, distribute one half among yourselves, sir squires, and divide the other half betwixt the heralds and their followers, and minstrels and attendants."

The Disinherited Knight then addressed his discourse to Baldwin, the squire of Brian de Bois Guilbert. "From your master," said he, "I will accept neither arms nor ransom. Say

to him in my name, that our strife is not ended—no, not till we have fought as well with swords as with lances, as well on foot as on horseback. To this mortal quarrel he has himself defied me, and I shall not forget the challenge.—Meantime, let him be assured that I hold him not as one of his companions, with whom I can with pleasure exchange courtesies; but rather as one with whom I stand upon terms of mortal defiance."

"My master," answered Baldwin, "knows how to repay scorn with scorn, and blows with blows, as well as courtesy with courtesy. Since you disdain to accept from him any share of the ransom at which you have rated the arms of the other knights, I must leave his armor and his horse here, being well assured that he will never deign to mount the one nor wear the other."

"You have spoken well, good squire," said the Disinherited Knight, "well and boldly, as it beseemeth him to speak who answers for an absent master. Leave not, however, the horse and armor here. Restore them to thy master; or, if he scorns to accept them, retain them, good friend, for thine own use. So far as they are mine, I bestow them upon you freely."

Baldwin made a deep bow and retired with his companions: and the Disinherited Knight entered the pavilion.

"Thus far, Gurth," said he, addressing his attendant, "the reputation of English chivalry hath not suffered in my hands."

"And I," said Gurth, "for a Saxon swineherd, have not ill played the personage of a Norman squire-at-arms."

"Yea, but," answered the Disinherited Knight, "thou hast ever kept me in anxiety lest thy clownish bearing should discover thee."

"Tush!" said Gurth, "I fear discovery from none, saving my playfellow, Wamba the Jester, of whom I could never discover whether he were most knave or fool. Yet I could scarce choose but laugh, when my old master passed so near to me, dreaming all the while that Gurth was keeping his porkers many a mile off, in the thickets and swamps of Rotherwood. If I am discovered—"

"Enough," said the Disinherited Knight, "thou knowest my promise."

"Nay, for that matter," said Gurth, "I will never fail my friend for fear of my skin cutting. I have a tough hide, that will bear knife or scourge as well as any boar's hide in my herd."

"Trust me, I will repay the risk you run for my love, Gurth," said the Knight. "Meanwhile, I pray you to accept these ten pieces of gold."

"I am richer," said Gurth, putting them into his pouch, "than ever was swineherd or bondsman."

"Take this bag of gold to Ashby," continued his master, "and find out Isaac, the Jew of York, and let him pay himself for the horse and arms with which his credit supplied me."

"I will do so," said Gurth, taking the bag under his cloak and leaving the apartment; "and it will go hard," he muttered, "but I content him with one half of his own asking." So saying, he departed, and left the Disinherited Knight to his own perplexed thoughts.

We must now change the scene to the village of Ashby, or rather to a country house in its vicinity belonging to a wealthy Israelite, with whom Isaac, his daughter, and retinue had taken up their quarters.

In an apartment, small indeed, but richly furnished with decorations of an oriental taste, Rebecca was seated on a heap of embroidered cushions. She was watching the motions of her father with a look of anxious and filial affection, while he paced the apartment with a dejected mien and disordered step, sometimes clasping his hands together, sometimes casting his eyes to the roof of the apartment, as one who labored under great mental tribulation. "O Jacob!" he exclaimed—"O all ye twelve Holy Fathers of our tribe! What a losing venture is this for one who hath duly kept every jot and tittle of the law of Moses!—Fifty zecchins wrenched from me at one clutch, and by the talons of a tyrant!"

"But, father," said Rebecca, "you seemed to give the gold to Prince John willingly."

"Willingly, saidst thou?—Ay, as willingly as when, in the Gulf

of Lyons, I flung over my merchandise to lighten the ship, while she labored in the tempest—robed the seething billows in my choice silks—perfumed their briny foam with myrrh and aloes—enriched their caverns with gold and silver work!"

So saying, he resumed his discontented walk through the apartment.

The evening was now becoming dark, when a Jewish servant entered the apartment and placed upon the table two silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil; the richest wines and the most delicate refreshments were at the same time displayed by another Israelitish domestic on a small ebony table, inlaid with silver; for, in the interior of their houses, the Jews refused themselves no expensive indulgences. At the same time the servant informed Isaac that a Nazarene (so they termed Christians while conversing among themselves) desired to speak to him. Isaac at once replaced on the table the untasted glass of Greek wine which he had just raised to his lips, and saying hastily to his daughter, "Rebecca, veil thyself," commanded the stranger to be admitted.

Just as Rebecca had dropped over her fine features a screen of silver gauze which reached to her feet, the door opened, and Gurth entered, wrapped in the ample folds of his Norman mantle. His appearance was rather suspicious than attractive, especially as, instead of doffing his bonnet, he pulled it still deeper over his rugged brow.

"Art thou Isaac, the Jew of York?" said Gurth, in Saxon.

"I am," replied Isaac, in the same language, for his traffic had rendered every tongue spoken in Britain familiar to him, "and who art thou?"

"That is not to the purpose," answered Gurth.

"As much as my name is to thee," replied Isaac; "for without knowing thine, how can I hold intercourse with thee?"

"Easily," answered Gurth; "I, being to pay money, must know that I deliver it to the right person; thou, who art to receive it, wilt not, I think, care very greatly by whose hands it is delivered."

"Oh," said the Jew, "you are come to pay monies? Holy

Father Abraham! that altereth our relation to each other. And from whom dost thou bring it?"

"From the Disinherited Knight," said Gurth, "victor in this day's tournament. It is the price of the armor supplied to him by Kirjath Jairam of Leicester, on thy recommendation. The steed is restored to thy stable. I desire to know the amount of the sum which I am to pay for the armor."

"I knew he was a good youth!" exclaimed Isaac, "And how much money hast thou brought with thee?"

"What money have I brought with me?" asked Gurth; "even but a small sum. Thou must bear a conscience, though it be a Jewish one."

"But thou hast a hundred zecchins with thee in that bag," said Isaac, prying under Gurth's cloak, "it is a heavy one."

"I have heads for crossbow bolts in it," said Gurth, readily.

"Well, then," said Isaac, "if I should say that I would take eighty zecchins for the good steed and the rich armor, which leaves me not a guilder's[2] profit, have you money to pay me?"

"Barely," said Gurth, though the sum demanded was more reasonable than he expected, "and it will leave my master nigh penniless. Nevertheless, if such be your least offer, I must be content."

"Ah! eighty zecchins is too little," said the Jew. "It leaveth no profit for the usages of the monies; and, besides, the good horse may have suffered wrong in this day's encounter. Oh, it was a hard and a dangerous meeting! man and steed rushing on each other like wild bulls of Bashan![3] the horse cannot but have had wrong."

"And I say," replied Gurth, "he is sound, wind and limb; and you may see him now in your stable. And I say, over and above, that seventy zecchins is enough for the armor, and I hope a Christian's word is as good as a Jew's. If you will not take seventy, I will carry this bag" (and he shook it till the contents jingled) "back to my master."

"Nay, nay!" said Isaac; "lay down the talents—the shekels

[2] GUILDER—A piece of money worth about 50¢.
[3] BULLS OF BASHAN—Bashan was a rich district of Palestine.

—the eighty zecchins, and thou shalt see I will consider thee liberally."

Gurth at length complied; and telling[4] out eighty zecchins upon the table, the Jew delivered out to him an acquittance[5] for the horse and suit of armor.

Gurth folded the quittance, and put it under his cap. He filled himself, unbidden, a goblet of wine, and left the apartment without ceremony.

"Rebecca," said the Jew, "that Ishmaelite hath gone somewhat beyond me. Nevertheless his master is a good youth."

As he turned to receive Rebecca's answer, he observed that during his bargaining with Gurth she had left the apartment unperceived.

In the meanwhile, Gurth had descended the stair, and, having reached the dark antechamber, was puzzling to discover the entrance, when a figure in white, shown by a small silver lamp which she held in her hand, beckoned him into a side apartment. He obeyed the summons of the apparition, and followed her into the apartment which she indicated, where he found, to his joyful surprise, that his fair guide was the beautiful Jewess whom he had seen at the tournament, and a short time in her father's apartment.

She asked him the particulars of his transaction with Isaac, which he detailed accurately.

"My father did but jest with thee, good fellow," said Rebecca; "he owes thy master deeper kindness than these arms and steed could pay, were their value tenfold. What sum didst thou pay my father even now?"

"Eighty zecchins," said Gurth, surprised at the question.

"In this purse," said Rebecca; "thou wilt find a hundred. Restore to thy master that which is his due, and enrich thyself with the remainder. Haste—begone—stay not to render thanks! and beware how you pass through this crowded town, where thou mayst easily lose both thy burden and thy life."

[4] Telling—Counting.
[5] Acquittance—A discharge or release from a debt.

"By St. Dunstan," said Gurth, as he stumbled up the dark avenue, "this is no Jewess, but an angel from heaven! Ten zecchins from my brave young master—twenty from this pearl of Zion!—Oh, happy day!—Such another, Gurth, will redeem thy bondage,[6] and make thee a brother as free of thy guild as the best. And then do I lay down my swineherd's horn and staff, and take the freeman's sword and buckler, and follow my young master to the death, without hiding either my face or my name."

[6] Bondage—Serfdom, slavery.

CHAPTER XI

GURTH IS WAYLAID BY OUTLAWS

The nightly adventures of Gurth were not yet concluded; indeed, he himself became partly of that mind when, after passing one or two straggling houses which stood in the outskirts of the village, he found himself in a deep lane, running between two banks overgrown with hazel and holly, while here and there a dwarf oak hung its arms altogether across the path.

From the village were heard the distant sounds of revelry, mixed occasionally with loud laughter, sometimes broken with screams, and sometimes by wild strains of distant music. All these sounds gave Gurth some uneasiness. "The Jewess was right," he said to himself. "By heaven and St. Dunstan, I would I were safe at my journey's end with all this treasure!"

He accordingly hastened his pace, but just as he attained the upper end of the lane, where the underwood was thickest, four men sprung upon him, even as his fears anticipated, two from each side of the road, and seized him so fast that resistance, if at first practicable, would have been now too late.—"Surrender your charge," said one of them; "we are the deliverers of the commonwealth, who ease every man of his burden."

"You should not ease me of mine so lightly," muttered Gurth, "had I it but in my power to give three strokes in its defense."

"We shall see that presently," said the robber; and, speaking to his companion, he added, "bring along the knave."

Gurth was hurried along, and having been dragged somewhat roughly over the bank, on the left-hand side of the lane, found himself in a straggling thicket, which lay betwixt it and the open common. Here his captors were joined by two other persons, apparently belonging to the gang. They had short swords by their sides, and quarterstaves in their hands, and Gurth could now observe that all six wore visors.

"What money hast thou, churl?" said one of the thieves.

"Thirty zecchins of my own property," answered Gurth, doggedly.

"A forfeit—a forfeit," shouted the robbers; "a Saxon hath thirty zecchins and returns sober from a village!"

"I hoarded it to purchase my freedom," said Gurth.

"Hold," said one who seemed to exercise some authority over the others; "this bag which thou bearest, as I can feel through thy cloak, contains more coin than thou hast told us of."

"It is the good knight my master's," answered Gurth.

The robber took from Gurth's breast the large leathern pouch, in which the purse given him by Rebecca was inclosed, as well as the rest of the zecchins, and then continued his interrogation —"Who is thy master?"

"The Disinherited Knight," said Gurth.

"Whose good lance," replied the robber, "won a prize in today's tourney? What is his name and lineage?" [1]

"It is his pleasure," answered Gurth, "that they be concealed; and from me, assuredly, you will learn naught of them."

"What is thine own name and lineage?"

"To tell that," said Gurth, "might reveal my master's."

The robbers proceeded to examine the purse, while the others crowded around him, and even two who had hold of Gurth relaxed their grasp while they stretched their necks to see the

[1] Lineage—Ancestry, family.

issue of the search. Availing himself of their neglect, by a sudden exertion of strength and activity Gurth shook himself free of their hold. He wrenched a quarterstaff from one of the fellows, struck down the Captain, who was altogether unaware of his purpose, and had well-nigh repossessed himself of the pouch and treasure. The thieves, however, were too nimble for him, and again secured both the bag and the trusty Gurth.

"Knave!" said the Captain, getting up, "thou hast broken my head. But thou shalt know thy fate instantly. First let us speak of thy master; the knight's matters must go before the squire's, according to the due order of chivalry.—Comrades! The errant knight, his master, must needs pass us tollfree. He is too like ourselves for us to make booty of him, since dogs should not worry dogs where wolves and foxes are to be found in abundance."

"Like us!" answered one of the gang; "I should like to hear how that is made good!"

"Why, thou fool," answered the Captain, "is he not poor and disinherited as we are?—Doth he not win his substance at the sword's point as we do?—Hath he not beaten Front de Bœuf and Malvoisin, even as we would beat them if we could?—Is he not the enemy to life and death of Brian de Bois Guilbert, whom we have so much reason to fear?"

"And this insolent peasant," muttered the other fellow, "I warrant me, is to be dismissed scatheless?"[2]

"Not if *thou* canst scathe him," replied the Captain. "Here, fellow," continued he, addressing Gurth, "canst thou use the staff, that thou startst to it so readily?"

"I think," said Gurth, "thou shouldst be best able to reply to that question."

"Nay, by my troth, thou gavest me a round knock," replied the Captain; "do as much for this fellow, and thou shalt pass scot-free, and if thou dost not—why, by my faith, as thou art such a sturdy knave, I think I must pay thy ransom myself. —Take thy staff, Miller," he added, "and keep thy head."

[2] Scatheless—Unhurt, uninjured.

The two champions, being alike armed with quarterstaves, stepped forward into the center of the open space, in order to have the full benefit of the moonlight; the thieves in the meantime laughing, and crying to their comrade, "Miller! beware thy toll dish."[3] The Miller, on the other hand, holding his quarterstaff by the middle, and making it flourish round his head, exclaimed boastfully, "Come on, churl, and thou darest; thou shalt feel the strength of a miller's thumb!"[4]

So saying, the two champions closed together, and for a few minutes they displayed great equality in strength, courage, and skill, intercepting and returning the blows of their adversary with the most rapid dexterity, while, from the continued clatter of their weapons a person at a distance might have supposed that there were at least six persons engaged on each side.

Long they fought equally, until the Miller began to lose temper at finding himself so stoutly opposed, and at hearing the laughter of his companions, who, as usual in such cases, enjoyed his vexation. This gave Gurth, whose temper was steady, though surly, the opportunity of acquiring a decided advantage.

The Miller pressed furiously forward, dealing blows with either end of his weapon alternately. Gurth maintained the defensive, making his eye, foot and hand keep true time, until, observing his antagonist to lose wind, he darted the staff at his face with his left hand; and as the Miller endeavored to parry the thrust, he slid his right hand down to his left, and with the full swing of the weapon struck his opponent on the left side of the head, who instantly measured his length[5] upon the green sward.

"Well and yeomanly done!" shouted the robbers; "fair play and Old England forever! The Saxon has saved both his purse and his hide, and the Miller has met his match."

"Thou mayst go thy ways, my friend," said the Captain,

[3] Toll dish—Humorously used for the miller's head.

[4] Miller's thumb—A miller's thumb was supposed to grow very skillful, rubbing flour between the thumb and finger.

[5] Measured his length—Fell prostrate.

addressing Gurth, "and I will cause two of my comrades to guide thee by the best way to thy master's pavilion, and to guard thee from nightwalkers that might have less tender consciences than ours. Take heed, however," he added sternly; "remember thou hast refused to tell thy name—ask not after ours, nor endeavor to discover who or what we are, for, if thou makest such an attempt, thou wilt come by worse fortune than has yet befallen thee."

Gurth thanked the Captain for his courtesy, and promised to attend to his recommendation. Two of the outlaws, taking up their quarterstaves, and desiring Gurth to follow close in the rear, walked roundly forward along a bypath, which traversed a thicket and the broken ground adjacent to it. On the very verge of the thicket two men spoke to his conductors, and receiving an answer in a whisper, withdrew into the wood, and suffered them to pass unmolested. This circumstance induced Gurth to believe both that the gang was strong in numbers, and that they kept regular guards around their place of rendezvous.[6]

When they arrived on the open heath, the thieves stopped.

"We go with you no farther," said they; "it were not safe that we should do so.—Remember the warning you have received: keep secret what has this night befallen you, and you will have no room to repent it; neglect what is now told you; and the Tower of London shall not protect you against our revenge."

"Good night to you, kind sirs," said Gurth; "I shall remember your orders, and trust that there is no offense in wishing you a safer and an honester trade."

Thus they parted, the outlaws returning in the direction from whence they had come, and Gurth proceeding to the tent of his master, to whom, notwithstanding the commands he had received, he told the whole adventures of the evening.

The Disinherited Knight was filled with astonishment, no less at the generosity of Rebecca, by which, however, he resolved he would not profit, than that of the robbers, to whose profession such a quality seemed totally foreign.

[6] Rendezvous—Meeting.

CHAPTER XII

THE BLACK KNIGHT LENDS HIS AID

Morning arose in unclouded splendor, and ere the sun was much above the horizon, the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, in order to secure a favorable situation for viewing the continuation of the games.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the heralds, for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to joust, with the side which each chose to defend.

The Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois Guilbert, who had been rated as having done second-best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band. There was no want of distinguished and noble candidates to fill up the ranks of either side. About fifty knights were inscribed as desirous of combating upon each side, when the marshals declared that no more could be admitted, to the disappointment of several who were too late in preferring their claim to be included.

About the hour of ten o'clock the whole plain was crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot passengers, hastening to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue, attended by many of those knights who meant to take share in the game.

About the same time arrived Cedric, the Saxon, with the Lady Rowena, unattended, however, by Athelstane. This Saxon lord had arrayed his tall and strong person in armor, in order to take his place among the combatants; and, considerably to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar. The Saxon, indeed, had remonstrated strongly with his friend upon the unwise choice he had made of his party, but he had only received that sort of an answer usually given by those who are more obstinate in following their course, than strong in justifying it.

His best, if not his only, reason for adhering to the party of Brian de Bois Guilbert, Athelstane had the prudence to keep to himself. Though his indifference of disposition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his union with her as a matter already fixed beyond doubt by the assent of Cedric and her other friends. It had therefore been with smothered displeasure that the proud though indolent Lord of Coningsburgh beheld the victor of the preceding day select Rowena as the object of that honor which it became his privilege to confer. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to interfere with his own suit, Athelstane, confident of his strength, had determined not only to deprive the Disinherited Knight of his powerful help, but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel his battle-ax.

De Bracy, and other knights attached to Prince John, had joined the party of the challengers, John being desirous to secure, if possible, the victory to that side. On the other hand, many other knights, both English and Norman, natives and strangers, took part against the challangers, the more readily that the opposite band was to be led by so distinguished a champion as the Disinherited Knight had proved himself.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and, alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle. He then led her to the seat of honor opposite his own, while the fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

No sooner was Rowena seated than a burst of music, half drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her new dignity. Meantime, the sun shone fierce and bright upon the polished arms of the knights of either side, who crowded the opposite extremities of the lists.

The heralds then proclaimed silence until the laws of the tourney should be rehearsed. The champions were prohibited to thrust with the sword, and were confined to striking. A knight, it was announced, might use a mace or battle-ax at pleasure; but the dagger was a prohibited weapon. A knight unhorsed might renew the fight on foot with any other on the opposite side in the same plight; but mounted horsemen were in that case forbidden to assail him. When any knight could force his antagonist to the extremity of the lists, so as to touch the palisade with his person or arms, such opponent was obliged to yield himself vanquished, and his armor and horse were placed at the disposal of the conqueror. The combat was to cease as soon as Prince John should throw down his leading staff, or truncheon—a precaution usually taken to prevent the unnecessary pouring of blood by the too long endurance of a sport so desperate.

This proclamation having been made, the heralds withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to each other, the leader of each party being in the center of the foremost rank.

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing to the sun, and the streamers with which they were decorated fluttering over the plumage of the helmets. Thus they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost exactness, lest either party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tale was found exactly complete. The trumpets sounded clear and loud—the spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rests—the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses, and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sustain the defeated, and follow up the success of the victors of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly seen,

for the dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds darkened the air, and it was a minute ere the anxious spectators could see the fate of the encounter. When the fight became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted—some by the dexterity of their adversary's lance; some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man; some lay stretched on earth as if never more to rise; some had already gained their feet, and were closing hand to hand with those of their antagonists who were in the same plight; and several on both sides, who had received wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their blood by their scarfs, and endeavoring to free themselves from the tumult. The mounted knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting their war cries, and exchanging buffets, as if honor and life depended on the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve, now rushed on to aid their companions. The followers of Brian de Bois Guilbert shouted: *"Ha! Beau-seant!*[1] *Beau-seant!* For the Temple! For the Temple!" The opposite party shouted in answer: *"Desdichado! Desdichado!"* which watchword they took from the motto upon their leader's shield.

The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success, the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappered, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion.

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavored to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor

[1] BEAU-SEANT—The name of the Templar's banner, half white, half black.

did either Bois Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavored to single out each other, spurred by mutual hatred, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory.

When the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal hatred joined to rivalry of honor, could inspire. Such was the skill of each in parrying and striking, that the spectators broke forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front de Bœuf on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bore down and dispersed those immediately exposed to them. Turning their horses at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantage.

"Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!" was shouted so universally that the knight became aware of his danger, and striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front de Bœuf. These knights, therefore, rushed from opposite sides, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him except the remarkable strength of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This stood him in the more stead, as the horse of Bois Guilbert was wounded, and those of Front de Bœuf and Athelstane were

both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armor, and with the preceding exertions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disinherited Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rang with the applauses of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered; and the nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his warder, and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

"Not I, by the light of Heaven!" answered Prince John; "this same youth who conceals his name and despises our proffered hospitality, hath already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he spoke thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armor, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto shown very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages nor himself assailing any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Faineant,* the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his indifference, when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bested; for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a thunderbolt, exclaiming in a voice like a trumpet call, "*Desdichado,* to the rescue!" It was high time;

for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front de Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head, and Front de Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Faineant* then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front de Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-ax which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest, that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was highly applauded, the knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprung from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished by casting down his warder and putting an end to the conflict.

Thus ended the memorable field of Ashby de la Zouche, one of the most gallantly contested tournaments of that age; for although only four knights, including one who was smothered by the heat of his armor, had died upon the field, yet upwards of thirty were desperately wounded, four or five of whom never recovered. Several more were disabled for life; and those who escaped best, carried the marks of the conflict to the grave with them. Hence it is always mentioned in the old records as the Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby.

It being now the duty of Prince John to name the knight who

had done the best, he determined that honor of the day remained with the knight whom the popular voice had termed *Le Noir Faineant*. It was pointed out to the Prince, however, that the victory had been in fact won by the Disinherited Knight, who, in the course of the day, had overcome six champions with his own hand, and who had finally unhorsed and struck down the leader of the opposite party. But Prince John adhered to his own opinion, on the ground that the Disinherited Knight and his party had lost the day but for the powerful assistance of the Knight of the Black Armor, to whom, therefore, he persisted in awarding the prize.

To the surprise of all present, however, the knight thus preferred was nowhere to be found. He had left the lists immediately when the conflict ceased, and had been observed by some spectators to move down one of the forest glades with the same slow pace and listless and indifferent manner which had procured him the epithet of the Black Sluggard. After he had been summoned twice by sound of trumpet and proclamation of the heralds, it became necessary to name another to receive the honors which had been assigned to him. Prince John had now no further excuse for resisting the claim of the Disinherited Knight, whom, therefore, he named the champion of the day, and the marshals of the lists again conducted the victor to the foot of Prince John's throne.

"Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, we a second time award to you the honors of this tournament, and announce to you your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty the chaplet of honor which you justly deserve."

The Knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer.

While the trumpets sounded, while the heralds strained their voices in proclaiming honor to the brave and glory to the victor, while ladies waved their silken kerchiefs and embroidered veils, and while all ranks joined in a clamorous shout of exultation, the marshals conducted the Disinherited Knight across the lists to the throne of honor which was occupied by the Lady Rowena.

On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed, his whole action since the fight had ended seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he tottered as they guided him the second time across the lists. Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus—his head must be bare."

Whether from love of form or from curiosity, the marshals paid no attention to the Knight's expressions of reluctance, but unhelmed him by cutting the laces of his casque, and undoing the fastening of his collar. When the helmet was removed, the well-formed yet sunburnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, amidst a profusion of short fair hair. His countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood.

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek; but at once summoning up the energy of her disposition, and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed, while her frame yet trembled with the violence of sudden emotion, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced in a clear and distinct tone these words: "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the reward of valor assigned to this day's victor." Here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed!"

The Knight stooped his head and kissed the hand of the lovely Sovereign by whom his valor had been rewarded; and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

There was a general consternation. Cedric, who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his banished son, now rushed forward, as if to separate him from Rowena. But this had already been accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Ivanhoe's swoon, had hastened to undo his armor, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breastplate and inflicted a wound in his side.

CHAPTER XIII

LOCKSLEY WINS THE ARCHERY CONTEST

The name of Ivanhoe was no sooner pronounced than it flew from mouth to mouth with all the celerity with which eagerness could convey and curiosity receive it. It was not long ere it reached the circle of the Prince, whose brow darkened as he heard the news. Looking around him, however, with an air of scorn, "My lords," said he, "methinks that I felt the presence of my brother's minion,[1] even when I least guessed whom yonder suit of armor inclosed."

"Front de Bœuf must prepare to restore his fief[2] of Ivanhoe," said De Bracy.

"Ay," answered Waldemar Fitzurse, "this gallant is likely to reclaim the castle and manor which Richard assigned to him, and which your Highness's generosity has since given to Front de Bœuf."

"Front de Bœuf," replied John, "is a man more willing to swallow three manors such as Ivanhoe than to give up one of them. For the rest, sirs, I hope none here will deny my right to confer the fiefs of the crown upon the faithful followers who are around me, and ready to perform the usual military service, in the room of those who have wandered to foreign countries, and can neither render homage nor service when called upon."

Waldemar, whose curiosity had led him towards the place where Ivanhoe had fallen to the ground, now returned. "The gallant," said he, "is likely to give your Highness little disturbance, and to leave Front de Bœuf in the quiet possession of his gains; he is severely wounded."

"I was somewhat afflicted," he continued, "to see the grief of the Queen of Love and Beauty. I am not a man to be moved by a woman's lament for her lover, but this same Lady Rowena

[1] Minion—Favorite.
[2] Fief—Estate.

suppressed her sorrow with such dignity of manner that it could only be discovered by her folded hands and her tearless eye."

"Who is this Lady Rowena," said Prince John, "of whom we have heard so much?"

"A Saxon heiress of large possessions," replied the Prior Aymer; "a rose of loveliness, and a jewel of wealth; the fairest among a thousand, a bundle of myrrh, and a cluster of camphire."

"We shall cheer her sorrows," said Prince John, "and amend her blood, by wedding her to a Norman. She seems a minor, and must therefore be at our royal disposal in marriage.—How sayest thou, De Bracy? What thinkst thou of gaining fair lands and livings, by wedding a Saxon, after the fashion of the followers of the Conqueror?"

"If the lands are to my liking, my lord," answered De Bracy, "it will be hard to displease me with a bride; and deeply will I hold myself bound to your Highness for a good deed, which will fulfill all promises made in favor of your servant and vassal."

"We will not forget it," said Prince John; "and that we may instantly go to work, command our seneschal [3] presently to order the attendance of the Lady Rowena and her company."

Prince John had proceeded thus far, and was about to give the signal for retiring from the lists, when a note was put into his hand.

"From whence?" said Prince John, looking at the person by whom it was delivered.

"From foreign parts, my lord, but from whence I know not," replied his attendant. "A Frenchman brought it hither, who said he had ridden night and day to put it into the hands of your Highness."

The Prince looked narrowly at the superscription, and then at the seal, placed so as to secure the flox silk with which the billet [4] was surrounded, and which bore the impression of

[3] Seneschal—A servant in charge of feasts and ceremonies.
[4] Billet—Letter, note.

three fleurs-de-lis.[5] John then opened the note with apparent agitation, which visibly and greatly increased when he had read the contents, which were expressed in these words:

"Take heed to yourself, for the Devil is unchained!"

The Prince turned as pale as death, looked first on the earth, and then up to heaven, like a man who has received news that sentence of execution has been passed upon him. Recovering from the first effects of his surprise, he took Waldemar Fitzurse and De Bracy aside, and put the note into their hands successively. "It means," he added, in a faltering voice, "that my brother Richard has obtained his freedom."

"This may be a false alarm or a forged letter," said De Bracy.

"It is France's own hand and seal," replied Prince John.

"It is time, then," said Fitzurse, "to draw our party to a head, either at York or some other central place. A few days later, and it will be indeed too late. Your Highness must break short this present mummery."[6]

"The yeomen and commons," said De Bracy, "must not be dismissed discontented, for lack of their share in the sports."

"The day," said Waldemar, "is not yet very far spent—let the archers shoot a few rounds at the target, and the prize be adjudged. This will be an abundant fulfillment of the Prince's promises, so far as this herd of Saxon serfs is concerned."

"I thank thee, Waldemar," said the Prince; "thou remindest me, too, that I have a debt to pay to that insolent peasant who yesterday insulted our person. Our banquet also shall go forward to-night as we proposed. Were this my last hour of power, it should be an hour sacred to revenge and to pleasure—let new cares come with to-morrow's new day."

The sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and demanding public

[5] Fleurs-de-lis—The royal emblem of France. Philip of France was in league with John against Richard.

[6] Mummery—Idle show or performance.

duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival; nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle horn, mounted with silver.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitiors, several of whom were rangers and underkeepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat. The diminished list of competitors still amounted to eight, and Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. He looked for the object of his resentment, and finally observed him standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry men as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot—I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize[7] by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John colored as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles;[8] but if

[7] Third prize . . . —Two prizes in the tournament had already been won by the Disinherited Knight, which had displeased John.

[8] Noble—A gold coin worth about 95¢.

thou losest it, thou shalt be stripped of thy Lincoln green and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of public disgrace if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access. One by one the archers delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and of these ten, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert?"

"Sith[9] it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee.—If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or

[9] SITH—Since.

grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stept to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that vagabond knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow—"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John. "Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout![10]—in the clout!—a Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than

[10] CLOUT—The center of the target.

before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor.

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it."

He then cut from a near-by willow bush a wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb, which he began to peel with great composure. Then walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and striking the willow wand upright in the ground, he said, "He that hits that rod at fivescore yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this young yeoman can cleave [11] that rod, I give him the bucklers. A man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer justified their opinion of his skill; his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of applause followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person.

[11] Cleave—Split, divide, part.

"These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

CHAPTER XIV

PRINCE JOHN'S FESTIVAL AT ASHBY

Prince John held his high festival in the Castle of Ashby. The castle and town of Ashby, at this time, belonged to Roger de Quincy, Earl of Winchester, who, during the period of our history, was absent in the Holy Land. Prince John, in the meanwhile occupied his castle, and disposed of his domains without scruple; and seeking at present to dazzle men's eyes by his hospitality and magnificence, had given orders for great preparations, in order to render the banquet as splendid as possible.

In execution of the resolution which he had formed during his cooler moments, Prince John received Cedric and Athelstane with distinguished courtesy, and expressed his disappointment, without resentment, when the illness of Rowena was alleged by the former as a reason for her not attending upon his gracious summons.

The guests were seated at a table which groaned under the quantity of good cheer, and was crowned with the richest wines,

both foreign and domestic. The long feast continued to its end; and, while the goblet circulated freely, men talked of the feasts of the preceding tournament—of the unknown victor in the archery games, of the Black Knight, whose self-denial had induced him to withdraw from the honors he had won, and of the gallant Ivanhoe, who had so dearly bought the honors of the day. The topics were treated with military frankness, and the jest and laugh went round the hall. The brow of Prince John alone was overclouded during these discussions; some overpowering care seemed agitating his mind, and it was only when he received occasional hints from his attendants that he seemed to take interest in what was passing around him. On such occasions he would start up, quaff a cup of wine as if to raise his spirits, and then mingle in the conversation by some observation made abruptly or at random.

"We drink this beaker," said he, "to the health of Wilfred of Ivanhoe, champion of this Passage of Arms, and grieve that his wound renders him absent from our board.—Let all fill to the pledge, and especially Cedric of Rotherwood, the worthy father of a son so promising."

"No, my lord," replied Cedric, standing up, and placing on the table his untasted cup, "I yield[1] not the name of son to the disobedient youth who at once despises my commands and relinquishes the manners and customs of his fathers."

"'Tis impossible," cried Prince John, with well-feigned astonishment, "that so gallant a knight should be an unworthy or disobedient son!"

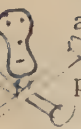
"Yet, my lord," answered Cedric, "so it is with this Wilfred. He left my homely dwelling to mingle with the gay nobility of your brother's court, where he learned to do those tricks of horsemanship which you prize so highly. He left it contrary to my wish and command; and in the days of Alfred that would have been termed disobedience—ay, and a crime severely punishable."

"Alas!" replied Prince John, with a deep sigh of affected

[1] I YIELD—I concede.

sympathy, "since your son was a follower of my unhappy brother it need not be inquired where or from whom he learned the lesson of filial[2] disobedience."

Thus spake Prince John, willfully forgetting that, of all the sons of Henry the Second, though no one was free from the charge, he himself had been most distinguished for rebellion and ingratitude to his father.



"I think," said he, after a moment's pause, "that my brother proposed to confer upon his favorite the rich manor of Ivanhoe."

"He did endow him with it," answered Cedric; "nor is it my least quarrel with my son that he stooped to hold, as a feudal vassal, the very domains which his fathers possessed in free and independent right."

"We shall then have your willing sanction, good Cedric," said Prince John, "to confer this fief upon a person whose dignity will not be diminished by holding land of the British crown.—Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf," he said, turning towards that baron, "I trust you will so keep the goodly barony of Ivanhoe that Sir Wilfred shall not incur his father's further displeasure by again entering upon that fief."

Then as with smooth and smiling cheek, the courtiers, each in turn, followed their Prince's example, and aimed a shaft of ridicule at Cedric, the face of the Saxon became inflamed with passion, and he glanced his eyes fiercely from one to another. At length he spoke, in a voice half-choked with passion; and, addressing himself to Prince John as the head and front of the offense which he had received, "Whatever," he said, "have been the follies and vices of our race, a Saxon would have been held *nidering* (the most emphatic term for abject worthlessness) who should in his own hall, and while his own wine cup passed, have treated, or suffered to be treated, an unoffending guest as your Highness has this day beheld me used; and whatever was the misfortune of our fathers on the field of Hastings, those may at least be silent (here he looked at Front de Bœuf and the

[2] FILIAL—That of a son.

Templar) who have within these few hours once and again lost saddle and stirrup before the lance of a Saxon."

"A truce with your raillery, Sir Knights," said Fitzurse; "and it were well," he added, addressing the Prince, "that your Highness should assure the worthy Cedric there is no insult intended him by jests which must sound but harshly in the ear of a stranger."

"Insult!" answered Prince John, resuming his courtesy of demeanor; "I trust it will not be thought that I could mean or permit any to be offered in my presence. Here! I fill my cup to Cedric himself, since he refuses to pledge his son's health."

The cup went round amid the well-dissembled applause of the courtiers, which, however, failed to make the impression on the mind of the Saxon that had been designed. He was silent, however, when the royal pledge again passed round, "To Sir Athelstane of Coningsburgh."

The knight made his bow, and showed his sense of the honor by draining a huge goblet in answer to it.

"And now, sirs," said Prince John, who began to be warmed with the wine which he had drank, "having done justice to our Saxon guests, we will pray of them some repayment to our courtesy. Worthy thane," he continued, addressing Cedric, "may we pray you to name to us some Norman whose mention may least sully[3] your mouth, and to wash down with a goblet of wine all bitterness which the sound may leave behind it?"

Fitzurse arose while Prince John spoke, and, gliding behind the seat of the Saxon, whispered to him to name Prince John. The Saxon replied not to this politic hint, but, rising up, and filling his cup to the brim, he addressed Prince John in these words: "Your Highness has required that I should name a Norman deserving to be remembered at our banquet. This, perchance, is a hard task, since it calls on the slave to sing the praises of the master. Yet I *will* name a Norman—the first in arms and in place—the best and the noblest of his race. And

[3] SULLY—Stain, tarnish.

the lips that shall refuse to pledge me to his well-earned fame, I term false and dishonored, and will so maintain them with my life.—I quaff this goblet to the health of Richard the Lion-Hearted!"

Prince John, who had expected that his own name would have closed the Saxon's speech, started when that of his injured brother was so unexpectedly introduced. He raised mechanically the wine cup to his lips, then instantly set it down, to view the demeanor of the company at this unexpected proposal, which many of them felt it as unsafe to oppose as to comply with. Some of them, ancient and experienced courtiers, closely imitated the example of the Prince himself, raising the goblet to their lips, and again replacing it before them. There were many who, with a more generous feeling, exclaimed, "Long live King Richard! and may he be speedily restored to us!" And some few, among whom were Front de Bœuf and the Templar, in sullen disdain suffered their goblets to stand untasted before them. But no man ventured directly to gainsay[4] a pledge filled to the health of the reigning monarch.

Having enjoyed his triumph for about a minute, Cedric said to his companion, "Up, noble Athelstane! we have remained here long enough, since we have repaid the hospitable courtesy of Prince John's banquet."

So saying, he arose and left the banqueting room, followed by Athelstane, and by several other guests, who boasted of the Saxon lineage.

The other guests now began to disperse with the exception of those immediately attached to Prince John's faction and his retinue.

"This, then, is the result of your advice," said the Prince, turning an angry countenance upon Fitzurse; "that I should be bearded[5] at my own board by a drunken Saxon churl, and that, on the mere sound of my brother's name, men should fall off from me as if I had the leprosy!"

[4] Gainsay—Oppose, contradict.
[5] Bearded—Defied.

"Have patience, sir," replied his counselor; "De Bracy and I will instantly go among these shuffling cowards and convince them they have gone too far to recede."

"It will be in vain," said Prince John, pacing the apartment with disordered steps, and expressing himself with an agitation to which the wine he had drank partly contributed—"it will be in vain; they have seen the handwriting on the wall—nothing will renew their courage."

CHAPTER XV

DE BRACY'S PLAN TO WIN HIS BRIDE

No spider ever took more pains to repair the shattered meshes of his web than did Waldemar Fitzurse to reunite and combine the scattered members of Prince John's cabal.[1] Promises and money were liberally distributed by this active agent; and, in fine, nothing was left undone that could determine the wavering or animate the disheartened. The return of King Richard he spoke of as an event altogether beyond the reach of probability, yet when he observed, from the doubtful looks, and uncertain answers which he received, that this was the fear by which the minds of his accomplices were most haunted, he boldly treated that event, should it really take place, as one which ought not to alter their political calculations.

This, and many other arguments, some adapted to the peculiar circumstances of those whom he addressed, had the expected weight with the nobles of Prince John's faction. Most of them consented to attend the proposed meeting at York, for the purpose of making general arrangements for placing the crown upon the head of Prince John.

It was late at night when, worn out and exhausted with his various exertions, however gratified with the result, Fitzurse, returning to the Castle of Ashby, met with De Bracy, who had

[1] CABAL—A secret combination, an intrigue.

exchanged his banqueting garments for a short green kirtle, with hose of the same cloth and color, a leathern cap or headpiece, a short sword, a horn slung over his shoulder, a long bow in his hand, and a bundle of arrows stuck in his belt. Had Fitzurse met this figure in an outer apartment, he would have passed him without notice, as one of the yeomen of the guard; but finding him in the inner hall, he looked at him with more attention, and recognized the Norman knight in the dress of an English yeoman.

"What mummery is this, De Bracy?" said Fitzurse, somewhat angrily; "is this a time for Christmas gambols and quaint maskings, when the fate of our master, Prince John, is on the very verge of decision? Why hast thou not been, like me, among these heartless cravens whom the very name of King Richard terrifies, as it is said to do the children of the Saracens?"

"I have been attending to mine own business," answered De Bracy, calmly, "as you, Fitzurse, have been minding yours."

"In minding mine own business!" exchoed Waldemar; "I have been engaged in that of Prince John, our joint patron."

"As if thou hadst any other reason for that, Waldemar," said De Bracy, "than the promotion of thine own individual interest! Come, Fitzurse, we know each other—ambition is thy pursuit, pleasure is mine, and they become our different ages. Of Prince John thou thinkest as I do—that he is too weak to be a determined monarch, too tyrannical to be an easy monarch, too insolent and presumptuous to be a popular monarch, and too fickle and timid to be long a monarch of any kind. But he is a monarch by whom Fitzurse and De Bracy hope to rise and thrive; and therefore you aid him with your policy, and I with the lances of my Free Companions."

"A hopeful aid," said Fitzurse, impatiently, "playing the fool in the very moment of utter necessity.—What on earth dost thou purpose by this absurd disguise at a moment so urgent?"

"To get me a wife," answered De Bracy, coolly, "after the manner of the tribe of Benjamin."

"The tribe of Benjamin!" said Fitzurse. "I comprehend thee not."

"I tell thee," said De Bracy, "that I mean to provide me a wife after the fashion of the tribe of Benjamin; which is as much as to say, that in this same dress I will fall upon that herd of Saxon bullocks who have this night left the castle, and carry off from them the lovely Rowena."

"Art thou mad, De Bracy?" said Fitzurse. "Bethink thee that, though the men be Saxons, they are rich and powerful."

"What of that?" said De Bracy. "Seem I not in this garb as bold a forester as ever blew horn? The blame of the violence shall rest with the outlaws of the Yorkshire forests. I have sure spies on the Saxons' motions. To-night they sleep in the convent of St. Withold. Next day's march brings them within our reach, and we swoop on them at once. Presently after I will appear in mine own shape, play the courteous knight, rescue the unfortunate and afflicted fair one from the hands of the rude ravishers, conduct her to Front de Bœuf's castle, or to Normandy, if it should be necessary, and produce her not again to her kindred until she be the bride and dame of Maurice de Bracy."

"A marvelously sage plan," said Fitzurse, "and, as I think, not entirely of thine own device.—Come, be frank, De Bracy, who aided thee in the invention? and who is to assist in the execution? for, as I think, thine own band lies as far off as York."

"Marry, if thou must needs know," said De Bracy, "it was the Templar Brian de Bois Guilbert that shaped out the enterprise. He is to aid me in the onslaught, and he and his followers will personate the outlaws, from whom my valorous arm is, after changing my garb, to rescue the lady."

"Then, since naught that I can say," said Fitzurse, "will put this folly from thy imagination, at least waste as little time as possible."

"I tell thee," answered De Bracy, "that it will be the work of a few hours, and I shall be at York at the head of my daring and valorous fellows, as ready to support any bold design as thy policy can be to form one. But I hear my comrades assembling, and the steeds stamping and neighing in the outer court.—Farewell.—I go, like a true knight, to win the smiles of beauty."

"Like a true knight!" repeated Fitzurse, looking after him; "like a fool, I should say, or like a child, who will leave the most serious and needful occupation to chase the down of the thistle that drives past him.—But it is with such tools that I must work—and for whose advantage?—For that of a Prince as unwise as he is corrupt, and as likely to be an ungrateful master as he has already proved a rebellious son and an unnatural brother. But he—he, too, is but one of the tools with which I labor; and, proud as he is, should he presume to separate his interest from mine, this is a secret which he shall soon learn."

CHAPTER XVI

THE BLACK KNIGHT SEEKS SHELTER AT THE HERMITAGE

The reader cannot have forgotten that the event of the tournament was decided by the exertions of an unknown knight, whom, on account of the passive and indifferent conduct which he had manifested on the former part of the day, the spectators had entitled *Le Noir Faineant*. This knight had left the field abruptly when the victory was achieved; and when he was called upon to receive the reward of his valor he was nowhere to be found. In the meantime, while summoned by heralds and by trumpets, the knight was holding his course northward, avoiding all frequented paths, and taking the shortest road through the woodlands. He paused for the night at a small hostelry [1] lying out of the ordinary route, where, however, he obtained from a wandering minstrel news of the event of the tourney.

On the next morning the knight departed early, with the intention of making a long journey; the condition of his horse, which he had carefully spared during the preceding morning, being such as enabled him to travel far without the necessity of much repose. Yet his purpose was baffled by the devious

[1] Hostelry—Inn.

paths through which he rode, so that when evening closed upon him he only found himself on the frontiers of the West Riding of Yorkshire. By this time both horse and man required refreshment, and it became necessary, moreover, to look out for some place in which they might spend the night, which was fast approaching.

He at length reached an open plat[2] of turf, on the opposite side of which a rock, rising abruptly from a gently sloping plain, offered its gray and weatherbeaten front to the traveler. Ivy mantled its sides in some places, and in others oaks and holly bushes, whose roots found nourishment in the cliffs of the crag, waved over the precipices below. At the bottom of the rock, and leaning as it were, against it, was constructed a rude hut, built chiefly of the trunks of trees felled in the neighboring forest, and secured against the weather by having its crevices stuffed with moss mingled with clay. The stem of a young fir tree lopped of its branches, with a piece of wood tied across near the top, was planted upright by the door, as a rude emblem of the holy cross. At a little distance on the right hand, a fountain of the purest water trickled out of the rock, and was received in a hollow stone, which labor had formed into a rustic basin. Escaping from thence, the stream murmured down the descent by a channel which its course had long worn, and so wandered through the little plain to lose itself in the neighboring wood.

Beside this fountain were the ruins of a very small chapel, of which the roof had partly fallen in. The building, when entire, had never been above sixteen feet long by twelve feet in breadth, and the roof, low in proportion, rested upon four concentric[3] arches which sprung from the four corners of the building, each supported upon a short and heavy pillar. The ribs of two of these arches remained, though the roof had fallen down betwixt them; over the others it remained entire. The entrance to this ancient place of devotion was under a very low

[2] Plat—Plot, opening.
[3] Concentric—Having a common center.

round arch, ornamented by several courses of that zigzag molding, resembling sharks' teeth, which appears so often in the more ancient Saxon architecture. A belfry rose above the porch on four small pillars, within which hung the green and weather-beaten bell, the feeble sounds of which had been some time before heard by the Black Knight.

The whole peaceful and quiet scene lay glimmering in twilight before the eyes of the traveler, giving him good assurance of lodging for the night, since it was a special duty of those hermits who dwelt in the woods to exercise hospitality towards benighted or bewildered passengers. Accordingly, the knight took no time to consider minutely the particulars which we have detailed, but thanking St. Julian, the patron of travelers, who had sent him good harborage, he leaped from his horse and hammered the door of the hermitage with the butt of his lance, in order to arouse attention and gain admittance.

It was some time before he obtained any answer, and the reply, when made, was unfavorable.

"Pass on, whosoever thou art," was the answer given by a deep hoarse voice from within the hut, "and disturb not the servant of God and St. Dunstan in his evening devotions."

"Worthy father," answered the knight, "here is a poor wanderer bewildered in these woods, who gives thee the opportunity of exercising thy charity and hospitality."

The door was opened; and the hermit, a large, strong-built man, in his sackcloth gown and hood, girt with a rope of rushes, stood before the knight. He had in one hand a lighted torch, or link, and in the other a baton of crab tree, so thick and heavy that it might well be termed a club. Two large shaggy dogs, half greyhound, half mastiff, stood ready to rush upon the traveler as soon as the door should be opened. But when the torch glanced upon the lofty crest and golden spurs of the knight who stood without, the hermit, altering probably his original intentions, repressed the rage of his dogs, and, changing his tone to a sort of churlish courtesy, invited the knight to enter his hut.

"Reverend hermit," said the knight, after looking around him,

"were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your holiness; first, where I am to put my horse?—secondly, what I can have for supper?—thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?"

"I will reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. "Your stable," said he, "is there; your bed, there; and," reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched pease upon it from the neighboring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added, "your supper is here."

The knight shrugged his shoulders, and leaving the hut, brought in his horse, which in the interim he had fastened to a tree, unsaddled him with much attention, and spread upon the steed's weary back his own mantle.

He then laid aside his helmet, his corselet,[4] and the greater part of his armor, and showed to the hermit a head thick curled with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes, remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with mustachios darker than his hair, and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl,[5] and showed a round bullet-head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His close-shaven crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled black hair, had something the appearance of a parish inclosure begirt by its high hedge. The features expressed nothing of monastic austerity or of ascetic[6] privations; on the contrary, it was a bold bluff countenance, with broad black eyebrows, a well-turned forehead, and cheeks as round and vermilion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a face, joined to the brawny form of the holy man, spoke rather of

[4] Corselet—Light body armor.
[5] Cowl—Monk's hood.
[6] Ascetic—Rigid in the exercise of religious duties.

sirloins and haunches[7] than of pease and pulse.[8] This incongruity did not escape the guest. After he had with great difficulty accomplished the mastication of a mouthful of the dried pease, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain.

"Holy father," said the knight, "wilt permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?"

"Thou mayst call me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts.—They add, it is true, the epithet holy, but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition.—And now, valiant knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honorable guest?"

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight,—many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished."

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and, moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not. And now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest walk left these dogs for my protection, he left me also some food, which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations."

"I dare be sworn he did so," said the knight; "I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, and then went to the further side of the hut, and opened a hutch,[9] which was

[7] Haunches—Joints of venison.
[8] Pulse—Legumes like beans, peas, etc.
[9] Hutch—Chest, bin.

concealed with great care and some cleverness. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this opening gave admittance, he brought a large pasty,[10] baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest, who, using his poniard[11] to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper has been here?" said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several hasty morsels of this reinforcement to the hermit's good cheer.

"About two months," answered the father hastily.

"By the true Lord," answered the knight, "everything in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk! for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week."

The hermit was somewhat discountenanced by this observation; and, moreover, he made but a poor figure while gazing on the diminution of the pasty on which his guest was making desperate inroads.

"I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stopping short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of aught inhospitable; nevertheless, I will be highly bound to you would you comply with this Eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule," replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in those days, his clutches were instantly in the bowels of the pasty.

The ice of ceremony being once broken, it seemed matter of rivalry between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former had probably fasted longest, yet the hermit fairly surpassed him.

[10] Pasty—Meat pie.
[11] Poniard—Small dagger.

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gage [12] my good horse yonder against a zecchin, that that same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison has left thee a stoup [13] of wine, or a runlet of canary,[14] or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid a hermit; yet, I think, were you to search yonder crypt [15] once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture."

The hermit only replied by a grin; and returning to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking cups, made out of the horn of the urus,[16] and hooped with silver. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no further ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but filling both cups, and saying, in the Saxon fashion, *"Waes hael,"*[17] Sir Sluggish Knight!" he emptied his own at a draught.

"Drinc hael,"[18] Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst!" answered the warrior, and did his host reason in a similar brimmer. "By my faith," he continued, "thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met; and I will know more of thee ere we part."

"Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee," said the hermit, "respecting thy valor much, but deeming wondrous slightly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess of curiosity."

[12] GAGE—Wager.
[13] STOUP—Flagon, drinking vessel.
[14] RUNLET OF CANARY—Small barrel of wine.
[15] CRYPT—Vault or cell.
[16] URUS—An extinct animal resembling the buffalo.
[17] WAES HAEL—To your health.
[18] DRINC HAEL—Drink health.

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapons.

"There is none," replied the hermit, "from the scissors of Delilah [19] and the tenpenny nail of Jael,[20] to the scimitar of Goliath,[21] at which I am not a match for thee. But, if I am to make the election, what sayest thou, good friend, to these trinkets?"

Thus speaking, he opened another hutch, and took out from it a couple of broadswords and bucklers, such as were used by the yeomanry of the period. The knight, who watched his motions, observed that this second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long bows, a crossbow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half a dozen sheaves of arrows for the former. A harp, and other matters of very uncanonical [22] appearance, were also visible when this dark recess was opened.

"I promise thee, brother Clerk," said he, "I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries; and I see a weapon there (here he stooped and took out the harp) on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee than at the sword and buckler."

"I hope, Sir Knight," said the hermit, "thou hast given no good reason for thy surname of the Sluggard. I do promise thee, I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then, and fill thy cup; let us drink, sing, and be merry."

Fast and furious grew the mirth of the parties, and many a song was exchanged betwixt them, when their revels were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door of the hermitage.

The occasion of this interruption we can only explain by resuming the adventures of another set of our characters.

[19] DELILAH—The woman who cut off Samson's hair whereupon he lost his strength.

[20] JAEL—Jael killed Sisera by driving a tent nail through his temples into the ground.

[21] GOLIATH—A huge giant of the Philistines, who was killed by David.

[22] UNCANONICAL—Not churchly.

CHAPTER XVII

CEDRIC LEAVES FOR ROTHERWOOD

When Cedric the Saxon saw his son drop down senseless in the lists at Ashby, his first impulse was to order him into the custody and care of his own attendants; but the words choked in his throat. He could not bring himself to acknowledge, in presence of such an assembly, the son whom he had renounced and disinherited. He ordered, however, Oswald to keep an eye upon him; and directed that officer, with two of his serfs, to convey Ivanhoe to Ashby as soon as the crowd had dispersed. Oswald, however, was not the first in this good office. The crowd dispersed, indeed, but the knight was nowhere to be seen.

It was in vain that Cedric's cupbearer looked around for his young master—he saw the bloody spot on which he had lately sunk down, but himself he saw no longer; it seemed as if the fairies had conveyed him from the spot. Perhaps Oswald—for the Saxons were very superstitious—might have adopted some such hypothesis to account for Ivanhoe's disappearance, had he not suddenly cast his eye upon a person attired like a squire, in whom he recognized the features of his fellow-servant Gurth. Anxious concerning his master's fate, and in despair at his sudden disappearance, the translated swineherd was searching for him everywhere, and had neglected, in doing so, the concealment on which his own safety depended. Oswald deemed it his duty to secure Gurth, as a fugitive of whose fate his master was to judge.

Renewing his inquiries concerning the fate of Ivanhoe, the only information which the cupbearer could collect from the bystanders was, that the knight had been raised with care by certain well-attired grooms, and placed in a litter belonging to a lady among the spectators, which had immediately transported him out of the press. Oswald then returned to his master for further instructions, carrying along with him Gurth, whom he considered in some sort as a deserter from the service of Cedric

The Saxon had been under very intense and agonizing fears concerning his son, but no sooner was he informed that Ivanhoe was in careful, and probably friendly hands, than the paternal anxiety, which had been excited by the doubtfulness of his fate, gave way anew to the feeling of injured pride and resentment at what he termed Wilfred's filial disobedience. "Let him wander his way," he said; "he is fitter to do the juggling tricks of the Norman chivalry than to maintain the fame and honor of his English ancestry."

"If to maintain the honor of ancestry," said Rowena, "it is sufficient to be wise in council and brave in execution, to be boldest among the bold, and gentlest among the gentle, I know no voice, save his father's—"

"Be silent, Lady Rowena! on this subject only I hear you not. Prepare yourself for the Prince's festival. Thither will I go, were it only to show these proud Normans how little the fate of a son who could defeat their bravest can affect a Saxon."

"Thither," said Rowena, "do I NOT go."

"Remain at home then, ungrateful lady," answered Cedric; "I seek the noble Athelstane, and with him attend the banquet of John of Anjou."

He went accordingly to the banquet, of which we have already mentioned. Immediately upon retiring from the castle, the Saxon thanes, with their attendants took horse; and it was during the hustle which attended their doing so that Cedric for the first time cast his eyes upon the deserter Gurth. The noble Saxon had returned from the banquet in no very placid humor, and wanted but a pretext for wreaking his anger upon some one. "The gyves!" he said—"the gyves! Oswald—Hundebert! Dogs and villains! why leave ye the knave unfettered?"

Without daring to remonstrate, the companions of Gurth bound him with a halter, as the readiest cord which occurred. He submitted to the operation without remonstrance, except that he darted a reproachful look at his master.

"To horse, and forward!" said Cedric.

"It is indeed full time," said the noble Athelstane; "for, if we ride not the faster, the worthy Abbot Waltheoff's prep-

arations for the rere-supper[1] will be altogether spoiled."

The travelers, however, used such speed as to reach the convent of St. Withold's before the feared evil took place.

The next morning as the cavalcade left the court of the monastery, an incident happened somewhat alarming to the Saxons, who, of all people of Europe, were ever most addicted to a superstitious observance of omens. In the present instance, the fear of coming evil was inspired by no less respectable a prophet than a large lean black dog, which, sitting upright, howled most piteously as the foremost riders left the gate, and presently afterwards, barking wildly, and jumping to and fro, seemed bent upon attaching itself to the party.

"In my mind," said Athelstane, "in my mind we had better turn back and abide with the Abbot until the afternoon. It is unlucky to travel where your path is crossed by a monk, a hare, or a howling dog, until you have eaten your next meal."

"Away!" said Cedric, impatiently; "the day is already too short for our journey. For the dog, I know it to be the cur of the runaway slave Gurth, a useless fugitive like its master."

So saying, and rising at the same time in his stirrups, impatient at the interruption of his journey, he launched his javelin at poor Fangs; for Fangs it was, who, having traced his master thus far upon his stolen expedition, had here lost him, and was now, in his uncouth way, rejoicing at his reappearance. The javelin inflicted a wound upon the animal's shoulder, and narrowly missed pinning him to the earth; and Fangs fled howling from the presence of the enraged thane. Gurth's heart swelled within him; for he felt this meditated slaughter of his faithful dog in a degree much deeper than the harsh treatment he had himself received. Having in vain attempted to raise his hand to his eye, he said to Wamba, who, seeing his master's ill-humor, had prudently retreated to the rear, "I pray thee, do me the kindness to wipe my eyes with the skirt of thy mantle; the dust offends me, and these bonds will not let me help myself one way or another."

[1] RERE-SUPPER—Night meal.

Wamba did him the service he required, and they rode side by side for some time, during which Gurth maintained a moody silence. At length he could repress his feelings no longer.

"Friend Wamba," said he, "of all those who are fools enough to serve Cedric, thou alone hast dexterity enough to make thy folly acceptable to him. Go to him, therefore, and tell him that neither for love nor fear will Gurth serve him longer. He may strike the head from me—he may scourge me—he may load me with irons—but henceforth he shall never compel me either to love or to obey him. Go to him, then, and tell him that Gurth, the son of Beowulph, renounces his service."

"Assuredly," said Wamba, "fool as I am, I shall not do your fool's errand. Cedric hath another javelin stuck into his girdle, and thou knowest he does not always miss his mark."

"I care not," replied Gurth, "how soon he makes a mark of me. Yesterday he left Wilfred, my young master, in his blood. To-day he has striven to kill before my face the only other living creature that ever showed me kindness. By St. Edmund, I will never forgive him!" And the indignant swineherd resumed his sullen silence, which no efforts of the jester could again induce him to break.

Meanwhile Cedric and Athelstane, the leaders of the troop, conversed together on the state of the land, on the dissensions of the royal family, and on the chance which there was that the oppressed Saxons might be able to free themselves from the yoke of the Normans. On this subject Cedric was all animation. The restoration of the independence of his race was the idol of his heart, to which he had willingly sacrificed domestic happiness and the interests of his own son. But, in order to achieve this great revolution, it was necessary that they act under an acknowledged head, and the necessity of choosing their chief from the Saxon blood-royal had been made a solemn condition by those whom Cedric had intrusted with his secret plans and hopes. Athelstane had this quality at least; and though he had few mental accomplishments or talents to recommend him as a leader, he had still a goodly person, was no coward, had been

accustomed to martial exercises, and seemed willing to defer to the advice of counselors more wise than himself. Above all, he was known to be liberal and hospitable and believed to be good-natured. Many of the Saxons, however, were disposed to prefer to him the title of the Lady Rowena, who drew her descent from Alfred, and whose father having been a chief renowned for wisdom, courage, and generosity, his memory was highly honored by his oppressed countrymen. It was therefore a leading part of Cedric's plan to promote a marriage betwixt Rowena and Athelstane. An obstacle occurred to this his favorite project in the mutual attachment of his ward and his son; and hence the original cause of the banishment of Wilfred.

This stern measure Cedric had adopted in hopes that, during Wilfred's absence, Rowena might give up her preference; but in this hope he was disappointed. Without attempting to conceal her avowed preference of Wilfred of Ivanhoe, Rowena declared that, were that favored knight out of the question, she would rather take refuge in a convent than share a throne with Athelstane.

Nevertheless, Cedric persisted in using every means in his power to bring about the proposed match, and it was upon this subject he was now laboring with Athelstane. And if leaving this task, Cedric fell back to his ward Rowena, he received little more satisfaction from conferring with her. To this sturdy Saxon, therefore, the day's journey was fraught with all manner of displeasure and discomfort; so that he more than once internally cursed the tournament, and him who had proclaimed it, together with his own folly in ever thinking of going thither.

At noon, upon the motion of Athelstane, the travelers paused in a woodland shade by a fountain, to repose their horses and partake of some provisions, with which the hospitable Abbot had loaded a pack mule. Their repast was a pretty long one; and it therefore became impossible for them to hope to reach Rotherwood without traveling all night, a conviction which induced them to proceed on their way at a more hasty pace than they had hitherto used.

CHAPTER XVIII

CEDRIC'S PARTY IS ATTACKED BY DE BRACY'S MEN

THE travelers had now reached the verge of the wooded country, and were about to plunge into its recesses, held dangerous at that time from the number of outlaws whom oppression and poverty had driven to despair, and who occupied the forest in such large bands as could easily bid defiance to the feeble police of the period. From these rovers, however, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, Cedric and Athelstane accounted themselves secure, as they had in attendance ten servants, besides Wamba and Gurth, whose aid could not be counted upon, the one being a jester and the other a captive. It may be added, that in traveling thus late through the forest, Cedric and Athelstane relied on their descent and character as well as their courage. The outlaws, whom the severity of the forest laws had reduced to this roving and desperate mode of life, were chiefly peasants and yeomen of Saxon descent, and were generally supposed to respect the persons and property of their countrymen.

As the travelers journeyed on their way, they were alarmed by repeated cries for assistance; and when they rode up to the place from whence they came, they were surprised to find a horse litter[1] placed upon the ground, beside which sat a young woman, richly dressed in the Jewish fashion, while an old man, whose yellow cap proclaimed him to belong to the same nation, walked up and down with gestures expressive of the deepest despair, and wrung his hands as if affected by some strange disaster.

To the inquiries of Athelstane and Cedric, the old Jew (it was our old friend, Isaac of York) was at length able to explain that he had hired a bodyguard of six men at Ashby, together with mules for carrying the litter of a sick friend. This party had undertaken to escort him as far as Doncaster. They had

[1] LITTER—A framework for carrying a person in a reclining position.

come thus far in safety; but, having received information from a woodcutter that there was a strong band of outlaws lying in wait in the woods before them, Isaac's mercenaries[2] had not only taken flight, but had taken off with them the horses which bore the litter, and left the Jew and his daughter without the means either of defense or of retreat, to be plundered, and probably murdered, by the banditti, whom they expected every moment would bring down upon them. "Would it but please your valors," added Isaac, in a tone of deep humiliation, "to permit the poor Jews to travel under your safeguard?"

Cedric did not assent at first. "We shall do better," said he, "to leave them two of our attendants and two horses to convey them back to the next village. It will diminish our strength but little; and with your good sword, noble Athelstane, and the aid of those who remain, it will be light work for us to face twenty of those scoundrels."

Rowena, somewhat alarmed by the mention of outlaws in force, and so near them, strongly seconded the proposal of her guardian. But Rebecca, suddenly quitting her dejected posture, and making her way through the attendants to the palfrey of the Saxon lady, knelt down, and, after the Oriental fashion in addressing superiors, kissed the hem of Rowena's garment. Then, rising and throwing back her veil, she implored her in the great name of the God whom they both worshipped, that she would have compassion upon them, and suffer them to go forward under their safeguard. "It is not for myself that I pray this favor," said Rebecca; "nor is it even for that poor old man. But it is in the name of one dear to many, and dear even to you, that I beseech you to let this sick person be transported with care and tenderness under your protection. For, if evil chance him, the last moment of your life would be embittered with regret for denying that which I ask of you."

The noble and solemn air with which Rebecca made this appeal gave it double weight with the fair Saxon.

[2] MERCENARIES—Paid servants.

"The man is old and feeble," she said to her guardian, "the maiden young and beautiful, their friend sick and in peril of his life; Jews though they be, we cannot as Christians leave them in this extremity. Let them unload two of the pack mules and put the baggage behind two of the serfs. The mules may transport the litter, and we have led horses for the old man and his daughter."

Cedric readily assented to what she proposed, and the change of baggage was hastily achieved, for the single word "outlaws" rendered everyone sufficiently alert, and the approach of twilight made the sound yet more impressive. Amid the bustle, Gurth was taken from horseback, in the course of which removal he prevailed upon the Jester to slack the cord with which his arms were bound. It was so carelessly refastened, perhaps intentionally, on the part of Wamba, that Gurth found no difficulty in freeing his arms altogether from bondage, and then, gliding into the thicket, he made his escape from the party.

The path upon which the party traveled was now so narrow as not to admit, with any sort of convenience, above two riders abreast, and began to descend into a dingle,[3] traversed by a brook whose banks were broken, swampy, and overgrown with dwarf willows. Cedric and Athelstane, who were at the head of their retinue, saw the risk of being attacked at this pass; but neither of them having had much practice in war, no better mode of preventing the danger occurred to them than that they should hasten through the defile[4] as fast as possible. Advancing, therefore, without much order, they had just crossed the brook with a part of their followers, when they were assailed in front, flank, and rear at once, and on every side enemies appeared with a rapidity of advance and attack which seemed to multiply their numbers.

Both the Saxon chiefs were made prisoners at the same moment, and the attendants, embarrassed with baggage, surprised and terrified at the fate of their masters, fell an easy prey to the

[3] DINGLE—Narrow hollow between hills.
[4] DEFILE—Narrow pass.

assailants; while the Lady Rowena, in the center of the cavalcade, and the Jew and his daughter in the rear, experienced the same misfortune.

Of all the train none escaped except Wamba, who showed upon the occasion much more courage than those who pretended to greater sense. He possessed himself of a sword belonging to one of the domestics, who was just drawing it with a tardy and irresolute hand, laid it about him like a lion, drove back several who approached him, and made a brave though ineffectual attempt to help his master. Finding himself overpowered, the Jester at length threw himself from his horse, plunged into the thicket, and, favored by the general confusion, escaped from the scene of action.

Yet the valiant Jester, as soon as he found himself safe, hesitated more than once whether he should not turn back and share the captivity of a master to whom he was sincerely attached. Suddenly a voice very near him called out in a low and cautious tone, "Wamba!" and at the same time a dog, which he recognized to be Fangs, jumped up and fawned upon him. "Gurth!" answered Wamba with the same caution, and the swineherd immediately stood before him.

"What is the matter?" said he, eagerly; "what mean these cries and that clashing of swords?"

"Only a trick of the times," said Wamba; "they are all prisoners."

"Who are prisoners?" exclaimed Gurth, impatiently.

"My lord, and my lady, and Athelstane, and Hundebert and Oswald."

"In the name of God!" said Gurth, "how came they prisoners?—and to whom?"

"Our master was too ready to fight," said the Jester, "and Athelstane was not ready enough, and no other person was ready at all. And they are prisoners to green cassocks and black visors."

Gurth's countenance kindled. "Wamba," he said, "thou hast a weapon, and thy heart was ever stronger than thy brain; we

are only two—but a sudden attack from men of resolution will do much—follow me!"

"Whither? and for what purpose?" said the Jester.

"To rescue Cedric."

"But you have renounced his service but now," said Wamba.

"That," said Gurth, "was but while he was fortunate; follow me!"

As the Jester was about to obey, a third person suddenly made his appearance and commanded them both to halt. From his dress and arms, Wamba would have supposed him to be one of those outlaws who had just assailed his master; but, besides that he wore no mask, the glittering baldric[5] across his shoulder, with the rich bugle-horn which it supported, as well as the calm and commanding expression of his voice and manner, made him, notwithstanding the twilight, recognize Locksley, the yeoman who had been victorious in the contest for the prize of archery.

"What is the meaning of all this," said he, "or who is it that rifle, and ransom, and make prisoners in these forests?"

"You may look at their cassocks close by," said Wamba, "and see whether they be thy children's coats or no—for they are as like thine own as one green peapod is to another."

"I will learn presently," answered Locksley, and so saying, he unbuckled his baldric with the bugle, took a feather from his cap, and gave them to Wamba; then drew a mask from his pouch, and went to reconnoiter.

The yeoman returned in the course of a few minutes.

"Friend Gurth," he said, "I have mingled among yon men, and have learned to whom they belong, and whither they are bound. There is, I think, no chance that they will proceed to any actual violence against their prisoners. For three men to attempt them at this moment were little else than madness, but I trust soon to gather such a force as may act in defiance of all their precautions. You are both servants, and, as I think faithful servants, of Cedric, the Saxon, the friend of the rights

[5] Baldric—Broad belt.

of Englishmen. He shall not want English hands to help him in this extremity. Come, then, with me, until I gather more aid."

So saying, he walked through the wood at a great pace, followed by the Jester, and the swineherd.

CHAPTER XIX

LOCKSLEY, WITH GURTH AND WAMBA, ASSEMBLES A RESCUE PARTY

It was after three hours' good walking that the servants of Cedric, with their mysterious guide, arrived at a small opening in the forest, in the center of which grew an oak tree of enormous magnitude, throwing its twisted branches in every direction. Beneath this tree four or five yeomen lay stretched on the ground, while another, as sentinel, walked to and fro in the moonlight shade.

Upon hearing the sound of feet approaching, the watch instantly gave the alarm, and the sleepers as suddenly started up and bent their bows. Six arrows placed on the string were pointed towards the quarter from which the travelers approached, when their guide, being recognized, was welcomed with every token of respect and attachment, and all signs and fears of a rough reception at once subsided.

"Disperse and seek your companions," said Locksley; "collect what force you can, for there's game afoot that must be hunted hard, and will turn to bay. Meet me here by daybreak."

They promised implicit obedience, and departed with speed on their errands. In the meanwhile, their leader and his two companions pursued their way to the chapel of Copmanhurst.

When they reached the little moonlight glade, having in front the reverend though ruinous chapel and the rude hermitage, Wamba whispered to Gurth, "If this be the habitation of a thief, it makes good the old proverb, 'The nearer the church

the farther from God.'—And by my cockscomb," he added, "I think it be even so. Hearken but to the black sanctus[1] which they are singing in the hermitage."

In fact, the hermit and his guest were performing, at the full extent of their very powerful lungs, an old drinking song.

"Now, that is not ill sung," said Wamba, who had thrown in a few of his own flourishes to help out the chorus. "But who, in the saint's name, ever expected to have heard such a jolly chant come from out a hermit's cell at midnight!"

"Marry, that should I," said Gurth, "for the jolly Clerk of Copmanhurst is a known man, and kills half the deer that are stolen in this walk.[2] Men say that the keeper has complained to his official, and that he will be stripped of his cowl and cope altogether if he keep not better order."

While they were thus speaking, Locksley's loud and repeated knocks had at length disturbed the hermit and his guest. "By my beads," said the hermit, stopping short in a grand flourish, "here come more benighted guests. I would not for my cowl that they found us in this goodly exercise.—Wend on your way," he called, "in the name of God and St. Dunstan, and disturb not the devotions of me and my holy brother."

"Mad priest," answered the voice from without, "open to Locksley!"

"All's safe—all's right," said the hermit to his companion, and speedily unbolted his portal, and admitted Locksley, with his two companions.

"Why, hermit," was the yeoman's first question as soon as he beheld the knight, "what boon companion hast thou here?"

"A brother of our order," replied the Friar, shaking his head; "we have been at our prayers all night."

"He is a monk of the church militant,[3] I think," answered Locksley; "and there be more of them abroad. I tell thee, Friar, thou must lay down the rosary and take up the quarterstaff; we

[1] BLACK SANCTUS—Profane hymn.
[2] WALK—District of forest, marked for hunting.
[3] CHURCH MILITANT—Warriors, knights.

shall need every one of our merry men, whether clerk or layman. But," he added, taking him a step aside, "art thou mad to give admittance to a knight thou dost not know?"

"Not know him!" replied the Friar, boldly; "I know him as well as the beggar knows his dish."

"And what is his name, then?" demanded Locksley.

"His name," said the hermit—"his name is Sir Anthony of Scrabelstone;[4] as if I would drink with a man, and did not know his name!"

"Thou hast been drinking more than enough, Friar," said the woodsman; "and, I fear, prating more than enough too."

"Good yeoman," said the knight, coming forward, "be not wroth with my merry host. He did but afford me the hospitality which I would have compelled from him if he had refused it."

"Thou compel!" said the Friar; "wait but till I have changed this gray gown for a green cassock, and if I make not a quarter-staff ring twelve upon thy pate,[5] I am neither true clerk nor good woodsman."

While he spoke thus, he stripped off his gown, and appeared in a close black buckram doublet and drawers, over which he speedily drew on a cassock of green and hose of the same color.

While he was thus employed, Locksley led the knight a little apart, and addressed him thus: "Deny it not, Sir Knight, you are he who decided the victory to the advantage of the English against the strangers on the second day of the tournament at Ashby.—Hear me, and I will tell thee of an enterprise in which, if thou be'st really that which thou seemst, thou mayst take an honorable part. A band of villains, in the disguise of better men than themselves, have made themselves master of the person of a noble Englishman, called Cedric, the Saxon, together with his ward, and his friend Athelstane of Coningsburgh, and have transported them to a castle in this forest, called Torquilstone. I ask of thee, as a good knight and a good Englishman, wilt thou aid in their rescue?"

[4] Sir Anthony—This was an invented name.
[5] Pate—Head.

". . . If I make not a quarter-staff ring twelve upon thy pate, I am neither true clerk nor good woodsman."

"I am bound by my vow to do so," replied the knight.

The Friar was now completely fitted out as a yeoman, with sword and buckler, bow and quiver, and a strong staff over his shoulder. He left his cell at the head of the party, and, having carefully locked the door, deposited the key under the threshold.

"Come on, Jack Priest," said Locksley; "—come on you, too, my masters,—I say, come on; we must collect all our forces, and few enough we shall have, if we are to storm the castle of Reginald Front de Bœuf."

"What! is it Front de Bœuf," said the Black Knight, "who has stopped on the king's highway the king's liege[6] subjects?—Is he turned thief and oppressor?"

"Oppressor he ever was," said Locksley.

"And for thief," said the priest, "I doubt if ever he were even half so honest a man as many a thief of my acquaintance."

[6] LIEGE—Free.

CHAPTER XX

THE CASTLE OF TORQUILSTONE

WHILE these measures were being taken in behalf of Cedric and his companions, the armed men by whom the latter had been seized, hurried their captives along towards the place of security where they intended to imprison them. But darkness came on, and the paths of the wood seemed but imperfectly known to the marauders. They were compelled to make several long halts and once or twice to return on their road to find the right direction. The summer morn had dawned upon them ere they could travel in full assurance that they had the right path.

"It is time thou shouldst leave us, Sir Maurice," said the Templar to De Bracy, "in order to prepare the second part of thy mystery. Thou art next, thou knowest, to act the Knight Deliverer."

"I have thought better of it," said De Bracy; "I will not leave thee till the prize is fairly deposited in Front de Bœuf's castle. There will I appear before the Lady Rowena in mine own shape, and trust that she will set down to the strength of my passion the violence of which I have been guilty.—This is a case in which I will trust nothing to your conscience."

"Hear the truth," said the Templar; "I care not for your blue-eyed beauty. There is in that train one who will make me a better mate."

"By the mass, thou meanest the fair Jewess!" said De Bracy.

"And if I do," said Bois Guilbert, "who shall gainsay me?"

"No one that I know," said De Bracy; "thou knowest best thine own privileges. Yet, I would have sworn thy thought had been more on the old usurer's moneybags than on the black eyes of the daughter."

"I can admire both," answered the Templar; "besides, the old Jew is but half-prize. I must share his spoils with Front de Bœuf, who will not lend us the use of his castle for nothing. I must have something that I can term exclusively my own by this foray of ours, and I have fixed on the lovely Jewess as my particular prize."

They continued to travel at a very rapid rate, until, at the end of an avenue of huge trees, arose Torquilstone, now the hoary and ancient castle of Reginald Front de Bœuf. It was a fortress of no great size, consisting of a donjon, or large and high square tower, surrounded by buildings of inferior height which were encircled by an inner courtyard. Around the exterior wall was a deep moat, supplied with water from a neighboring rivulet. Front de Bœuf, whose character placed him often at feud with his enemies, had made considerable additions to the strength of his castle, by building towers upon the outward wall, so as to flank it at every angle. The access, as usual in castles of the period, lay through an arched barbican, or outwork, which was terminated and defended by a small turret at each corner.

They now stood before the gate of the castle. De Bracy

winded his horn three times, and the archers and crossbow men, who had manned the wall upon seeing their approach, hastened to lower the drawbridge and admit them. The prisoners were compelled by their guards to alight, and were conducted to an apartment where a hasty repast was offered them, of which none but Athelstane felt any inclination to partake. Neither had the descendant of the Confessor much time to do justice to the good cheer placed before them, for their guards gave him and Cedric to understand that they were to be imprisoned in a chamber apart from Rowena. Resistance was vain; and they were compelled to follow to a large room.

The Lady Rowena was next separated from her train, and conducted, with courtesy, indeed, but still without consulting her inclination, to a distant apartment. The same alarming distinction was conferred on Rebecca, in spite of her father's entreaties, who offered even money, in this extremity of distress, that she might be permitted to abide with him.

The apartment in which the Saxon chiefs were confined, for to them we turn our first attention, although at present used as a sort of guardroom, had formerly been the great hall of the castle. Cedric paced the apartment, filled with indignant reflections on the past and on the present.

While the Saxon was plunged in these painful reflections, the door of their prison opened and gave entrance to a sewer,[1] holding his white rod of office. This important person advanced into the chamber with a grave pace, followed by four attendants, bearing in a table covered with dishes, the sight and smell of which seemed to be an instant reward to Athelstane for all the inconvenience he had undergone. The persons who attended on the feast were masked and cloaked.

"What mummery is this?" said Cedric; "think you that we are ignorant whose prisoners we are, when we are in the castle of your master?—Tell your master, Reginald Front de Bœuf, that we know no reason he can have for withholding our liberty, excepting his unlawful desire to enrich himself at our expense.

[1] Sewer—A sort of head waiter.

Tell him that we yield to his greed, as in similar circumstances we should do to that of a literal robber. Let him name the ransom at which he rates our liberty, and it shall be paid, providing the exaction is suited to our means."

"I shall deliver to the knight your message," answered the sewer; "meanwhile I leave you to your food."

The captives had not long enjoyed their refreshment, however, ere their attention was disturbed by the blast of a horn winded before the gate. It was repeated three times, and the Saxons started and hastened to the window. But their curiosity was disappointed; for these outlets only looked upon the court of the castle, and the sound came from beyond. The summons, however, seemed of importance, for a considerable degree of bustle instantly took place in the castle.

CHAPTER XXI

FRONT DE BŒUF DEMANDS RANSOM FROM THE JEW

Leaving the Saxon chiefs to return to their banquet, we have to look in upon the yet more severe imprisonment of Isaac of York. The poor Jew had been hastily thrust into a dungeon-vault of the castle, the floor of which was deep beneath the level of the ground, and very damp, being lower than even the moat itself. The only light was received through one or two loopholes far above the reach of the captive's hand. These openings admitted, even at midday, only a dim and uncertain light, which was changed for utter darkness long before the rest of the castle had lost the blessing of day. Chains and shackles, which had been the portion of former captives, hung rusted and empty on the walls of the prison, and in the rings of one of those sets of fetters there remained two molding bones, which seemed to have been once those of the human leg, as if some prisoner

had been left not only to perish there, but to be wasted to a skeleton.

At one end of this ghastly apartment was a large fire grate, over the top of which were stretched some transverse iron bars, half destroyed with rust.

The whole appearance of the dungeon might have appalled a stouter heart than that of Isaac. In a humor of passive resistance and with his garment collected beneath him to keep his limbs from the wet pavement, he sat in a corner of his dungeon, where his folded hands, his disheveled hair and beard, his furred cloak and high cap, seen by the wiry and broken light, would have afforded a study for Rembrandt,[1] had that celebrated painter existed at the period. The Jew remained without altering his position for nearly three hours, when steps were heard on the dungeon stair. The bolts screamed as they were withdrawn, the hinges creaked as the wicket opened, and Reginald Front de Bœuf, followed by the two Saracen slaves of the Templar, entered the prison.

Front de Bœuf, a tall and strong man, whose life had been spent in public war or in private feuds and broils, and who had hesitated at no means of extending his feudal power, had features corresponding to his character, and which strongly expressed the fiercer and more evil passions of the mind. The scars with which his face was seamed only added to the ferocity of his countenance, and to the dread which his presence inspired. This formidable baron was clad in a leathern doublet, fitted close to his body, which was frayed and soiled with the stains of his armor. He had no weapon, excepting a poniard at his belt, which served to counterbalance the weight of the bunch of rusty keys that hung at his right side.

The black slaves who attended Front de Bœuf were stripped of their gorgeous apparel, and attired in jerkins[2] and trousers of coarse linen, their sleeves being tucked up above the elbow,

[1] Rembrandt—A famous Dutch portrait painter, 1607-1668.
[2] Jerkin—A short coat or jacket.

like those of butchers in the slaughterhouse. Each had in his hand a small basket; and, when they entered the dungeon, they stopped at the door until Front de Bœuf himself carefully locked and double-locked it. Having taken this precaution, he advanced slowly up the apartment towards the Jew, upon whom he kept his eye fixed, as if he wished to paralyze him with his glance, as some animals are said to fascinate their prey. The Jew sat with his mouth agape, and his eyes fixed on the savage baron with such earnestness of terror that his frame seemed literally to shrink together, and to diminish in size while encountering the fierce Norman's fixed and baleful gaze. It seemed, indeed, as if the malignant eye of Front de Bœuf possessed some portion of that supposed power over his unfortunate prisoner. The unhappy Isaac was deprived not only of the power of rising to make the bow which his terror dictated, but he could not even doff his cap, or utter any word of supplication, so strongly was he agitated by the conviction that tortures and death were impending over him.

On the other hand, the stately form of the Norman appeared to dilate in magnitude, like that of the eagle, which ruffles up its plumage when about to pounce on its defenseless prey. He paused within three steps of the corner in which the unfortunate Jew had now, as it were, coiled himself up into the smallest possible space, and made a sign for one of the slaves to approach. The black attendant came forward accordingly, and, producing from his basket a large pair of scales and several weights, he laid them at the feet of Front de Bœuf, and again retired to the respectful distance at which his companion had already taken his station.

The motions of these men were slow and solemn, as if there hung over their souls some idea of horror and of cruelty. Front de Bœuf himself opened the scene by thus addressing his ill-fated captive.

"Most accursed dog of an accursed race," he said, awaking with his deep and sullen voice the sullen echoes of his dungeon-vault, "seest thou these scales?"

The unhappy Jew returned a feeble affirmative.

"In these very scales shalt thou weigh me out," said the relentless Baron, "a thousand silver pounds, after the just measure and weight of the Tower of London."

"Holy Abraham!" returned the Jew, finding voice through the very extremity of his danger, "heard man ever such a demand?—Who ever heard, even in a minstrel's tale, of such a sum as a thousand pounds of silver?—What human sight was ever blessed with the vision of such a mass of treasure?—Not within the walls of York, ransack my house and that of all my tribe, wilt thou find the tithe[3] of that huge sum of silver that thou demandest."

"I am reasonable," answered Front de Bœuf, "and if silver be scant, I refuse not gold. At the rate of a mark of gold for each six pounds of silver, thou shalt free thy unbelieving carcass from such punishment as thy heart has never even conceived."

"Have mercy on me, noble knight!" exclaimed Isaac; "I am old, and poor, and helpless. It were unworthy to triumph over me.—It is a poor deed to crush a worm."

Front de Bœuf again made a signal for the slaves to approach, and spoke to them apart, in their own language; for he also had been in Palestine, where, perhaps, he had learned his lesson of cruelty. The Saracens produced from their baskets a quantity of charcoal, a pair of bellows, and a flask of oil. While the one struck a light with a flint and steel, the other disposed the charcoal in the large rusty grate which we have already mentioned, and exercised the bellows until the fuel came to a red glow.

"Seest thou, Isaac," said Front de Bœuf, "the range of iron bars above that glowing charcoal?—On that warm couch thou shalt lie, stripped of thy clothes as if thou wert to rest on a bed of down. One of these slaves shall maintain the fire beneath thee, while the other shall anoint thy wretched limbs with oil, lest the roast should burn.—Now, choose betwixt such a scorching bed and the payment of a thousand pounds of silver; for, by the head of my father, thou hast no other option."

[3] Tithe—A tenth part.

"It is impossible," exclaimed the miserable Jew—"it is impossible that your purpose can be real! The good God of nature never made a heart capable of exercising such cruelty! So may Abraham, Jacob, and all the fathers of our people assist me. I cannot make the choice, because I have not the means of satisfying your excessive demand!"

"Seize him and strip him, slaves," said the knight, "and let the fathers of his race assist him if they can."

The assistants, taking their directions more from the Baron's eye and his hand than his tongue, once more stepped forward, laid hands on the unfortunate Isaac, plucked him up from the ground, and, holding him between them, waited the hard-hearted Baron's further signal. The unhappy Jew eyed their countenances and that of Front de Bœuf, in hope of discovering some symptoms of relenting; but that of the Baron exhibited the same cold, half-sullen, half-sarcastic smile; and the savage eyes of the Saracens, rolling gloomily under their black brows, showed rather the secret pleasure which they expected from the approaching scene, than any reluctance to be its directors or agents. The Jew then looked at the glowing furnace over which he was presently to be stretched, and seeing no chance of his tormentor's relenting, his resolution gave way.

"I will pay," he said, "the thousand pounds of silver.—That is," he added, after a moment's pause, "I will pay it with the help of my brethren; for I must beg as a mendicant[4] at the door of our synagogue ere I make up so unheard-of a sum.—When and where must it be delivered?"

"Here," replied Front de Bœuf—"here it must be delivered; weighed it must be—weighed and told down on this very dungeon floor. The question is, when shall I have mine own?—when shall I have the shekels, Isaac?"

"Let my daughter Rebecca go forth to York," answered Isaac, "with your safe-conduct, noble knight, and so soon as man and horse can return, the treasure—" here he groaned deeply, but

[4] MENDICANT—Beggar.

added, after the pause of a few seconds: "the treasure shall be told down on this very floor."

"Thy daughter!" said Front de Bœuf, as if surprised, "by heavens, Isaac, I would I had known of this. I gave her to be a handmaiden to Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, after the fashion of patriarchs and heroes of the days of old, who set us in these matters a wholesome example."

The yell which Isaac raised at this unfeeling communication made the very vault to ring, and astounded the two Saracens so much that they let go their hold of the Jew. He availed himself of his freedom to throw himself on the pavement and clasp the knees of Front de Bœuf.

"Take all that you have asked," said he, "Sir Knight; take ten times more—reduce me to ruin and to beggary, if thou wilt,—nay, pierce me with thy poniard, broil me on that furnace; but spare my daughter, deliver her in safety and honor!"

"I cannot help what has happened, or what is to follow," said Front de Bœuf; "my word is passed to my comrade in arms, nor would I break it for ten Jews and Jewesses to boot."

"Robber and villain!" said the Jew; "I will pay thee nothing—not one silver penny will I pay thee—unless my daughter is delivered to me in safety and honor!"

"Art thou in thy senses, Israelite?" said the Norman, sternly; "hast thy flesh and blood a charm against heated iron and scalding oil?"

"I care not!" said the Jew, rendered desperate by paternal affection; "do thy worst. My daughter is my flesh and blood, dearer to me a thousand times than those limbs which thy cruelty threatens. No silver will I give thee, unless I were to pour it molten down thy greedy throat! Take my life if thou wilt, and say the Jew, amidst his tortures, knew how to disappoint the Christian."

"We shall see that," said Front de Bœuf; "for thou shalt feel the extremities of fire and steel!—Strip him, slaves, and chain him down upon the bars."

In spite of the feeble struggles of the old man, the Saracens had already torn from him his upper garment, and were proceeding totally to disrobe him, when the sound of a bugle, twice winded without the castle, penetrated even to the recesses of the dungeon, and immediately after loud voices were heard calling for Reginald Front de Bœuf. Unwilling to be found engaged in his hellish occupation, the savage Baron gave the slaves a signal to restore Isaac's garment, and quitting the dungeon with his attendants, he left the Jew to thank God for his own deliverance, or to lament over his daughter's captivity and probable fate, as his personal or parental feelings might prove strongest.

CHAPTER XXII

DE BRACY FORCES HIS SUIT ON ROWENA

The apartment to which the Lady Rowena had been introduced was fitted up with some rude attempts at ornament and magnificence. But the wife of Front de Bœuf, for whom it had been originally furnished, was long dead, and decay and neglect had impaired the few ornaments with which her taste had adorned it. The tapestry hung down from the walls in many places, and in others was tarnished and faded under the effects of the sun, or tattered and decayed by age. Desolate, however, as it was, this was the apartment of the castle which had been judged most fitting for the accommodation of the Saxon heiress.

It was about the hour of noon when De Bracy, for whose advantage the expedition had been first planned, appeared to accomplish his views upon the hand and possessions of the Lady Rowena. He had found leisure to decorate his person with all the foppery of the times. His long, luxuriant hair was trained to flow in quaint tresses down his richly furred cloak. His beard was closely shaved, his doublet reached to the middle of his leg, and the girdle which secured it, and at the same time

supported his ponderous sword, was embroidered and embossed with gold work. Such was the dress of a gallant of the period; and, in the present instance, that effect was aided by the handsome person and good demeanor of the wearer, whose manners partook alike of the grace of a courtier and the frankness of a soldier.

He saluted Rowena by doffing his velvet bonnet, garnished with a golden brooch. With this, he gently motioned the lady to a seat and, as she still retained her standing posture, the knight ungloved his right hand, and motioned to conduct her thither. But Rowena declined, by her gesture, and replied: "If I be in the presence of my jailer, Sir Knight, it best becomes his prisoner to remain standing till she learns her doom."

"Alas! fair Rowena," returned De Bracy, "you are in presence of your captive, not your jailor; and it is from your fair eyes that De Bracy must receive that doom which you fondly expect from him."

"I know you not, sir," said the lady, drawing herself up with all the pride of offended rank and beauty—"I know you not!"

"Proud damsel," said De Bracy, angry at finding his gallant style procured him nothing but contempt, "proud damsel, thou shalt be as proudly met. In the bold language which best justifies bold action, I tell thee, thou shalt never leave this castle, or thou shalt leave it as Maurice de Bracy's wife. Thou art proud, Rowena, and thou art the fitter to be my wife. By what other means couldst thou be raised to high honor and to princely place? Dream not that Richard Cœur de Lion will ever resume his throne, far less that Wilfred of Ivanhoe, his minion, will ever lead thee to his footstool, to be there welcomed as the bride of a favorite. Know, lady, that this rival[1] is in my power, and that it rests but with me to betray the secret of his being within the castle to Front de Bœuf, whose jealousy will be more fatal than mine."

"Wilfred here!" said Rowena, in disdain; "that is as true as that Front de Bœuf is his rival."

[1] THIS RIVAL—Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

De Bracy looked at her steadily for an instant. "Wert thou really ignorant of this?" said he; "didst thou not know that Wilfred of Ivanhoe traveled in the litter of the Jew?"

"And if he is here," said Rowena, compelling herself to a tone of indifference, though trembling with an agony of fear which she could not suppress, "in what is he the rival of Front de Bœuf? or what has he to fear beyond a short imprisonment and an honorable ransom, according to the use of chivalry?"

"Rowena," said De Bracy, "art thou, too, deceived by the common error of thy sex, who think there can be no rivalry but that respecting their own charms? Knowest thou not there is a jealousy of ambition and of wealth, as well as of love; and that this our host, Front de Bœuf, will push from his road him who opposes his claim to the fair barony of Ivanhoe as readily, eagerly, and unscrupulously as if he were preferred to him by some blue-eyed damsel? But smile on my suit, lady, and the wounded champion shall have nothing to fear from Front de Bœuf, whom else thou mayst mourn for, as in the hands of one who has never shown compassion."

"Save him, for the love of Heaven!" said Rowena, her firmness giving way under terror for her lover's fate.

"I can—I will—it is my purpose," said De Bracy. "Who is it shall dare to put forth a violent hand upon her kinsman—the son of her guardian—the companion of her youth? But it is thy love must buy his protection. Use thine influence with me in his behalf, and he is safe; refuse to employ it, Wilfred dies, and thou thyself art not the nearer to freedom. Thy lover lies wounded in this castle—thy preferred lover. What will it cost beyond the blow of a poniard or the thrust of a javelin, to silence his opposition forever? Nay, were Front de Bœuf afraid to justify a deed so open, let the leech[2] but give his patient a wrong draught, let the chamberlain, or the nurse who tends him, but pluck the pillow from his head, and Wilfred, in his present condition, dies. Cedric also—"

[2] Leech—Physician.

"And Cedric also," said Rowena, repeating his words—"my noble—my generous guardian! I deserved the evil I have met, for forgetting his fate even in that of his son!"

"Cedric's fate also depends upon thy determination," said De Bracy, "and I leave thee to form it."

Hitherto, Rowena had sustained her part in this trying scene with undismayed courage, but it was because she had not considered the danger as serious. Her disposition was naturally mild, timid and gentle, but now, after casting her eyes around, as if to look for the aid which was nowhere to be found, and after a few broken interjections, she raised her hands to heaven, and burst into a passion of uncontrolled vexation and sorrow. It was impossible to see so beautiful a creature in such distress without feeling for her, and De Bracy was not unmoved, though he was yet more embarrassed than touched. He had, in truth, gone too far to recede; and yet, in Rowena's present condition, she could not be acted on either by argument or threats. He paced the apartment to and fro, now vainly pleading the terrified maiden to compose herself, now hesitating concerning his own line of conduct.

"If," thought he, "I should be moved by the tears and sorrow of this damsel, what should I reap but the loss of those fair hopes for which I have encountered so much risk? And yet, I cannot look on so fair a face while it is disturbed with agony, or on those eyes when they are drowned in tears."

Agitated by these thoughts, he could only bid the unfortunate Rowena to be comforted, and assure her that as yet she had no reason for the excess of despair to which she was now giving way. But in this task of consolation De Bracy was interrupted by the horn, "hoarse-winded blowing far and keen," which had at the same time alarmed the other inmates of the castle, and interrupted their several plans of avarice and of license. Of them all, perhaps, De Bracy least regretted the interruption; for his conference with the Lady Rowena had arrived at a point where he found it equally difficult to carry on or to resign his enterprise.

CHAPTER XXIII

REBECCA OUTWITS THE TEMPLAR

While the scenes we have described were passing in other parts of the castle, the Jewess Rebecca awaited her fate in a distant turret. Hither she had been led by two of her disguised ravishers, and on being thrust into the little cell, she found herself in the presence of an old sibyl,[1] who kept murmuring to herself a Saxon rhyme, as if to beat time to the revolving dance which her spindle was performing upon the floor. The hag raised her head as Rebecca entered, and scowled at the fair Jewess with the hateful envy with which old age and ugliness, when united with evil conditions, are apt to look upon youth and beauty.

"Thou must up and away, old house cricket," said one of the men; "our noble master commands it—thou must e'en leave this chamber to a fairer guest."

"Ay," grumbled the hag, "even thus is service repaid. I have known when my bare word would have cast the best men-at-arms among ye out of saddle and out of service; and now must I up and away at the command of every groom such as thou. May the evil demon tear me limb from limb, if I leave my own cell ere I have spun out the hemp on my distaff!"

"Answer it to our lord, then, old house fiend," said the man, and retired, leaving Rebecca in company with the old woman upon whose presence she had been thus unwillingly forced.

"What devil's deed have they now in the wind?" said the old hag, murmuring to herself, yet from time to time casting a sidelong and evil glance at Rebecca; "but it is easy to guess. Bright eyes, black locks, and a skin like paper—thou wilt have owls for thy neighbors, fair one; and their screams will be heard as far, and as much regarded, as thine own. Outlandish, too," she said, marking the dress and turban of Rebecca. "What

[1] Sibyl—A woman with power of prophesy.

country art thou of?—a Saracen or an Egyptian? Why dost not answer? Thou canst weep, canst thou not speak?"

"Be not angry, good mother," said Rebecca.

"Thou needest say no more," replied Urica; "men know a fox by the train,[2] and a Jewess by her tongue."

"For the sake of mercy," said Rebecca, "tell me what I am to expect as the conclusion of the violence which hath dragged me hither! Is it my life they seek, to atone for my religion? I will lay it down cheerfully."

"Thy life, minion!" answered the sibyl; "what would taking thy life pleasure them?—trust me, thy life is in no peril. Such usage shalt thou have as was once thought good enough for a noble Saxon maiden. And shall a Jewess like thee repine because she hath no better? Look at me—I was as young and twice as fair as thou, when Front de Bœuf, father of this Reginald, and his Normans, stormed this castle. My father and his seven sons defended their inheritance from story to story, from chamber to chamber. There was not a room, not a step of the stair, that was not slippery with their blood. They died—they died, every man; and ere their bodies were cold, and ere their blood was dried, I had become the prey and the scorn of the conqueror!"

"Is there no help?—are there no means of escape?" said Rebecca. "Richly, richly, would I repay thine aid."

"Think not of it," said the hag; "from hence there is no escape but through the gates of death; and it is late, late," she added, shaking her gray head, "ere these open to us. Fare thee well, Jewess!—Jew or Gentile, thy fate would be the same; for thou hast to do with them that have neither scruple nor pity. Fare thee well, I say. My thread is spun out—thy task is yet to begin."

"Stay! stay! for Heaven's sake!" said Rebecca, "stay, though it be to curse and to revile me—thy presence is yet some protection."

But the old woman left the room, her features writhed into a

[2] TRAIN—Followers, retinue.

sort of sneering laugh, which made them seem even more hideous than their habitual frown. She locked the door behind her, and Rebecca might hear her curse every step for its steepness, as she descended the turret stair.

Rebecca was now to expect a fate even more dreadful than that of Rowena; yet had the Jewess this advantage, that she was better prepared by habits of thought, and by natural strength of mind, to meet the dangers to which she was exposed. Her first care was to inspect the apartment; but it afforded few hopes either of escape or protection. It contained neither secret passage nor trapdoor, and was circumscribed by the round exterior wall of the turret. The door had no inside bolt or bar. The single window opened upon an embattled space surmounting the turret, which gave Rebecca, at first sight, some hopes of escaping; but she soon found it had no communication with any other part of the battlements.

The prisoner trembled, and changed color, when a step was heard on the stair, and the door of the turret chamber slowly opened, and a tall man, dressed as one of the banditti to whom they owed their misfortune, slowly entered, and shut the door behind him; his cap, pulled down upon his brows, concealed the upper part of his face, and he held his mantle in such a manner as to muffle the rest. In this guise, as if prepared for the execution of some deed, at the thought of which he was himself ashamed, he stood before the affrighted prisoner; yet, ruffian as his dress bespoke him, he seemed at a loss to express what purpose had brought him thither, so that Rebecca, making an effort upon herself, had time to anticipate his explanation. She had already unclasped two costly bracelets and a collar, which she hastened to proffer to the supposed outlaw, concluding naturally that to gratify his greed was to bespeak his favor.

"Take these," she said, "good friend, and for God's sake be merciful to me and my aged father. These ornaments are of value, yet are they trifling to what he would bestow to obtain our dismissal from this castle free and uninjured!"

"Fair flower of Palestine," replied the outlaw, "these pearls

are orient, but they yield in whiteness to thy teeth; the diamonds are brilliant, but they cannot match thine eyes; and ever since I have taken up this wild trade, I have made a vow to prefer beauty to wealth."

"Do not do yourself such wrong," said Rebecca; "take ransom, and have mercy.—Gold will purchase you pleasure; to misuse us could only bring thee remorse. My father will willingly satisfy thy utmost wishes."

"It is well spoken," replied the outlaw in French, finding it difficult probably to sustain in Saxon a conversation which Rebecca had opened in that language; "but thy ransom must be paid by love and beauty, and in no other coin will I accept it."

"Thou art no outlaw," said Rebecca, in the same language in which he addressed her; "no outlaw had refused such offers. No outlaw in this land uses the dialect in which thou hast spoken. Thou art no outlaw, but a Norman—a Norman, noble perhaps in birth. Oh, be so in thy actions, and cast off this fearful mask of outrage and violence!"

"And thou, who canst guess so truly," said Brian de Bois Guilbert, dropping the mantle from his face, "—I am not an outlaw then, fair rose of Sharon. And I am one who will be more prompt to hang thy neck and arms with pearls and diamonds, which so well become them, than to deprive thee of these ornaments."

"What wouldst thou have of me," said Rebecca, "if not my wealth?—we can have naught in common between us—you are a Christian—I am a Jewess. Our union were contrary to the laws alike of the church and the synagogue."

The eyes of the Templar flashed fire. "Hearken," he said, "Rebecca; I have hitherto spoken mildly to thee, but now my language shall be that of a conqueror. Thou art the captive of my bow and spear, subject to my will by the laws of all nations; nor will I abate an inch of my right, or abstain from taking by violence what thou refusest to entreaty or necessity."

"Stand back," said Rebecca, "stand back, and hear me! My strength thou mayst indeed overpower, for God made women

weak, and trusted their defense to man's generosity. But I will proclaim thy villainy, Templar, from one end of Europe to the other."

"Thou art keen-witted, Jewess," replied the Templar. "Thou art sharp-witted, but loud must be thy voice of complaint if it is heard beyond the iron walls of this castle; within these, murmurs, laments, appeals to justice, and screams for help die alike silent away. One thing only can save thee, Rebecca. Submit to thy fate, embrace our religion, and thou shalt go forth in such state that many a Norman lady shall yield as well in pomp as in beauty to the favorite of the best lance among the defenders of the Temple."

"Submit to my fate!" said Rebecca; "and, sacred Heaven! to what fate? embrace thy religion! and what religion can it be that harbors such a villain?—*Thou* the best lance of the Templars! Craven knight!"

As she spoke, she threw open the latticed window and in an instant after, stood on the very verge of the parapet,[3] with not the slightest screen between her and the tremendous depth below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Bois Guilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed, "Remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy choice advance!—one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice; my body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity upon the stones of that courtyard, ere it become the victim of thy brutality!"

As she spoke this, she clasped her hands and extended them towards Heaven, as if imploring mercy on her soul before she made the final plunge. The Templar hesitated, and a resolution which had never yielded to pity or distress gave way to his admiration of her courage. "Come down," he said, "rash girl!—I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offense."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "Dare I trust thee?"

"May my arms be reversed and my name dishonored," said

[3] PARAPET—Wall or rampart.

Brian de Bois Guilbert, "if thou shalt have reason to complain of me! Many a law, many a commandment have I broken, but my word never!"

"I will then trust thee," said Rebecca; "thus far;" and she descended from the verge of the battlement, but remained standing close by one of the embrasures.[4] "Here," she said, "I take my stand. Remain where thou art, and if thou shalt attempt to diminish by one step the distance between us, thou shalt see that the Jewish maiden will rather trust her soul with God than her honor to the Templar!"

While Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve, which corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to her looks, air and manner a dignity that seemed more than mortal. Her glance quailed not, her cheek blanched not, for the fear of a fate so instant and so horrible; on the contrary the thought that she had her fate at her command, and could escape at will from infamy to death, gave a yet deeper color of carnation to her complexion, and a yet more brillant fire to her eye. Bois Guilbert, proud himself and high-spirited, thought he had never beheld beauty so animated and commanding.

"Let there be peace between us, Rebecca," he said.

"Peace, if thou wilt," answered Rebecca, "peace—but with this space between."

"Thou needst no longer fear me," said Bois Guilbert.

"I fear thee not," replied she, "thanks to him that reared this dizzy tower so high that naught could fall from it and live. Thanks to him, and to the God of Israel! I fear thee not."

The Templar paused a moment, and then said, "Rebecca! she who could prefer death to dishonor must have a proud and a powerful soul. Mine thou must be!—Nay, start not," he added, "it must be with thine own consent, and on thine own terms. Thou must consent to share with me hopes more extended than

[4] EMBRASURE—Opening or door.

can be viewed from the throne of a monarch! Hear me ere you answer, and judge ere you refuse. The Templar loses his social rights, his power of free agency, but he becomes a member and a limb of a mighty body, before which thrones already tremble. Of this mighty Order I am no mean member, but already one of the Chief Commanders, and may well aspire one day to hold the baton [5] of Grand Master. I have sought but a kindred spirit to share it, and I have found such in thee."

"Sayst thou this to one of my people?" answered Rebecca. "Bethink thee—"

"Answer me not," said the Templar, "by urging the difference of our creeds. But I will not further withdraw the veil of our mysteries. That bugle sound announces something which may require my presence. Think on what I have said.—Farewell—I do not say forgive me the violence I have threatened, for it was necessary to the display of thy character. Gold can be only known by the application of the touchstone.[6] I will soon return, and hold further conference with thee."

He reëntered the turret chamber, and descended the stair, leaving Rebecca scarcely more terrified at the prospect of the death to which she had been so lately exposed, than at the furious ambition of the bold bad man in whose power she found herself so unhappily placed. When she entered the turret chamber, her first duty was to return thanks to the God of Jacob for the protection which He had afforded her, and to implore its continuance for her and for her father. Another name glided into her petition; it was that of the wounded Christian, whom fate had placed in the hands of bloodthirsty men, his avowed enemies.

[5] Baton—Sceptre.
[6] Touchstone—A stone used to test the purity of gold and silver.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE LETTER OF DEFIANCE

When the Templar reached the hall of the castle, he found De Bracy already there. "Your love suit," said De Bracy, "has, I suppose, been disturbed, like mine, by this noisy summons. But you have come later and more reluctantly, and therefore I presume your interview has proved more agreeable than mine."

"Has your suit, then, been unsuccessfully paid to the Saxon heiress?" said the Templar. "But where is Front de Bœuf? That horn is sounded more and more clamorously."

"He is bargaining with the Jew, I suppose," replied De Bracy, coolly.

They were soon after joined by Front de Bœuf, who had been disturbed in his tyrannic cruelty in the manner with which the reader is acquainted, and had only tarried to give some necessary directions. "Let us see the cause of this cursed clamor," said Front de Bœuf; "here is a letter, and, if I mistake not, it is in Saxon."

"Give it to me," said the Templar. "It is a formal letter of defiance; but, if it be not a foolish jest, it is the most extraordinary letter that ever was sent across the drawbridge of a baronial castle."

"Jest!" said Front de Bœuf, "I would gladly know who dares jest with me in such a matter.—Read it, Sir Brian."

The Templar accordingly read it as follows:

"I, Wamba, the son of Witless, jester to a noble and freeborn man, Cedric of Rotherwood, called the Saxon: and I, Gurth, the son of Beowulph, swineherd unto the said Cedric, with the assistance of our allies and confederates, who make common cause with us in this our feud, namely, the good knight, called for the present *Le Noir Faineant*, and the stout yeoman Robert Locksley, called Cleave the Wind, to you, Reginald Front de Bœuf, and your allies and accomplices whomsoever, to wit, that whereas you have, without cause given or feud declared, wrongfully and by mastery seized upon the person of our lord and master the said Cedric; also upon the person of a noble and freeborn

damsel, the Lady Rowena; also upon the person of a noble and free-born man, Athelstane of Coningsburgh; also upon a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, together with his daughter, a Jewess: which noble persons, with their slaves, were all in peace with his Majesty, and traveling as liege subjects upon the king's highway; therefore we require and demand that the said noble persons, together with all goods and chattels to them pertaining, be, within an hour after the delivery hereof, delivered to us, and that untouched and unharmed in body and goods. Failing of which, we do pronounce to you, that we hold ye as robbers and traitors, and will wager our bodies against ye in battle, seige, or otherwise, and do our utmost to your annoyance and destruction. Wherefore may God have you in His keeping.—Signed by us upon the eve of St. Withold's day, under the great trysting oak in the Harthill Walk, the above being written by a holy man, clerk to God, our Lady, and St. Dunstan, in the chapel of Copmanhurst."

At the bottom of this document was scrawled, in the first place, a rude sketch of a cock's head and comb, with a legend expressing this hieroglyphic to be the sign manual of Wamba, son of Witless. Under this respectable emblem stood a cross, stated to be the mark of Gurth, the son of Beowulph. Then was written, in rough bold characters, the words *Le Noir Faineant*. And, to conclude the whole, an arrow, neatly enough drawn, was described as the mark of the yeoman Locksley.

The knights heard this uncommon document read from end to end, and then gazed upon each other in silent amazement, as being utterly at a loss to know what it could portend. De Bracy was the first to break silence by an uncontrollable fit of laughter, wherein he was joined, though with more moderation, by the Templar. Front de Bœuf, on the contrary, seemed impatient of their ill-timed jesting.

"By St. Michael," he said, "I would thou couldst stand the whole brunt of this adventure thyself, De Bracy.—Here, fellow," he added, to one of his attendants, "hast thou sent out to see by what force this precious challenge is to be supported?"

"There are at least two hundred men assembled in the woods," answered the squire who was in attendance.

"Here is a proper matter!" said Front de Bœuf; "this comes

of lending you the use of my castle, that cannot manage your undertaking quietly, but you must bring this nest of hornets about my ears! We have scarce men enough to defend the castle. The best of mine are at York; so is all your band, De Bracy; and we have scarcely twenty, besides the handful that were engaged in this mad business."

"Thou dost not fear," said the Templar, "that they can assemble in force sufficient to attempt the castle?"

"Not so, Sir Brian," answered Front de Bœuf. "These outlaws have indeed a daring captain; but without machines, scaling ladders, and experienced leaders, my castle may defy them.—Sir Templar, thou canst write as well as read; thou shalt return an answer to this bold challenge."

"I would rather do it at the sword's point than at that of the pen," said Bois Guilbert; "but be it as you will."

He sat down accordingly, and wrote in the French language, an epistle of the following tenor:

"Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf, with his noble and knightly allies and confederates, receives no defiances at the hands of slaves, bondsmen, or fugitives. If the person calling himself the Black Knight have indeed a claim to the honors of chivalry, he ought to know that he stands degraded by his present association, and he has no right to ask reckoning at the hands of good men of noble blood. Touching the prisoners we have made we do in Christian charity require you to send a man of religion to receive their confession and reconcile them with God; since it is our fixed intention to execute them this morning before noon, so that their heads, being placed on the battlements, shall show to all men how lightly we esteem those who have bestirred themselves in their rescue. Wherefore, as above, we require you to send a priest to reconcile them to God, in doing which you shall render them the last earthly service."

This letter, being folded, was delivered to the squire, and by him to the messenger who waited without, as the answer to that which he had brought.

The yeoman, having thus accomplished his mission, returned to the headquarters of the allies, which were for the present es-

tablished under a venerable oak tree, about three arrow-flights distant from the castle. Here Wamba and Gurth, with their allies the Black Knight and Locksley, and the jovial hermit, awaited with impatience an answer to their summons. Around, and at a distance from them, were seen many a bold yeoman, whose silvan dress and weather-beaten countenances showed the ordinary nature of their occupation. More than two hundred had already assembled, and others were fast coming in. Those whom they obeyed as leaders were only distinguished from the others by a feather in the cap, their dress, arms, and equipments being in all other respects the same.

Besides these bands, a less orderly and a worse-armed force, consisting of the Saxon inhabitants of the neighboring township, as well as many bondsmen and servants from Cedric's extensive estate, had already arrived, for the purpose of assisting in his rescue. Few of these were armed otherwise than with such rustic weapons as necessity sometimes converts to military purposes. Boar spears, scythes, flails, and the like, were their chief arms; for the Normans, with the usual policy of conquerors, were jealous of permitting to the vanquished Saxons the possession or the use of swords and spears. It was to the leaders of this motley army that the letter of the Templar was now delivered.

Reference was at first made to the chaplain for an exposition of its contents.

"By the crook of St. Dunstan," said that worthy hermit, "I swear that I cannot expound unto you this jargon, which, whether it be French or Arabic, is beyond my guess."

"I must be clerk, then," said the Black Knight; and taking the letter, he first read it over to himself, and then explained the meaning in Saxon to his confederates.

"I would," he said, "there were some one among us who could obtain admission into the castle, and discover how the case stands with the besieged. Methinks, as they require a confessor to be sent, this holy hermit might at once exercise his pious vocation, and procure us the information we desire."

"A plague on thee and thy advice!" said the pious hermit;

"I tell thee, Sir Slothful Knight, that when I doff my friar's frock, my priesthood, my sanctity, my very Latin, are put off along with it; and when in my green jerkin, I can better kill twenty deer than confess one Christian."

"I fear," said the Black Knight—"I fear greatly there is no one here that is qualified to take upon him, this same character of father confessor?"

All looked on each other, and were silent.

"I see," said Wamba, after a short pause, "that the fool must be still the fool, and put his neck in the venture which wise men shrink from. You must know, my dear cousins and countrymen, that I wore russet[1] before I wore motley,[2] and was bred to be a friar, until a brain fever came upon me and left me just enough wit to be a fool. I trust, with the assistance of the good hermit's frock, together with the priesthood, sanctity, and learning which are stitched into the cowl of it, I shall be found qualified to administer both worldly and ghostly comfort to our master Cedric and his companions in adversity."

"Hath he sense enough, thinkst thou?" said the Black Knight, addressing Gurth.

"I know not," said Gurth; "but if he hath not, it will be the first time he hath wanted wit to turn his folly to account."

"On with the frock, then, good fellow," quoth the knight, "and let thy master send us an account of their situation within the castle. Their numbers must be few, and it is five to one they may be accessible by a sudden and bold attack. Time wears —away with thee."

"And, in the meantime," said Locksley, "we will beset the place so closely that not so much as a fly shall carry news from thence."

"Pax vobiscum,"[3] said Wamba, who was now muffled in his religious disguise.

And so saying, he imitated the solemn and stately deportment of a friar, and departed to execute his mission.

[1] Russet—Coarse brown garb.
[2] Motley—Many colored dress.
[3] Pax vobiscum—Peace be with you.

CHAPTER XXV

WAMBA, IN DISGUISE, FREES CEDRIC

When the Jester, arrayed in the cowl and frock of the hermit, and having his knotted cord twisted round his middle, stood before the portal of the castle of Front de Bœuf, the warder demanded of him his name and errand.

"*Pax vobiscum,*" answered the Jester, "I am a poor brother of the Order of St. Francis, who come hither to do my office to certain unhappy prisoners now secured within this castle."

"Gramercy," said the warder; "but if I come to shame for leaving my post upon thine errand, I will try whether a friar's gray gown be proof against a gray-goose shaft."[1]

With this threat he left his turret, and carried to the hall of the castle his message, that a holy friar stood before the gate and demanded instant admission. With no small wonder he received his master's commands to admit the holy man.

"Who and whence art thou, priest?" demanded Front de Bœuf.

"*Pax vobiscum,*" repeated the Jester; "I am a poor servant of St. Francis, who, traveling through this wilderness, have fallen among thieves—which thieves have sent me unto this castle in order to do my ghostly[2] office on two persons condemned by your honorable justice."

"Ay, right," answered Front de Bœuf; "and canst thou tell me, holy father, the number of these banditti?"

"Gallant sir," answered the Jester, "*nomen illis legio*—their name is legion."

"Tell me in plain terms what numbers there are, or, priest, thy cloak and cord will ill protect thee."

"Alas!" said the supposed friar, "*cor meum eructavit,* that is to say, I was like to burst with fear! but I conceive they may be, what of yeoman, what of commons, at least five hundred men."

[1] Gray-goose shaft—An arrow.
[2] Ghostly—Spiritual.

"What!" said the Templar, who came into the hall that moment, "muster the wasps so thick here? It is time to stifle such a mischievous brood." Then taking Front de Bœuf aside, "Knowest thou the priest?"

"He is a stranger from a distant convent," said Front de Bœuf; "I know him not."

"Then trust him not with thy purpose in words," answered the Templar. "Let him carry a written order to De Bracy's company of Free Companions, to repair instantly to their master's aid. In the meantime, and that the monk may suspect nothing, permit him to go freely about his task of preparing these Saxon hogs for the slaughterhouse."

"It shall be so," said Front de Bœuf. And he forthwith appointed a domestic to conduct Wamba to the apartment where Cedric and Athelstane were confined.

The impatience of Cedric had been rather increased than diminished by his confinement. He walked from one end of the hall to the other, with the attitude of one who advances to charge an enemy, sometimes exclaiming to himself, sometimes addressing Athelstane, who stoutly and stoically awaited the issue of the adventure, digesting, in the meantime, with great composure, the liberal meal which he had made at noon, and not greatly interesting himself about the length of his captivity, which he concluded would, like all earthly evils, find an end in Heaven's good time.

"*Pax vobiscum,*" said the Jester, entering the apartment; "the blessing of St. Dunstan, St. Denis, St. Duthoc, and all other saints whatsoever, be upon ye and about ye."

"Enter freely," answered Cedric to the supposed friar; "with what intent art thou come hither?"

"To bid you prepare yourselves for death," answered the Jester.

"It is impossible!" replied Cedric, starting. "Fearless and wicked as they are, they dare not attempt such open cruelty!"

"Alas!" said the Jester, "to restrain them by their sense of humanity is the same as to stop a runaway horse with a bridle of silk thread. Bethink thee, therefore, noble Cedric, and you

also, gallant Athelstane, what crimes you have committed in the flesh; for this very day will ye be called to answer at a higher tribunal."

"Hearest thou this, Athelstane?" said Cedric. "We must rouse up our hearts to this last action, since better it is we should die like men than live like slaves."

"I am ready," answered Athelstane, "to stand the worst of their malice, and shall walk to my death with as much composure as ever I did to my dinner."

"Let us, then, unto our holy gear,[3] father," said Cedric.

"Wait yet a moment, good uncle," said the Jester, in his natural tone; "better look long before you leap in the dark."

"By my faith," said Cedric, "I should know that voice!"

"It is that of your trusty slave and jester," answered Wamba, throwing back his cowl. "Had you taken a fool's advice formerly, you would not have been here at all. Take a fool's advice now, and you will not be here long."

"How mean'st thou, knave?" answered the Saxon.

"Even thus," replied Wamba; "take thou this frock and cord, which are all the orders I ever had, and march quietly out of the castle, leaving me your cloak and girdle to take the long leap in thy stead."

"Leave thee in my stead!" said Cedric, astonished at the proposal; "why, they would hang thee, my poor knave."

"E'en let them do as they are permitted," said Wamba, "let me tell you, when you fill my cloak, you are wrapped in a general's cassock. Five hundred men are there without, and I was this morning one of their chief leaders.—And so farewell, master, and be kind to poor Gurth and his dog Fangs; and let my cockscomb hang in the hall at Rotherwood, in memory that I flung away my life for my master, like a faithful—fool." The last word came out with a sort of double expression, betwixt a jest and earnest.

The tears stood in Cedric's eyes. "Thy memory shall be preserved," he said.

[3] GEAR—Business.

The exchange of dress was now accomplished, when a sudden doubt struck Cedric.

"I know no language," he said, "but my own, and a few words of their mincing Norman. How shall I bear myself like a reverend brother?"

"The spell lies in two words," replied Wamba. *"Pax vobiscum* will answer all queries. If you go or come, eat or drink, bless or ban,[4] *Pax vobiscum* carries you through it all."

"If such prove the case," said his master, "my religious orders are soon taken—*Pax vobiscum.* I trust I shall remember the password.—Noble Athelstane, farewell; and farewell, my poor boy, whose heart might make amends for a weaker head; I will save you, or return and die with you. The royal blood of our Saxon kings shall not be spilt while mine beats in my veins; nor shall one hair fall from the head of the kind knave who risked himself for his master, if Cedric's peril can prevent it.—Farewell."

"Farewell, noble Cedric," said Athelstane; "remember, it is the true part of a friar to accept refreshment, if you are offered any."

"Farewell, uncle," added Wamba; "and remember *Pax vobiscum.*"

Thus advised, Cedric sallied forth upon his expedition; and it was not long ere he had occasion to try the force of that spell which his Jester had recommended. In a low-arched and dusky passage, by which he endeavored to work his way to the hall of the castle, he was interrupted by a female form.

"Pax vobiscum!" said the pseudo[5] friar, and was endeavoring to hurry past, when a soft voice replied, *"et vobis; quoeso, domine reverendissime, pro misericordia vestra."*

"I am somewhat deaf," replied Cedric, in good Saxon, and at the same time muttered to himself, "A curse on the fool and

[4] BAN—Curse.
[5] PSEUDO—False.

his *Pax vobiscum!* I have lost my javelin at the first cast."

It was, however, no unusual thing for a priest of those days to be deaf of his Latin ear,[6] and this the person who now addressed Cedric knew full well.

"I pray you of dear love, reverend father," she replied in his own language, "that you will deign to visit with your ghostly comfort a wounded prisoner of this castle, and have such compassion upon him and us as thy holy office teaches.—Never shall good deed so highly help thy convent."

"Daughter," answered Cedric, much embarrassed, "my time in this castle will not permit me to exercise the duties of mine office. I must presently forth—there is life and death upon my speed."

The conference was interrupted by the harsh voice of Ulrica, the old crone of the turret.

"How, minion," said she to the female speaker, "is this the manner in which you repay the kindness which permitted thee to leave thy prison cell yonder?—Come this way, father," said the old hag, "thou art a stranger in this castle, and canst not leave it without a guide. Come hither, for I would speak with thee.—And you, daughter of an accursed race, go to the sick man's chamber, and tend him until my return; and woe betide you if you again quit it without my permission!"

Rebecca retreated. Her pleas had prevailed upon Ulrica to suffer her to quit the turret, and Ulrica had employed her services where she herself would most gladly have paid them, by the bedside of the wounded Ivanhoe. With an understanding awake to their dangerous situation, and prompt to avail himself of each means of safety which occurred, Rebecca had hoped something from the presence of a man of religion, who, she learned from Ulrica, had penetrated into this godless castle. She watched the return of the supposed friar, with the purpose of addressing him, and interesting him in favor of the prisoners, with what imperfect success the reader has been just acquainted.

[6] Deaf of his Latin ear—Not learned in Latin.

CHAPTER XXVI

ULRICA PLOTS HER REVENGE

When Ulrica had driven Rebecca back to the apartment from which she had sallied, she proceeded to conduct the unwilling Cedric into a small apartment, the door of which she heedfully secured. "Thou art a Saxon, father," she said, "—a Saxon, and, save as thou art a servant of God, a freeman.—Thine accents are sweet in mine ear."

"Do not Saxon priests visit this castle, then?" replied Cedric; "it were, methinks, their duty to comfort the outcast and oppressed children of the soil."

"They come not," answered Ulrica. "This castle, for ten years, has opened to no priests save the depraved Norman chaplain who partook the nightly revels of Front de Bœuf, and he has been long gone to render an account of his stewardship.—But thou art a Saxon—a Saxon priest, and I have one question to ask of thee."

"I am a Saxon," answered Cedric, "but unworthy, surely of the name of priest."

"I was not born," she said, "father, the wretch that thou now seest me. I was free, was happy, was honored, loved, and was beloved. I am now a slave, miserable, and degraded. Can the wrinkled decrepit hag before thee forget she was once the daughter of the noble thane of Torquilstone?"

"Thou the daughter of Torquil Wolfganger!" said Cedric, receding as he spoke; "thou—thou—the daughter of that noble Saxon, my father's friend and companion in arms!"

"Thy father's friend!" echoed Ulrica; "then Cedric called the Saxon stands before me, for the noble Hereward of Rotherwood had but one son, whose name is well known among his countrymen. But if thou art Cedric of Rotherwood, why this religious dress?—hast thou, too, despaired of saving thy country, and sought refuge from oppression in the shade of the convent?"

"It matters not who I am," said Cedric; "proceed, unhappy

woman, with thy tale of horror and guilt!—Had I but dreamed that the daughter of Torquil were imprisoned here, the sword of a true Saxon would have found thee out!"

"Wouldst thou indeed have done this justice to the name of Torquil?" said Ulrica, "thou art then the true Saxon report speaks thee!—Look on me, Cedric; are there not still left on this foul and faded face some traces of the features of Torquil?"

"Ask me not of them, Ulrica," replied Cedric.

"Yet wore these fiendish features the mask of a spirit of light," answered Ulrica, "when they were able to set at enmity the elder Front de Bœuf and his son Reginald! Long had the smoldering fire of discord glowed between the tyrant father and his savage son—long had I nursed, in secret, the unnatural hatred; it blazed forth in an hour of drunken wassail, and at his own board fell my oppressor by the hand of his own son!"

"And thou, creature of guilt and misery," said Cedric, "what became thy lot on the death of thy oppressor?"

"Guess it, but ask it not. Here—here I dwelt, till age, premature age, has stamped its ghastly features on my countenance."

"Ulrica," said Cedric, "how didst thou dare to address thee to one who wears this robe?"

"Turn not from me, stern prophet of wrath," she exclaimed, "but tell me if thou canst, why deeds, long since done, rise before me in new and irresistible horrors?"

"I am no priest," said Cedric, turning from her; "I am no priest, though I wear a priest's garment.—I cannot, I will not longer abide with thee.—I bid thee avaunt!—touch me not, stay me not!"

"Be it so," said Ulrica, "go thy way, and forget, in the insolence of thy superiority, that the wretch before thee is the daughter of thy father's friend.—Farewell!—thy scorn has burst the last tie which seemed yet to unite me to my kind—a thought that my woes might claim the compassion of my people."

"Ulrica," said Cedric, softened by this appeal, "hast thou borne up and endured to live through so much guilt and so much misery, and wilt thou now yield to despair when thine

eyes are opened to thy crimes, and when repentance were thy fitter occupation?"

"Cedric," answered Ulrica, "thou little knowest the human heart. Henceforward revenge shall possess me wholly, and thou thyself shalt say that, whatever was the life of Ulrica, her death well became the daughter of the noble Torquil. There is a force without besieging this accursed castle—hasten to lead them to the attack, and when thou shalt see a red flag wave from the turret on the eastern angle of the donjon, press the Normans hard—they will then have enough to do within, and you may win the wall. Begone, I pray thee; follow thine own fate, and leave me to mine."

As she thus spoke, she vanished through a private door, and Reginald Front de Bœuf entered the apartment. Cedric, with some difficulty, compelled himself to make a bow to the haughty Baron, who returned his courtesy with a slight inclination of the head.

"Thy penitents, father, have made a long confession—it is the better for them, since it is the last they shall ever make. Hast thou prepared them for death?"

"I found them," said Cedric, in such French as he could command, "expecting the worst, from the moment they knew into whose power they had fallen."

"How now, Sir Friar," replied Front de Bœuf, "thy speech, methinks, smacks of a Saxon tongue?"

"I was bred in the convent of St. Withold of Burton," answered Cedric.

"Ay?" said the Baron; "it had been better for thee to have been a Norman, and better for my purpose too; but need has no choice of messengers.—Follow me through this passage, that I may dismiss thee by the postern."

And as he strode on his way before the supposed friar, Front de Bœuf thus schooled him in the part which he desired he should act.

"Thou seest, Sir Friar, yon herd of Saxon swine, who have dared to environ this castle of Torquilstone.—Detain them be-

fore it for twenty-four hours. Meantime bear thou this scroll. But soft—canst read, Sir Priest?"

"Not a jot I," answered Cedric, "save on my breviary;[1] and then I know the characters, because I have the holy service by heart, praised be Our Lady and St. Withold!"

"The fitter messenger for my purpose. Carry thou this scroll to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin; say it cometh from me, and is written by the Templar Brian de Bois Guilbert, and that I pray him to send it to York with all the speed man and horse can make. Meanwhile, tell him to doubt nothing, he shall find us whole and sound behind our battlement."

"By my patron saint," said Cedric, with deeper energy than became his character, "and by every saint who has lived and died in England, your commands shall be obeyed! Not a Saxon shall stir from before these walls, if I have art and influence to detain them there!"

"Ha!" said Front de Bœuf, "thou changest thy tone, Sir Priest, and speakest brief and bold, as if thy heart were in the slaughter of the Saxon herd; and yet thou art thyself of kindred to the swine?"

Cedric muttered something under his cowl concerning the men in question being excommunicated outlaws both to church and to kingdom.

"Thou hast spoken the very truth," answered Front de Bœuf, and led the way to a postern, where, passing the moat on a single plank, they reached a small barbican, or exterior defense, which communicated with the open field by a well-fortified sally port.[2]

"Begone, then; and if thou wilt do mine errand, come hither after the onslaught, and thou shalt have as much Malvoisie[3] as would drench thy whole convent."

"Assuredly we shall meet again," answered Cedric.

"Something in hand the whilst," continued the Norman; and,

[1] Breviary—A book of prayers.
[2] Sally port—Rear gate.
[3] Malvoisie—A wine.

as they parted at the postern door, he thrust into Cedric's reluctant had a gold byzant, adding, "Remember, I will flay off both cowl and skin if thou failest in thy purpose."

"And full leave will I give thee to do both," answered Cedric, leaving the postern, and striding forth over the free field with a joyful step, "if, when we meet next, I deserve not better at thine hand."—Turning then back towards the castle, he threw the piece of gold towards the donor, exclaiming at the same time, "False Norman, thy money perish with thee!"

Front de Bœuf heard the words imperfectly, but the action was suspicious. "Archers," he called to the warders on the outward battlements; "send me an arrow through yon monk's frock!—Yet stay," he said, as his retainers were bending their bows, "it avails not—we must thus far trust him since we have no better shift. I think he dares not betray me; at the worst I can but treat with these Saxon dogs whom I have safe in kennel. Ho! Giles jailor, let them bring Cedric of Rotherwood before me, and the other churl, his companion—him I mean of Coningsburgh—Athelstane there, or what call they him? Give me a stoup of wine; place it in the armory, and thither lead the prisoners."

His commands were obeyed; and upon entering that Gothic apartment, he found a flagon of wine on the massive oaken table, and the two Saxon captives under the guard of four of his dependants. Front de Bœuf took a long draught of wine, and then addressed his prisoners;—for the manner in which Wamba drew the cap over his face, the change of dress, the gloomy and broken light, and the Baron's imperfect acquaintance with the features of Cedric, prevented him from discovering that the most important of his captives had made his escape.

"Gallants of England," said Front de Bœuf, "how relish ye your entertainment at Torquilstone?—Speak out, ye Saxon dogs—what bid ye for your worthless lives? An ye pay not a rich ransom, I will hang ye by the feet from the iron bars of these windows! How say you, you of Rotherwood?"

"Not a doit[4] I," answered poor Wamba; "and for hanging up by the feet, my brain has been topsy-turvy, they say, ever since the biggin[5] was bound first round my head; so turning me upside down may perhaps restore it again."

"St. Genevieve!" said Front de Bœuf, "what have we got here?"

And with the back of his hand he struck Cedric's cap from the head of the Jester, and throwing open his collar, discovered the fatal badge of servitude, the silver collar round his neck.

"Giles—Clement—dogs and varlets!" exclaimed the furious Norman, "what have you brought me here?"

"I think I can tell you," said De Bracy, who just entered the apartment, "This is Cedric's clown."

"I shall settle it for them both," replied Front de Bœuf; "they shall hang on the same gallows, unless his master and this boar of Coningsburgh will pay well for their lives!—Go," said he to two of his attendants, "fetch me the right Cedric hither, and I pardon your error for once; the rather that you but mistook a fool for a Saxon franklin."

"Ay, but," said Wamba, "your excellency will find there are more fools than franklins among us."

"What means the knave?" said Front de Bœuf, looking towards his followers, who, lingering and loth, faltered forth their belief that, if this were not Cedric who was there in presence, they knew not what was become of him.

"Saints of Heaven!" exclaimed De Bracy, "he must have escaped in the monk's garments!"

"Fiends of hell!" echoed Front de Bœuf, "it was then the boar of Rotherwood whom I ushered to the postern, and dismissed with my own hands!—And thou," he said to Wamba, "—I will shave thy crown for thee!—Here, let them tear the scalp from his head, and then pitch him headlong from the battlements!"

"Front de Bœuf, you shall not slay him," said De Bracy.

[4] Doit—A small Dutch coin, a trifling sum.
[5] Biggin—A baby's cap.

"Give him to me to make sport for my Free Companions.—How sayst thou, knave? Wilt thou take heart of grace, and go to the wars with me?"

"Ay, with my master's leave," said Wamba; "for, look you, I must not slip collar (and he touched that which he wore) without his permission."

"Thou dost well, De Bracy," said Front de Bœuf, "to stand there listening to a fool's jargon, when destruction is gaping for us!"

But the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a menial, who announced that a monk demanded admittance at the postern gate.

"In the name of St. Bennet," said Front de Bœuf, "have we a real monk this time, or another impostor? Search him, slaves—for an ye suffer a second impostor to be palmed upon you, I will have your eyes torn out, and hot coals put into the sockets."

"Let me endure the extremity of your anger, my lord," said Giles, "if this be not a real monk. Your squire Jocelyn knows him well, and will vouch him to be Brother Ambrose, a monk in attendance upon the Prior of Jorvaulx."

"Admit him," said Front de Bœuf; "most likely he brings us news from his jovial master.—Remove these prisoners."

The Saxon prisoners were accordingly removed, just as they introduced the monk Ambrose, who appeared to be in great perturbation.

"This is the real *Deus vobiscum*," said Wamba, as he passed the reverend brother; "the others were but counterfeits."

"Holy Mother!" said the monk, as he addressed the assembled knights, "I am at last safe and in Christian keeping!—Ye are friends and allies of our reverend father, Aymer, Prior of Jorvaulx,—ye owe him aid both by knightly faith and holy charity."

"Brother priest," said the Templar, "—tell us plainly, is thy master, the Prior, made prisoner, and to whom?"

"Surely," said Ambrose, "he is in the hands of the infesters of these woods."

"Here is a new argument for our swords, sirs," said Front de Bœuf, turning to his companions; "and so, instead of reaching us any assistance, the Prior of Jorvaulx requests aid at our hands?—Speak out, priest, and say at once what doth thy master expect from us?"

"So please you," said Ambrose, "the reverend father prays you, as his dear friends, to rescue him either by paying down the ransom at which they hold him, or by force of arms, at your best discretion."

"The foul fiend quell the Prior!" said Front de Bœuf; "how can we do aught by valor to free him, that are cooped up here by ten times our number, and expect an assault every moment?"

"And that was what I was about to tell you," said the monk, "had your hastiness allowed me time. Nevertheless, it is of truth that they assemble a camp, and raise a bank against the walls of this castle."

"To the battlements!" cried De Bracy, "and let us mark what these knaves do without;" and so saying, he opened a latticed window which led to a sort of projecting balcony, and immediately called from thence to those in the apartment—"St. Denis, but the old monk hath brought true tidings!—They bring forward mantelets[6] and pavisses,[7] and the archers gather on the skirts of the wood like a dark cloud before a hailstorm."

Reginald Front de Bœuf also looked out upon the field, and immediately snatched his bugle; and after winding a long and loud blast, commanded his men to their posts on the walls.

"De Bracy, look to the eastern side where the walls are lowest.—Noble Bois Guilbert, thy trade hath well taught thee how to attack and defend, look thou to the western side.—I myself will take post at the barbican. Yet, do not confine your exertions to any one spot, noble friends!—We must this day be everywhere, and multiply ourselves, were it possible, so as

[6] Mantelets—Movable defenses.
[7] Pavisses—Large shields.

to carry relief wherever the attack is hottest. Our numbers are few, but activity and courage may supply that defect, since we have only to do with rascal clowns."

"But, noble knights," exclaimed Father Ambrose, "amidst the bustle and confusion occasioned by the preparations for defense, "will none of ye hear the message of the reverend father, Aymer, Prior of Jorvaulx?—I beseech thee to hear me, noble Sir Reginald!"

"Go patter thy petitions to Heaven," said the fierce Norman, "for we on earth have no time to listen to them.—Ho! there Anselm! see that seething pitch and oil are ready to pour on the heads of these audacious traitors.—Look that the cross-bowmen lack not bolts.—Fling abroad my banner with the old bull's head—the knaves shall soon find with whom they have to do this day!"

"But, noble sir," continued the monk, persevering in his endeavors to draw attention, "consider my vow of obedience, and let me discharge myself of my superior's errand."

"Away with this prating dotard,"[8] said Front de Bœuf; "lock him up in the chapel to tell his beads till the broil be over. It will be a new thing to the saints in Torquilstone to hear aves and paters;[9] they have not been so honored, I trow, since they were cut out of stone."

"Blaspheme not the holy saints, Sir Reginald," said De Bracy, "we shall have need of their aid to-day before yon rascal rout disband."

"I expect little aid from their hand," said Front de Bœuf, "unless we were to hurl them from the battlements on the heads of the villains. There is a huge lumbering St. Christopher yonder, sufficient to bear a whole company to the earth."

The Templar had in the meantime been looking out on the proceedings of the besiegers, with rather more attention than the brutal Front de Bœuf or his giddy companion.

[8] DOTARD—One whose intellect is impaired by age.
[9] AVES AND PATERS—Prayers.

"By the faith of mine Order," he said, "these men approach with more touch of discipline than could have been judged, however they come by it. See ye how dexterously they avail themselves of every cover which a tree or bush affords, and shun exposing themselves to the shot of our crossbows? I spy neither banner nor pennon among them, and yet will I gage my golden chain that they are led on by some noble knight or gentleman, skillful in the practice of wars."

"I espy him," said De Bracy; "I see the waving of a knight's crest, and the gleam of his armor. See yon tall man in the black mail, who is busied marshaling the farther troop of the yeomen—by St. Denis, I hold him to be the same whom we called *Le Noir Faineant*, who overthrew thee, Front de Bœuf, in the lists at Ashby."

"So much the better," said Front de Bœuf; "that he comes here to give me my revenge. Some base fellow he must be, who dared not stay to assert his claim to the tourney prize which chance had assigned him. I should in vain have sought for him where knights and nobles seek their foes, and right glad am I he hath here shown himself among yon villain yeomanry."

The demonstrations of the enemy's immediate approach cut off all further discourse. Each knight repaired to his post, and at the head of the few followers whom they were able to muster, and who were in numbers inadequate to defend the whole extent of the walls, they awaited with calm determination the threatened assault.

CHAPTER XXVII

IVANHOE FINDS HIMSELF IN REBECCA'S CARE

Our history must needs go back for the space of a few pages, to inform the reader that, when Ivanhoe sunk down, and seemed abandoned by all the world, it was the urging of Rebecca which prevailed on her father to have the gallant young warrior trans-

ported from the lists to the house which, for the time, the Jews inhabited in the suburbs of Ashby.

Rebecca lost no time in causing the patient to be transported to their temporary dwelling, and proceeded with her own hands to examine and to bind up his wounds. Her knowledge of medicine and of the healing art had been acquired under an aged Jewess, the daughter of one of their most celebrated doctors, who loved Rebecca as her own child, and was believed to have communicated to her secrets which had been left to herself by her sage father.

When Ivanhoe reached the house of Isaac, he was still in a state of unconsciousness, owing to the profuse loss of blood which had taken place during his exertions in the lists. Rebecca examined the wound, and having applied to it such remedies as her art prescribed, informed her father that if fever could be averted, of which the great bleeding rendered her little fear, there was nothing to fear for his guest's life, and that he might with safety travel to York with them on the ensuing day.

It was not until evening was nearly closed that Ivanhoe was restored to consciousness of his situation. He awoke from a broken slumber and was unable for some time to recall exactly to memory the circumstances which had preceded his fall in the lists. To his great surprise, he found himself in a room magnificently furnished, but having cushions instead of chairs to rest upon, and in other respects partaking so much of Oriental costume that he began to doubt whether he had not, during his sleep, been transported back again to the land of Palestine. The impression was increased when, the tapestry being drawn aside, a female form, dressed in a rich habit, which partook more of the Eastern taste than that of Europe, glided through the door which it concealed, and was followed by a swarthy domestic.

As the wounded knight was about to address this fair apparition, she imposed silence by placing her slender finger upon her ruby lips, while the attendant, approaching him, proceeded to uncover Ivanhoe's side, and the lovely Jewess satisfied herself

that the bandage was in its place, and the wound doing well. She performed her task with a graceful and dignified simplicity and modesty, and without making an attempt at questioning, Ivanhoe suffered her in silence to take the measures she thought most proper for his recovery; and it was not until those were completed, and this kind physician about to retire, that his curiosity could no longer be suppressed.

"Noble damsel—" began the Knight of Ivanhoe.

"Bestow not on me, Sir Knight," Rebecca said, "the epithet of noble. It is well you should speedily know that your handmaiden is a poor Jewess, the daughter of Isaac of York to whom you were so lately a good and kind lord. It well becomes him and those of his household to render to you such careful tendance as your present state necessarily demands."

I know not whether the fair Rowena would have been altogether satisfied with the species of emotion with which her devoted knight had hitherto gazed on the beautiful features, and fair form, and lustrous eyes of the lovely Rebecca, but Ivanhoe was too good a Christian to retain the same class of feelings towards a Jewess. This Rebecca had forseen, and for this very purpose she had hastened to mention her father's name and lineage. She further informed him of the necessity they were under of removing to York, and of her father's resolution to transport him thither, and tend him in his own house until his health should be restored. Ivanhoe expressed great dislike to this plan, which he grounded on unwillingness to give further trouble to his benefactors.

"Was there not," he said, "in Ashby, or near it, some Saxon franklin, or even some wealthy peasant, who would endure the burden of a wounded countryman's residence with him until he should be again able to bear his armor?"

"Yet, Sir Knight," said Rebecca, with a melancholy smile, "unless you would dismiss your physician, you cannot change your lodging. Our nation, as you well know, can cure wounds, though we deal not in inflicting them; and in our own family, in particular, are secrets which have been handed down since

the days of Solomon, and of which you have already experienced the advantages.—Sir Knight, no Christian physician, within the four seas of Britain, could enable you to bear your corselet within a month."

"And how soon wilt thou enable me to brook[1] it?" said Ivanhoe, impatiently.

"Within eight days, if thou wilt be patient and conformable to my directions," replied Rebecca.

"It were a sin to doubt thee, maiden," replied Ivanhoe; "and I repose myself on thy skill without further scruple or question, well trusting you will enable me to bear my corselet on the eighth day. And now, my kind maiden, let me inquire of the news abroad. What of the noble Saxon Cedric and his household?—what of the lovely Lady—" He stopped, as if unwilling to speak Rowena's name in the house of a Jew—. "Of her, I mean, who was named Queen of the tournament?"

"And who was selected by you, Sir Knight, to hold that dignity, with judgment which was admired as much as your valor," replied Rebecca.

The blood which Ivanhoe had lost did not prevent a flush from crossing his cheek, feeling that he had betrayed his deep interest in Rowena by the awkward attempt he had made to conceal it.

"It was less of her I would speak," said he, "than of Prince John."

"Prince John," replied Rebecca, "hath broken off the tournament, and set forward in all haste towards York, with the nobles, knights, and churchmen of his party. It is said he designs to assume his brother's crown."

"Not without a blow struck in its defense," said Ivanhoe, raising himself upon the couch, "if there were but one true subject in England. I will fight for Richard's title with the best of them—ay, one to two, in his just quarrel!"

[1] Brook—Bear.

"But that you may be able to do so," said Rebecca, touching his shoulder with her hand, "you must now observe my directions, and remain quiet.—Adieu—and having taken the medicine which I shall send thee by the hand of Reuben, compose thyself again to rest, that thou mayst be the more able to endure the journey of the ensuing day."

Ivanhoe was convinced by the reasoning, and obeyed the directions of Rebecca. The draught which Reuben gave was of a sedative [2] and narcotic [3] quality, and secured the patient sound and undisturbed slumbers. In the morning his kind physician found him entirely free from feverish symptoms, and fit to undergo the fatigue of a journey.

He was placed in the horse litter which had brought him from the lists, and every precaution taken for his traveling with ease, but as we have learned, when the alarm of danger approached, Isaac and his party were deserted by the mercenaries, and it was in this deplorable condition that the Jew, with his daughter and her wounded patient, were found by Cedric, and soon afterwards fell into the power of De Bracy and his confederates.

Little notice was at first taken of the horse litter, and it might have remained behind but for the curiosity of De Bracy, who looked into it under the impression that it might contain the object of his enterprise, for Rowena had not unveiled herself. But De Bracy's astonishment was considerable when he discovered that the litter contained a wounded man, who, conceiving himself to have fallen into the power of Saxon outlaws, with whom his name might be a protection for himself and his friends, frankly avowed himself to be Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

The ideas of chivalrous honor, which never utterly abandoned De Bracy, prevented him from doing the knight any injury in his defenseless condition, and equally prevented his betraying

[2] Sedative—Assuaging pain.
[3] Narcotic—Sleep-producing.

him to Front de Bœuf, who would have had no scruples to put to death, under any circumstances, the rival claimant of the fief of Ivanhoe. On the other hand, to free a suitor preferred by the Lady Rowena was a pitch far above the flight of De Bracy's generosity. A middle course betwixt good and evil was all which he found himself capable of adopting, and he commanded two of his own squires to keep close by the litter, and to suffer no one to approach it. If questioned, they were directed by their master to say that the empty litter of the Lady Rowena was employed to transport one of their comrades who had been wounded in the scuffle. On arriving at Torquilstone, while the Knight Templar and the lord of that castle were each intent upon their own schemes, De Bracy's squires conveyed Ivanhoe, still under the name of a wounded comrade, to a distant apartment. This explanation was accordingly returned by these men to Front de Bœuf, when he questioned them why they did not make for the battlements upon the alarm.

"A wounded companion!" he replied in great wrath and astonishment."—To the battlements, ye loitering villains! or I will splinter your bones with this truncheon!"

The men sulkily replied that they desired nothing better than to go to the battlements, providing Front de Bœuf would bear them out with their master, who had commanded them to tend the dying man.

"The dying man, knaves!" rejoined the Baron; "I promise thee, we shall all be dying men, an we stand not to it the more stoutly. But I will relieve the guard upon this companion of yours.—Here, Ulrica—hearest me not? Tend me this bedridden fellow, since he must needs be tended, whilst these knaves use their weapons."

The men, who, like most of their description, were fond of enterprise and detested inaction, went joyfully to the scene of danger, and thus the charge of Ivanhoe was transferred to Ulrica. But she, whose brain was burning with remembrance of injuries and hopes of vengeance, was readily induced to devolve upon Rebecca the care of her patient.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE STORMING OF THE CASTLE

The noise within the castle, which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamor. The heavy yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartizans[1] and points of defense. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defense, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armor, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed.

Ivanhoe was like a war horse, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his urgent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go.—If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-ax to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! It is in vain—it is in vain.—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest naught of it," said Wilfred, impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme anxiety, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Each lattice, each opening, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft—"

[1] Bartizans—Small turrets on the walls.

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca—dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed, the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favorable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front de Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sally port corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defense of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the woods seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed!—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shackle bolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Zion protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields and defenses made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures Thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettledrum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties added to the fearful din, the assailants crying, "St. George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud cries of *"En avant De Bracy!—Beau-seant! Beau-seant!—Front*

de Bœuf à la rescousse!" according to the war cries of their different commanders.

The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long bow, shot so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts.[2] By this heavy discharge which continued as thick and sharp as hail, two or three of the garrison were slain and several others wounded. But, confident in their armor of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front de Bœuf and his allies showed an obstinacy in defense proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large crossbows, as well as with their long bows, slings, and other missile weapons,[3] to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerable more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles on both sides was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath.—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right

[2] Cloth-yard shafts—The longest shaft ever used in European archery.
[3] Missile weapons—Weapons to be thrown.

on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench[4] from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not!—he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front de Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front de Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife.—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "Tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness: "But no—but no! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's

[4] Blench—Flinch.

strength in his single arm.—His sword is broken—he snatches an ax from a yeoman—he presses Front de Bœuf with blow on blow.—The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front de Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front de Bœuf," answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause.—They drag Front de Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca; "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast Thou given men Thine image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield?—Who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles.—The besieged have the better."

"St. George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge ax—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle.—Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers!"

"By St. John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca—"it crashes—

". . . the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle."

it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won. O God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat.—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen's shot that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained.—Oh, no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose ax hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron.—Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do*.[5] A fetterlock and a shackle bolt on a field sable—what may that mean? Seest thou naught else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further; but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength—there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God pardon him of

[5] DERRING-DO—Desperate courage.

the sin of bloodshed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou has spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays. I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action will not fail to injure your returning health. How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live! We live not—we wish not to live—longer than while we are victorious and renowned. Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of souls must needs be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes!"

She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said, "nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time?—"

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying, or endeavoring to fortify, her mind not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within.[6]

[6] We get a glimpse here of Rebecca's feeling toward Ivanhoe.

CHAPTER XXIX

ULRICA AT FRONT DE BŒUF'S DEATHBED

During the interval of quiet which followed the first success of the besiegers, while the one party was preparing to pursue their advantage and the other to strengthen their means of defense, the Templar and De Bracy held brief counsel together in the hall of the castle.

"Where is Front de Bœuf?" said the latter, who had superintended the defense of the fortress on the other side; "men say he hath been slain."

"He lives," said the Templar, coolly—"lives as yet; but had he worn the bull's head of which he bears the name, and ten plates of iron to fence it withal, he must have gone down before yonder fatal ax. Yet a few hours, and Front de Bœuf is with his fathers."

"And a brave addition to the kingdom of Satan," said De Bracy; "this comes of reviling saints and angels, and ordering images of holy things and holy men to be flung down on the heads of these yeomen."

Meanwhile, the lord of the besieged and endangered castle lay upon a bed of bodily pain and mental agony. The moment had now arrived when earth and all its treasures were gliding from before his eyes, and when the savage Baron's heart, though hard as a nether millstone, became appalled as he gazed forward into the waste darkness of futurity. The fever of his body aided the impatience and agony of his mind. The evil conscience and the shaken nerves of Front de Bœuf heard suddenly the voice of one of those demons who, as the superstitious of the times believed, beset the beds of dying men, to distract their thoughts, and turn them from the meditations which concerned their eternal welfare. He shuddered and drew himself together; but, instantly summoning up his wonted resolution, he exclaimed,

"Who is there?—what art thou, that darest call my name in a tone like that of the night raven?—Come before my couch that I may see thee."

"I am thine evil angel, Reginald Front de Bœuf," replied the voice.

"Depart, and haunt my couch no more," replied Front de Bœuf, "—let me die in peace!"

"In peace thou shalt NOT die," repeated the voice, "even in death shalt thou think on thy murders—on the groans which this castle has echoed—on the blood that is ingrained in its floors!"

"Thou canst not shake me by thy petty malice," answered Front de Bœuf, with a ghastly and constrained laugh. "The infidel Jew—it was merit with Heaven to deal with him as I did!"

"Think of thy father!" replied the voice; "think of his death!"

"Ha!" said the Baron, after a long pause, "Go and seek the Saxon witch Ulrica, who alone could tell thee what she and I alone witnessed.—Go, I say, to her, who washed the wounds, and straightened the corpse, and gave to the slain man the outward show of one parted in time and in the course of nature. Go to her; she was my temptress, the foul provoker, the more foul rewarder, of the deed—let her, as well as I, taste of the tortures which anticipate Hell!"

"She already tastes them," said Ulrica, stepping before the couch of Front de Bœuf; "she hath long drunken of this cup, and its bitterness is now sweetened to see that thou dost partake it. Grind not thy teeth, Front de Bœuf—roll not thine eyes—clench not thy hand, nor shake it at me with that gesture of menace! Thy hand is now unnerved and powerless as mine own!"

"Vile, murderous hag!" replied Front de Bœuf, "it is then thou who art come to exult over the ruins thou hast assisted to lay low?"

"Ay, Reginald Front de Bœuf," answered she, "it is Ulrica!—it is the daughter of the murdered Torquil Wolfganger!—it is

the sister of his slaughtered sons!—it is she who demands of thee, and of thy father's house, father and kindred, name and fame—all that she has lost by the name of Front de Bœuf! Think of my wrongs, Front de Bœuf, and answer me if I speak not truth. Thou hast been my evil angel, and I will be thine.—I will dog thee till the very instant of death!—thou shalt die no soldier's death, but perish like the fox in his den, when the peasants have set fire to the cover around it."

"Hateful hag! thou liest!" exclaimed Front de Bœuf.

"Hold thy belief," replied Ulrica, "till the proof reach thee.—But no!" she said, interrupting herself, "thou shalt know even now the doom which all thy power, strength, and courage is unable to avoid, though it is prepared for thee by this feeble hand. Markest thou the smoldering and suffocating vapor which already eddies in sable folds through the chamber?—Rememberest thou the magazine[1] of fuel that is stored beneath these apartments?"

"Woman!" he exclaimed with fury, "thou hast not set fire to it?—By Heaven, thou hast, and the castle is in flames!"

"They are fast rising at least," said Ulrica, with frightful composure; "and a signal shall soon wave to warn the besiegers to press hard upon those who would extinguish them.—Farewell, Front de Bœuf!—But know, if it will give thee comfort to know it, that Ulrica is bound to the same dark coast as thyself, the companion of thy punishment as the companion of thy guilt.—And now, parricide,[2] farewell forever! May each stone of this vaulted roof find a tongue to echo that title into thine ear!"

So saying, she left the apartment; and Front de Bœuf could hear the crash of the ponderous key as she locked and double-locked the door behind her, thus cutting off the most slender chance of escape. In the extremity of agony, he shouted upon his servants and allies: "Stephen and St. Maur! Clement and Giles! I burn here unaided! To the rescue!—They cannot hear me!—my voice is lost in the din of battle. The smoke rolls

[1] Magazine—Warehouse to hold ammunition.
[2] Parricide—The murderer of a father.

thicker and thicker,—the fire has caught upon the floor below!—The red fire flashes through the thick smoke! The demon marches against me under the banner of his own element. Foul spirit, avoid!—I go not with thee without my comrades—all, all are thine that garrison these walls—Thinkest thou Front de Bœuf will be singled out to go alone? No!—all, all shall attend me—a goodly fellowship as ever took the downward road. Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed in his frenzy till the vaulted roof rang again. "Who laughed there?" exclaimed Front de Bœuf, in altered mood, for the noise of the conflict did not prevent the echoes of his own mad laughter from returning upon his ear—"who laughed there? Ulrica, was it thou?—Speak, witch, and I forgive thee—for only thou or the Fiend of Hell himself could have laughed at such a moment. Avaunt—avaunt—!"

But it were impious to trace any farther the picture of the parricide's deathbed.

CHAPTER XXX

THE FLAMES—FRONT DE BŒUF'S FUNERAL PYRE

Cedric, although not greatly confident in Ulrica's message, omitted not to communicate her promise to the Black Knight and Locksley. They were well pleased to find they had a friend within the place, who might, in the moment of need, be able to assist their entrance, and readily agreed with the Saxon that a storm, under whatever disadvantage, ought to be attempted, as the only means of freeing the prisoners now in the hands of the cruel Front de Bœuf, and they commenced the first assault, of which the reader has already heard the issue.

After the barbican had been carried, the knight employed the interval in causing to be constructed a sort of floating bridge, or long raft, by means of which he hoped to cross the moat in spite of the resistance of the enemy. This was the work of

some time, which the leaders the less regretted, as it gave Ulrica leisure to execute her plan in their favor, whatever that might be.

When the raft was completed, the Black Knight addressed the besiegers: "It avails not waiting here longer, my friends; the sun is descending to the west—and I have that upon my hands which will not permit me to tarry with you another day. Besides, it will be a marvel if the horsemen come not upon us from York, unless we speedily accomplish our purpose. Wherefor, one of ye go to Locksley, and bid him commence a discharge of arrows on the opposite side of the castle, and move forward as if about to assault it; and you, true English hearts, stand by me, and be ready to thrust the raft end-long over the moat whenever the postern on our side is thrown open. Follow me boldly across, and aid me to burst yon sally port in the main wall of the castle. As many of you as like not this service, or are but ill armed to meet it, do you man the top of the outwork, draw your bowstrings to your ears, and mind you quell with your shot whatever shall appear to man the rampart."

The portal, which led from the inner wall of the barbican to the moat, and which corresponded with a sally port in the main wall of the castle, was now suddenly opened; the temporary bridge was then thrust forward, and soon flashed in the waters, extending its length between the castle and outwork, and forming a slippery and precarious passage for two men abreast to cross the moat. Well aware of the importance of taking the foe by surprise, the Black Knight, closely followed by Cedric, threw himself upon the bridge, and reached the opposite side. Here he began to thunder with his ax upon the gate of the castle, protected in part from the shot and stones cast by the defenders by the ruins of the former drawbridge, which the Templar had demolished in his retreat from the barbican, leaving the counterpoise[1] still attached to the upper part of the portal. The followers of the knight had no such shelter; two were instantly shot with crossbow bolts, and two more fell into the moat; the others retreated back into the barbican.

[1] COUNTERPOISE—A weight which helped to raise the drawbridge.

The situation of Cedric and of the Black Knight was now truly dangerous, and would have been still more so but for the constancy of the archers in the barbican, who ceased not to shower their arrows upon the battlements, distracting the attention of those by whom they were manned, and thus affording a respite to their two chiefs from the storm of missiles which must otherwise have overwhelmed them. But their situation was eminently perilous, and was becoming more so with every moment.

"Shame on ye all!" cried De Bracy to the soldiers around him; "do ye call yourselves crossbowmen, and let these two dogs keep their station under the walls of the castle?—Heave over the coping[2] stones from the battlement, and better may not be.—Get pickax and levers, and down with the huge pinnacle!" pointing to a heavy piece of stone carved work that projected from the parapet.

At this moment the besiegers caught sight of the red flag upon the angle of the tower which Ulrica had described to Cedric. The stout yeoman Locksley was the first who was aware of it, as he was hasting to the outwork, impatient to see the progress of the assault.

"St. George!" he cried—"Merry St. George for England!—To the charge, bold yeomen! why leave ye the good knight and noble Cedric to storm the pass alone?—Make in, mad priest, show thou canst fight for thy rosary—make in, brave yeomen!—the castle is ours, we have friends within.—See yonder flag, it is the appointed signal—Torquilstone is ours! Think of honor—think of spoil! One effort, and the place is ours!"

With that he bent his good bow, and sent a shaft right through the breast of one of the men-at-arms, who, under De Bracy's direction, was loosening a fragment from one of the battlements to precipitate on the heads of Cedric and the Black Knight. A second soldier caught from the hands of the dying man the iron crow with which he heaved at and had loosened the stone pinnacle, when, receiving an arrow through his headpiece, he dropped from the battlements into the moat a dead

[2] Coping—The top masonry of a wall.

man. The men-at-arms were daunted, for no armor seemed proof against the shot of this tremendous archer.

"Do you give ground, base knaves!" said De Bracy. "Give me the lever!"

And, snatching it up, he again assailed the loosened pinnacle, which was of weight enough, if thrown down, not only to have destroyed the remnant of the drawbridge which sheltered the two foremost assailants, but also to have sunk the rude float of planks over which they had crossed. All saw the danger, and the boldest, even the stout Friar himself, avoided setting foot on the raft. Thrice did Locksley bend his shaft against De Bracy, and thrice did his arrow bound back from the knight's armor of proof.

"Curse on thy Spanish steel coat!" said Locksley. "Had English smith forged it, these arrows had gone through, as if it had been silk." He then began to call out, "Comrades! friends! noble Cedric! bear back and let the ruin fall."

His warning voice was unheard, for the din which the knight himself occasioned by his strokes upon the postern would have drowned twenty war trumpets. The faithful Gurth indeed sprung forward on the planked bridge, to warn Cedric of his impending fate, or to share it with him. But this warning would have come too late; the massive pinnacle already tottered, and De Bracy, who still heaved at his task, would have accomplished it, had not the voice of the Templar sounded close in his ear:

"All is lost, De Bracy; the castle burns."

"Thou art mad to say so!" replied the knight.

"It is all in a light flame on the western side. I have striven in vain to extinguish it."

With the stern coolness which formed the basis of his character, Brian de Bois Guilbert communicated this hideous intelligence, which was not so calmly received by his astonished comrade.

"Saints of Paradise!" said De Bracy; "what is to be done?"

"Mark me," said the Templar. "Lead thy men down, as if to a sally; throw the postern gate open.—There are but two men

who occupy the float, fling them into the moat, and push across for the barbican. I will charge from the main gate, and attack the barbican on the outside; and if we can regain that post, be assured we shall defend ourselves until we are relieved, or at least till they grant us fair quarter."[3]

"It is well thought upon," said De Bracy; "I will play my part. Templar, thou wilt not fail me?"

"Hand and glove, I will not!" said Bois Guilbert. "But haste thee, in the name of God!"

De Bracy hastily drew his men together, and rushed down to the postern gate, which he caused instantly to be thrown open. But scarce was this done ere the monstrous strength of the Black Knight forced his way inward in spite of De Bracy and his followers. Two of the foremost instantly fell, and the rest gave way notwithstanding all their leader's efforts to stop them.

"Dogs!" said De Bracy, "will ye let *two* men win our only pass for safety?"

"He is a devil!" said a veteran man-at-arms, bearing back from the blows of their sable antagonist.

"And if he be the devil," replied De Bracy, "would you fly from him into the mouth of Hell?—The castle burns behind us, villains!—Let despair give you courage, or let me forward! I will cope with this champion myself."

And well and chivalrous did De Bracy that day maintain the fame he had acquired in the civil wars of that dreadful period. The vaulted passage to which the postern gave entrance, and in which these two dread champions were now fighting hand to hand, rang with the furious blows which they dealt each other, De Bracy with his sword, the Black Knight with his ponderous ax. At length the Norman received a blow which, though its force was partly parried[4] by his shield, for otherwise never more would De Bracy have again moved limb, descended yet

[3] FAIR QUARTER—Mercy.
[4] PARRIED—Turned aside, warded off.

with such violence on his crest that he measured his length on the paved floor.

"Yield thee, De Bracy," said the Black Champion, stooping over him, and holding against the bars of his helmet the fatal poniard with which the knights dispatched their enemies (and which was called the dagger of mercy)—"yield thee, Maurice de Bracy, rescue or no rescue, or thou art but a dead man."

"I will not yield," replied De Bracy, faintly, "to an unknown conqueror. Tell me thy name, or work thy pleasure on me—it shall never be said that Maurice de Bracy was prisoner to a nameless churl."

The Black Knight whispered something into the ear of the vanquished.

"I yield me to be true prisoner, rescue or no rescue," answered the Norman, exchanging his tone of stern and determined obstinacy for one of deep though sullen submission.

"Go to the barbican," said the victor, in a tone of authority, "and there wait my further orders."

"Yet first let me say," said De Bracy, "what it imports thee to know. Wilfred of Ivanhoe is wounded and a prisoner, and will perish in the burning castle without present help."

"Wilfred of Ivanhoe!" exclaimed the Black Knight—"prisoner, and perish! The life of every man in the castle shall answer it if a hair of his head be singed—Show me his chamber!"

"Ascend yonder winding stair," said De Bracy; "it leads to his apartment. Wilt thou not accept my guidance?" he added, in a submissive voice.

"No. To the barbican, and there wait my orders. I trust thee not, De Bracy."

During this combat and the brief conversation which ensued, Cedric, at the head of a body of men, among whom the Friar was conspicuous, had pushed across the bridge as soon as they saw the postern open, and drove back the dispirited and despairing followers of De Bracy, of whom some asked quarter, some offered vain resistance, and the greater part fled towards the courtyard. De Bracy himself arose from the ground, and cast

a sorrowful glance after his conqueror. "He trusts me not!" he repeated; "but have I deserved his trust?" He then lifted his sword from the floor, took off his helmet in token of submission, and, going to the barbican, gave up his sword to Locksley, whom he met by the way.

As the fire advanced, symptoms of it became soon apparent in the chamber where Ivanhoe was watched and tended by the Jewess Rebecca. He had been awakened from his brief slumber by the noise of the battle; and his attendant, who had, at his anxious desire, again placed herself at the window to watch and report to him the fate of the attack, was for some time prevented from observing either, by the increase of the smouldering and stifling vapor. At length the volumes of smoke which rolled into the apartment, the cries for water, which were heard even above the din of the battle, made them sensible of the progress of this new danger.

"The castle burns," said Rebecca, "it burns! What can we do to save ourselves?"

"Fly, Rebecca, and save thine own life," said Ivanhoe, "for no human aid can avail me."

"I will not fly," answered Rebecca; "we will be saved or perish together. And yet, great God! my father—my father, what will be his fate?"

At this moment the door of the apartment flew open, and the Templar presented himself—a ghastly figure, for his gilded armor was broken and bloody, and the plume was partly shorn away, partly burnt from his casque. "I have found thee," said he to Rebecca; "thou shalt prove I will keep my word to share weal and woe with thee. There is but one path to safety; I have cut my way through fifty dangers to point it to thee—up, and instantly follow me!"

"Alone," answered Rebecca, "I will not follow thee. If thy heart be not hard as thy breastplate—save my aged father—save this wounded knight."

"A knight," answered the Templar, with his usual calmness—

"a knight, Rebecca, must encounter his fate, whether it meet him in the shape of sword or flame; and who cares how or where a Jew meets with his?"

"Savage warrior," said Rebecca, "rather will I perish in the flames than accept safety from thee!"

"Thou shalt not choose, Rebecca; once didst thou foil me, but never mortal did so twice."

So saying, he seized on the terrified maiden, who filled the air with her shrieks, and bore her out of the room in his arms, in spite of her cries, and without regarding the curses and defiance which Ivanhoe thundered against him. "Hound of the Temple—stain to thine Order—set free the damsel! Traitor of Bois Guilbert, it is Ivanhoe commands thee!—villain, I will have thy heart's blood!"

"I had not found thee, Wilfred," said the Black Knight, who at that instant entered the apartment, "but for thy shouts."

"If thou be'st true knight," said Wilfred, "think not of me—pursue the ravisher—save the Lady Rowena—look to the noble Cedric!"

"In their turn," answered he of the Fetterlock, "but thine is first."

And seizing upon Ivanhoe, he bore him off with as much ease as the Templar had carried off Rebecca, rushed with him to the postern, and having there delivered his burden to the care of two yeomen, he again entered the castle to assist in the rescue of the other prisoners.

One turret was now in bright flames, which flashed out furiously from window and shot hole. But in other parts the great thickness of the walls and the vaulted roofs of the apartments resisted the progress of the flames, and there the rage of man still triumphed. The air was filled with groans and clashing of arms—the floors were slippery with the blood of despairing and expiring wretches.

Through this scene of confusion, Cedric rushed in quest of Rowena, while the faithful Gurth, following him closely through the battle, neglected his own safety while he strove to avert the

blows that were aimed at his master. The noble Saxon was so fortunate as to reach his ward's apartment just as she had abandoned all hope of safety, and, with a crucifix clasped in agony to her bosom, sat in expectation of instant death. He committed her to the charge of Gurth, to be conducted in safety to the barbican, the road to which was now cleared of the enemy, and not yet interrupted by the flames. This accomplished, the loyal Cedric hastened in quest of his friend Athelstane, determined, at every risk to himself, to save that last member of Saxon royalty. But ere Cedric penetrated as far as the old hall in which he had himself been a prisoner, the inventive genius of Wamba had procured freedom for himself and his companion in adversity.

When the noise of the conflict announced that it was at the hottest, the Jester began to shout, with the utmost power of his lungs, "St. George and the dragon!—bonny St. George for merry England—the castle is won!" And these sounds he rendered yet more fearful by banging against each other two or three pieces of rusty armor which lay scattered around the hall.

A guard, which had been stationed in the outer or anteroom, and whose spirits were already in a state of alarm, took fright at Wamba's clamor, and leaving the door open behind them, ran to tell the Templar that foemen had entered the old hall. Meantime the prisoners found no difficulty in making their escape into the anteroom, and from thence into the court of the castle, which was now the last scene of contest. Here sat the fierce Templar, mounted on horseback, surrounded by several of the garrison both on horse and foot, who had united their strength to that of this renowned leader, in order to secure the last chance of safety and retreat which remained to them.

Rebecca, placed on horseback before one of the Templar's Saracen slaves, was in the midst of the little party; and Bois Guilbert, notwithstanding the confusion of the bloody fray, showed every attention to her safety. Repeatedly he was by her side, and neglecting his own defense, held before her the fence of his triangular steel-plated shield; and anon starting

from his position by her, he cried his war cry, dashed forward, struck to earth the most forward of the assailants, and was on the same instant once more at her bridle rein.

Athelstane, who, as the reader knows, was slothful, but not cowardly, beheld the female form whom the Templar protected thus carefully, and doubted not that it was Rowena whom the knight was carrying off, in spite of all resistance which could be offered.

"By the soul of St. Edward," he said, "I will rescue her from yonder over-proud knight, and he shall die by my hand!"

To snatch a mace from the pavement, on which it lay beside one whose dying grasp had just released it, to rush on the Templar's band, and to strike in quick succession to the right and left, leveling a warrior at each blow, was, for Athelstane's great strength, now animated with unusual fury, but the work of a single moment; he was soon within two yards of Bois Guilbert, whom he defied in his loudest tone.

"Turn, false-hearted Templar! let go her whom thou art unworthy to touch!"

"Dog!" said the Templar, grinding his teeth, "I will teach thee to blaspheme the holy order of the Temple of Zion;" and with these words, half-wheeling his steed, he made a half-turn towards the Saxon, and rising in the stirrups, so as to take full advantage of the descent of the horse, he discharged a fearful blow upon the head of Athelstane.

So sharp was the Templar's weapon, that it shore asunder, as it had been a willow twig, the tough and plated handle of the mace which the ill-fated Saxon reared to parry the blow, and, descending on his head, leveled him with the earth.

"Ha! Beau-seant!" exclaimed Bois Guilbert, "thus be it to the slanderers of the Temple Knights!" Taking advantage of the dismay which was spread by the fall of Athelstane, and calling aloud, "Those who would save themselves, follow me!" he pushed across the drawbridge, dispersing the archers who would have intercepted them. He was followed by his Saracens, and some five or six men-at-arms, who had mounted their horses.

The Templar's retreat was rendered perilous by the numbers of arrows shot off at him and his party; but this did not prevent him from galloping round to the barbican, of which, according to his previous plan, he supposed it possible De Bracy might have been in possession.

"De Bracy! De Bracy!" he shouted, "art thou there?"

"I am here," replied De Bracy, "but I am a prisoner."

"Can I rescue thee?" cried Bois Guilbert.

"No," replied De Bracy; "I have rendered[5] me, rescue or no rescue. I will be true prisoner. Save thyself—there are hawks abroad—put the seas betwixt you and England; I dare not say more."

"Well," answered the Templar, "an thou wilt tarry there, remember I have redeemed word and glove.[6] Be the hawks where they will, methinks the walls of the Preceptory[7] of Templestowe will be cover sufficient, and thither will I, like heron to her haunt."

Having thus spoken, he galloped off with his followers.

Those of the castle who had not gotten to horse, still continued to fight desperately with the besiegers, after the departure of the Templar, but rather in despair of quarter than that they entertained any hope of escape. The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulrica, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war song, such as was of yore raised on the field of battle by the scalds[8] of the yet heathen Saxons. Her long, disheveled gray hair flew back from her uncovered head; the drunken delight of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire of insanity; and she waved the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters[9] who spin and abridge the thread of human life.

The towering flames had now surmounted every obstruction,

[5] Rendered—Surrendered.
[6] Redeemed word and glove—Fulfilled my promise.
[7] Preceptory—An establishment or house of the Knights Templars.
[8] Scalds—Ancient poets or bards.
[9] Fatal Sisters—The Three Fates of Greek mythology

and rose to the evening skies one huge and burning beacon, seen far and wide through the near-by country. Tower after tower crashed down, with blazing roof and rafter; and the combatants were driven from the courtyard. The vanquished, of whom very few remained, scattered and escaped into the neighboring wood. The victors, assembling in large bands, gazed with wonder, not unmixed with fear, upon the flames, in which their own ranks and arms glanced dusky red. The maniac figure of the Saxon Ulrica was for a long time visible on the lofty stand she had chosen, tossing her arms abroad with wild exultation, as if she reigned empress of the conflagration which she had raised. At length, with a terrific crash, the whole turret gave way, and she perished in the flames which had consumed her tyrant. An awful pause of horror silenced each murmur of the armed spectators, who, for the space of several minutes, stirred not a finger, save to sign the cross. The voice of Locksley was then heard: "Shout, yeomen! the den of tyrants is no more! Let each bring his spoil to our chosen place of rendezvous at the trysting tree in the Harthill Walk; for there at break of day will we make just partition among our own bands, together with our worthy allies in this great deed of vengeance."

CHAPTER XXXI

THE DIVISION OF THE SPOILS

The daylight had dawned upon the glades of the oak forest. The green boughs glittered with all their pearls of dew. The outlaws were all assembled around the trysting tree in the Harthill Walk, where they had spent the night in refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the siege.

The spoils were indeed very large; for, notwithstanding that much was consumed, a great deal of plate, rich armor, and splendid clothing had been secured by the exertions of the dauntless

outlaws, who could be appalled by no danger when such rewards were in view. Yet so strict were the laws of their society, that no one ventured to take any part of the booty, which was brought into one common mass, to be at the disposal of their leader.

The place of rendezvous was an aged oak; not, however, the same to which Locksley had conducted Gurth and Wamba, but within half a mile of the ruined castle of Torquilstone. Here Locksley took his seat—a throne of turf erected under the twisted branches of the huge oak, and the silvan followers were gathered around him. He assigned to the Black Knight a seat at his right hand, and to Cedric a place upon his left.

"Pardon my freedom, noble sirs," he said, "but in these glades I am monarch—they are my kingdom; and these my wild subjects would think but little of my power, were I, within my own dominions, to yield place to mortal man. Now sirs, who hath seen our chaplain? where is our Friar? A mass amongst Christian men best begins a busy morning. Who saw him since the castle was ta'en?"

"I," quoth the Miller, "marked him busy about the door of a cellar, swearing by each saint in the calendar he would taste the smack of Front de Bœuf's Gascoigne wine."

"Now, the saints, as many as there be of them," said the captain, "forbid, lest he has drunk too deep of the wine butts, and perished by the fall of the castle!—Away, Miller!—take with you enow[1] of men, seek the place where you last saw him—throw water from the moat on the scorching ruins; I will have them removed stone by stone ere I lose my Friar."

"Meanwhile, let us proceed," said Locksley; "for when this bold deed shall be sounded abroad, the bands of De Bracy, of Malvoisin, and other allies of Front de Bœuf, will be in motion against us, and it were well for our safety that we retreat from the vicinity. Noble Cedric," he said, turning to the Saxon—"take of the spoil what may reward your own neighbors and followers."

[1] Enow—Enough.

"I am rich enough to reward them from mine own wealth," answered Cedric.

"And some," said Wamba, "have been wise enough to reward themselves; they do not march off empty-handed altogether."

"They are welcome," said Locksley; "our laws bind none but ourselves."

"But, thou, my poor knave," said Cedric, turning about and embracing his Jester, "how shall I reward thee, who feared not to give thy body to chains and death instead of mine? All forsook me, when the poor fool was faithful!"

A tear stood in the eye of the rough thane as he spoke.

"Nay," said the Jester, freeing himself from his master's caress. "If you pay my service with the water of your eye, the Jester must weep for company, and then what becomes of his vocation?—But, uncle, if you would indeed pleasure me, I pray you to pardon my playfellow Gurth, who stole a week from your service to bestow it on your son."

"Pardon him!" exclaimed Cedric, "I will pardon and reward him. Kneel down, Gurth."—The swineherd was in an instant at his master's feet.—"THEOW and ESNE[2] art thou no longer," said Cedric, touching him with a wand; "FOLKFREE and SACLESS[3] art thou in town and from town, in the forest as in the field. A hide[4] of land I give to thee in my steads[5] of Walbrugham, from me and mine to thee and thine aye and forever; and God's curse on his head who this gainsays!"

No longer a serf but a freeman and a landholder, Gurth sprung upon his feet, and twice bounded aloft to almost his own height from the ground.

"A smith and a file," he cried, "to do away the collar from the neck of a freeman!—Noble master! doubled is my strength by your gift, and doubly will I fight for you!—There is a free spirit in my breast. I am a man changed to myself and all

[2] THEOW AND ESNE—Thrall and bondsman.
[3] FOLKFREE AND SACLESS—A lawful freeman.
[4] HIDE—About 100 acres.
[5] STEADS—Estates.

around. Ha, Fangs!" he continued,—for that faithful dog, seeing his master thus transported, began to jump upon him to express his sympathy,—"knowest thou thy master still?"

"Ay," said Wamba, "Fangs and I still know thee, Gurth, though we must needs abide by the collar; it is only thou art likely to forget both us and thyself."

"I shall forget myself indeed ere I forget thee, true comrade," said Gurth; "and were freedom fit for thee, Wamba, the master would not let thee want it."

"Nay," said Wamba, "never think I envy thee, brother Gurth; the serf sits by the hall fire when the freeman must forth to the field of battle."

Cedric, ere they departed, expressed his peculiar gratitude to the Black Knight, and earnestly entreated him to accompany him to Rotherwood.

"To Rotherwood will I come, brave Saxon, and that speedily," said the knight, "but, as now, pressing matters of moment detain me from your halls. Peradventure,[6] when I come hither, I will ask such a boon as will put even thy generosity to the test."

"It is granted ere spoken out," said Cedric, striking his ready hand into the gauntleted palm of the Black Knight—"it is granted already, were it to affect half my fortune."

"Gage not thy promise so lightly," said the Knight of the Fetterlock; "yet well I hope to gain the boon I shall ask. Meanwhile, adieu."

Rowena waved a graceful adieu to him of the Fetterlock, the Saxon bade God speed him, and on they moved through a wide glade of the forest.

"Valiant knight," said Locksley to the Black Knight, "without whose good heart and mighty arm our enterprise must altogether have failed, will it please you to take from that mass of spoil whatever may best serve to pleasure you, and to remind you of this my trysting tree?"

"I accept the offer," said the knight, "as frankly as it is given;

[6] PERADVENTURE—Perhaps.

and I ask permission to dispose of Sir Maurice de Bracy at my own pleasure."

"He is thine already," said Locksley, "and well for him! else the tyrant had graced the highest bough of this oak, with as many of his free companions as we could gather, hanging thick as acorns around him.—But he is thy prisoner, and he is safe, though he had slain my father."

"De Bracy," said the knight, "thou art free—depart. He whose prisoner thou art scorns to take mean revenge for what is past. But beware of the future, lest a worse thing befall thee.—Maurice de Bracy, I say BEWARE!"

De Bracy bowed low and in silence, and was about to withdraw, when the yeomen burst at once into a shout of cursing and derision. The proud knight instantly stopped, turned back, folded his arms, drew up his form to its full height, and exclaimed, "Peace, ye yelping curs! who open upon a cry which ye followed not when the stag was at bay—De Bracy scorns your censure as he would disdain your applause."

This ill-timed defiance might have procured for De Bracy a volley of arrows, but for the hasty and imperative interference of the outlaw chief. Meanwhile, the knight caught a horse by the rein, for several which had been taken in the stables of Front de Bœuf stood around, and were a valuable part of the booty. He threw himself upon the saddle, and galloped off through the wood.

When the bustle occasioned by this incident was somewhat composed, the chief outlaw took from his neck the rich horn and baldric which he had recently gained at the strife of archery near Ashby.

"Noble knight," he said to him of the Fetterlock, "if you disdain not to grace by your acceptance a bugle which an English yeoman has once worn, this I will pray you to keep as a memorial of your gallant bearing; and if ye have aught to do, and, as happeneth oft to a gallant knight, ye chance to be hard bested in any forest between Trent and Tees, wind three notes upon the horn thus, *Wa-sa-hoa!* and it may well chance ye shall find helpers and rescue."

He then gave breath to the bugle, and winded once and again the call which he described, until the knight had caught the notes.

"Gramercy for the gift, bold yeoman," said the knight; "and better help than thine and thy rangers' would I never seek, were it at my utmost need." And then in his turn he winded the call till all the greenwood rang.

"Well blown and clearly," said the yeoman; "beshrew me and thou knowest not as much of woodcraft as of war! Thou hast been a striker of deer in thy day, I warrant.—Comrades, mark these three notes—it is the call of the Knight of the Fetterlock; and he who hears it, and hastens not to serve him at his need, I will have him scourged out of our band with his own bowstring."

"Long live our leader!" shouted the yeoman, "and long live the Black Knight of the Fetterlock! May he soon use our service to prove how readily it will be paid."

Locksley now proceeded to the distribution of the spoil, which he performed with the most praiseworthy impartiality. A tenth part of the whole was set apart for the church and for pious uses; a portion was next allotted to a sort of public treasury; a part was assigned to the widows and children of those who had fallen, or to be expended in masses for the souls of such as had left no surviving family. The rest was divided amongst the outlaws, according to their rank and merit; and the judgment of the chief, on all such doubtful questions as occurred, was delivered with great shrewdness, and received with absolute submission. The Black Knight was not a little surprised to find that men in a state so lawless were nevertheless among themselves so regularly and fairly governed, and all that he observed added to his opinion of the justice and judgment of their leader.

When each had taken his own proportion of the booty, and while the treasurer, accompanied by four tall yeomen, was transporting that belonging to the state to some place of concealment or of security, the portion devoted to the church still remained unappropriated.

"I would," said the leader, "we could hear tidings of our

joyous chaplain—it is his duty to take care of these the tithes of our successful enterprise."

While he thus spoke, a loud shout among the yeomen announced the arrival of him for whom they feared, as they learned from the loud voice of the Friar himself, long before they saw his burly person.

"Make room, my merry men!" he exclaimed—"room for your godly father and his prisoner. Cry welcome once more.—I come, noble leader, like an eagle with my prey in my clutch." And making his way through the ring, amidst the laughter of all around, he appeared in majestic triumph, his huge staff in one hand, and in the other a halter, one end of which was fastened to the neck of the unfortunate Isaac of York, who, bent down by sorrow and terror, was dragged on by the victorious priest.

"In the name of St. Nicholas, whom hast thou got here?" said the captain, "let us hear where you found this prisoner of thine."

"By St. Dunstan!" said the Friar, "I found him where I sought for better ware! I did step into the cellarage to see what might be rescued there, and saw a strong door. In therefore I went, and found just naught besides a commodity of rusted chains and this dog of a Jew, who presently rendered himself my prisoner, rescue or no rescue, and was proceeding to lead forth my captive, when, crash after crash, down toppled the masonry of another tower and blocked up the passage."

"We can bear witness," said one of the outlaws, "for when we had cleared away the ruin, and by St. Dunstan's help lighted upon the dungeon stair, we found the Jew half dead, and the Friar clean exhausted."

"And now, Jew, I will remind thee but of one word of our conference," said the Friar, "thou didst promise to give all thy substance to our holy Order."

"So help me the promise, fair sirs," said Isaac, much alarmed, "as no such sounds ever crossed my lips! Alas! I am an aged beggar'd man—I fear me a childless—have ruth[7] on me, and let me go!"

[7] RUTH—Mercy.

"Nay," said the Friar, "if thou dost retract vows made in favor of holy church, thou must do penance."

Accordingly, he raised his halberd, and would have laid the staff of it lustily on the Jew's shoulders, had not the Black Knight stopped the blow, and thereby transferred the holy clerk's resentment to himself.

"By St. Thomas of Kent," said he, "I will teach thee, sir lazy lover, to meddle with thine own matters, in spite of thine iron case there!"

"Nay, be not wroth with me," said the knight; "thou knowest I am thy sworn friend and comrade."

"I know no such thing," answered the Friar; "and defy thee for a meddling coxcomb!"

"Nay, but," said the knight, who seemed to take a pleasure in provoking his former host, "hast thou forgotten how, that for my sake, thou didst break thy vow of fast and vigil?"

"Truly, friend," said the Friar clenching his huge fist, "I will bestow a buffet[8] on thee."

"I accept of no such presents," said the knight; "I am content to take thy cuff as a loan, but I will repay thee with usury."

The Friar bared his brawny arm up to the elbow, and putting his full strength to the blow, gave the knight a buffet that might have felled an ox. But his adversary stood firm as a rock. A loud shout was uttered by all the yeomen around; for the clerk's cuff was proverbial amongst them, and there were few who, in jest or earnest, had not had occasion to know its vigor. "Now, priest," said the knight, pulling off his gauntlet, "if I had vantage on my head, I will have none on my hand; stand fast as a true man."

"I have given my cheek to the smiter," said the priest; "an thou canst stir me from the spot, fellow, I will freely bestow on thee the Jew's ransom."

So spoke the burly priest, assuming, on his part, high defiance. But who may resist his fate? The buffet of the knight was given with such strength and good will that the Friar rolled

[8] Buffet—Blow, cuff.

head over heels upon the plain, to the great amazement of all the spectators. But he arose neither angry nor crestfallen.

"Brother," said he to the knight, "thou shouldst have used thy strength with more discretion. I had mumbled but a lame[9] mass and thou hadst broken my jaw. Nevertheless, there is my hand, in friendly witness that I will exchange no more cuffs with thee, having been a loser by the barter. End now all unkindness."

"Peace all!" said the captain. "And thou, Jew, think of thy ransom.—Think of an offer, while I examine a prisoner of another cast."

"Were many of Front de Bœuf's men taken?" demanded the Black Knight.

"None of note enough to be put to ransom," answered the captain. "The prisoner I speak of is better booty—a jolly monk. Here cometh the worthy prelate, as pert as a magpie." And between two yeomen was brought before the silvan throne of the outlaw chief our old friend, Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx.

[9] Lame—Poor.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE PRIOR AND THE JEW NAME EACH OTHER'S RANSOMS

The captive Prior's features and manners exhibited a mixture of offended pride, and deranged foppery, and bodily terror.

"Why, how now, my masters?" said he, with a voice in which all three emotions were blended. "What order is this among ye? Be ye Turks or Christians, that handle a churchman? Here I am threatened with bodily punishment—nay, with death itself, if I pay not down a goodly ransom!—You do but jest with me!"

"And I am as grave as a father confessor," replied the outlaw, "you must pay a round ransom, Sir Prior, or your convent is likely to be called to a new election; for your place will know you no more."

"Are ye Christians," said the Prior, "and hold this language to a churchman?—At a word, what ransom am I to pay?"

"Were it not well," said the lieutenant of the gang apart to the captain, "that the Prior should name the Jew's ransom and Jew name the Prior's?"

"Thou art a mad knave," said the captain, "but thy plan carries!—Here, Jew, step forth—Look at that holy Father Aymer, Prior of the rich Abbey of Jorvaulx, and tell us at what ransom we should hold him?—Thou knowest the income of his convent, I warrant thee."

"Oh, assuredly,," said Isaac. "I have trafficked[1] with the good fathers, and bought wheat and barley, and fruits of the earth, and also much wool. Oh, it is a rich Abbey! Ah, if an outcast like me had such a home to go to, and such incomings by the year and by the month, I would pay much gold and silver to redeem my captivity. Six hundred crowns the good Prior might well pay to your honored valors, and never sit less soft in his stall."

"Six hundred crowns," said the leader, gravely; "I am contented—thou hast well spoken, Isaac—six hundred crowns. It is a sentence, Sir Prior."

"Ye are mad, my masters," said the Prior; "where am I to find such a sum? If I sell the very candlesticks on the altar at Jorvaulx, I shall scarce raise the half; and it will be necessary for that purpose that I go to Jorvaulx myself."

"That will be but blind trust," said the outlaw; "we will retain thee, Prior, and send thy two priests to fetch thy ransom."

"Or, if so please you," said Isaac, willing to find favor with the outlaws, "I can send to York for the six hundred crowns, out of certain monies in my hands, if so be that the most reverend Prior will grant me a repayment."

"He shall grant thee whatever thou dost ask, Isaac," said the captain; "and thou shalt lay down the redemption money for Prior Aymer as well as for thyself."

"For myself! ah, courageous sirs," said the Jew, "I am a broken

[1] TRAFFICKED—Traded.

and impoverished man; a beggar's staff must be my portion through life, supposing I were to pay you fifty crowns."

"The Prior shall judge of that matter," replied the captain.—"How say you, Father Aymer? Can the Jew afford a good ransom?"

"*Can* he afford a ransom?" answered the Prior. "Is he not Isaac of York, rich enough to redeem the captivity of the ten tribes of Israel? Report says that his house at York is so full of gold and silver as is a shame in any Christian land. I tell you openly that ye will wrong yourselves if you take from him a penny under a thousand crowns."

"The God of my fathers help me!" said the Jew; "will ye bear to the ground an impoverished creature? I am this day childless, and will ye deprive me of the means of livelihood?"

"Thou wilt have the less to provide for, Jew, if thou art childless," said Aymer.

"Alas! my lord," said Isaac, "your law permits you not to know how the child of our bosom is entwined with the strings of our heart. O Rebecca! daughter of my beloved Rachel! were each leaf on that tree a zecchin, and each zecchin mine own, all that mass of wealth would I give to know whether thou art alive, and escaped the hands of the Nazarene!"

"Was not thy daughter dark-haired?" said one of the outlaws; "and wore she not a veil of twisted silk broidered with silver?"

"She did!—she did!" said the old man, trembling with eagerness, as formerly with fear. "The blessing of Jacob be upon thee! Canst thou tell me aught of her safety?"

"It was she, then," said the yeoman, "who was carried off by the proud Templar, when he broke through our ranks on yestereven. I had drawn my bow to send a shaft after him, but spared him even for the sake of the damsel, who I feared might take harm from the arrow."

"Oh!" answered the Jew, "I would to God thou hadst shot, though the arrow had pierced her bosom! Rebecca! Rebecca! The glory hath departed from my house!"

"Friends," said the chief, looking round, "the old man is but a Jew, nevertheless his grief touches me. We will not reckon with thee too closely, Isaac. Without treasure thou mayst as well hope to redeem thy child from the clutches of Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert as to shoot a stag royal with headless shaft.—We will take thee at the same ransom with Prior Aymer, or rather at one hundred crowns lower, and thou wilt then have enough remaining to treat for thy daughter's ransom. Templars love the glitter of silver shekels as well as the sparkle of black eyes.—Hasten to make thy crowns chink in the ear of De Bois Guilbert, ere worse comes of it. Thou wilt find him, as our scouts have brought notice, at the next Preceptory house of his Order.—Said I well, my merry mates?"

The yeomen expressed their wonted agreement in the opinion their leader who led Isaac aside, saying, "Advise thee well, Isaac, what thou wilt do in this matter; my counsel to thee is to make a friend of this churchman, who has much influence with Bois Guilbert. He is vain, Isaac, and he is covetous. Thou canst easily gratify his greed; for think not that I am blinded by thy pretexts of poverty.—But fear nothing from me," he continued, "for we are of old acquainted. Dost thou not remember the sick yeoman whom thy fair daughter Rebecca redeemed from the shackles at York, and kept him in thy house till his health was restored, when thou didst dismiss him recovered, and with a piece of money? Usurer as thou art, thou didst never place coin at better interest than that poor silver mark."

"And thou art he whom we called Diccon Bend-the-Bow," said Isaac; "I thought ever I knew the accent of thy voice."

"I am Bend-the-Bow," said the captain, "and Locksley, and have a good name besides all these.—But I am grieved for thy daughter, yet I may not help it. The Templar's lances are too strong for my archery in the open field—they would scatter us like dust. Had I but known it was Rebecca when she was borne off, something might have been done; but now thou must needs proceed by policy. Come, shall I treat for thee with the Prior?"

"In God's name, Diccon, an thou canst, aid me to recover the child of my bosom!"

"Do not thou interrupt me with thy greed," said the outlaw, "and I will deal with him in thy behalf."

He then turned from the Jew, who followed him, however, as closely as his shadow.

"Prior Aymer," said the captain, "come apart with me under this tree. Here is Isaac willing to give thee the means of pleasure and pastime in a bag containing one hundred marks of silver, if thy intercession with thine ally the Templar shall avail to procure the freedom of his daughter."

"And what pledge am I to have for all this?" said the Prior.

"When Isaac returns successful through your mediation," said the outlaw, "I swear by St. Hubert, I will see that he pays thee the money in good silver, or I will reckon with him for it in such sort, he had better have paid twenty such sums."

"Well then, Jew," said Aymer, "since I must needs meddle in this matter, let me have the use of thy writing tablets." He then sat down, and at great leisure wrote an epistle to Brian de Bois Guilbert, and having carefully sealed up the tablets, delivered them to the Jew, saying: "This will be thy safe conduct to the Preceptory of Templestowe, and, as I think, is most likely to accomplish the delivery of thy daughter, if it be well backed with proffers of advantage and substance at thine own hand."

"Well, Prior," said the outlaw, "I will detain thee no longer here than to give the Jew a repayment for the six hundred crowns at which thy ransom is fixed—I accept of him for my paymaster."

With much worse grace than that wherewith he had penned the letter to Bois Guilbert, the Prior wrote an acquittance, discharging Isaac of York of six hundred crowns, advanced to him in his need for payment of his ransom, and faithfully promising to hold true count with him for that sum.

It remained, then, that the Jew should produce some security for the ransom which he was to pay on the Prior's account, as well as upon his own. He gave, accordingly, an order sealed with his signet, to a brother of his tribe at York, requiring him to pay

to the bearer the necessary sum, and he then set forth on his journey, accompanied by two tall foresters, who were to be his guides, and at the same time his guards, through the wood.

The Black Knight, who had seen with no small interest these various proceedings, now took his leave of the outlaw in turn; nor could he avoid expressing his surprise at having witnessed so much of civil policy amongst persons cast out from all the ordinary protection and influence of the laws.

"Good fruit, Sir Knight," said the yeoman, "will sometimes grow on a sorry tree; and evil times are not always productive of evil alone and unmixed. Amongst those who are drawn into this lawless state, there are, doubtless, numbers who wish to exercise its license with some moderation, and some who regret, it may be, that they are obliged to follow such a trade at all."

"And to one of those," said the knight, "I am now, I presume, speaking?"

"Sir Knight," said the outlaw, "we have each our secret. You are welcome to form your judgment of me, and I may use my conjectures touching you, though neither of our shafts may hit the mark they are shot at. But as I do not pray to be admitted into your mystery, be not offended that I preserve my own."

"I crave pardon, brave outlaw," said the knight, "your reproof is just. But it may be we shall meet hereafter with less of concealment on either side.—Meanwhile we part friends, do we not?"

"There is my hand upon it," said Locksley; "and I will call it the hand of a true Englishman, though an outlaw for the present."

"And there is mine in return," said the knight, "and I hold it honored by being clasped with yours. For he that does good, having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves praise not only for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears. Fare thee well, gallant outlaw!"

Thus parted that fair fellowship; and he of the Fetterlock, mounting upon his strong warhorse, rode off through the forest.

CHAPTER XXXIII

PRINCE JOHN PLOTS FOR RICHARD'S DEATH

THERE was brave feasting in the Castle of York, to which Prince John had invited those nobles, prelates, and leaders by whose assistance he hoped to carry through his ambitious projects upon his brother's throne. Waldemar Fitzurse, his able and politic agent, was at secret work among them, tempering all to that pitch of courage which was necessary in making an open declaration of their purpose. But their enterprise was delayed by the absence of more than one main limb of the confederacy. The stubborn and daring, though brutal, courage of Front de Bœuf; the buoyant spirits and bold bearing of De Bracy; the sagacity, martial experience, and renowned valor of Brian de Bois Guilbert, were important to the success of their conspiracy; and, while cursing in secret their unnecessary and unmeaning absence, neither John nor his adviser dared to proceed without them. Isaac the Jew also seemed to have vanished, and with him the hope of certain sums of money, making up the subsidy for which Prince John had contracted with that Israelite and his brethren. This deficiency was likely to prove perilous in an emergency so critical.

It was on the morning after the fall of Torquilstone, that a confused report began to spread abroad in the city of York that De Bracy and Bois Guilbert, with their confederate Front de Bœuf, had been taken or slain. Waldemar brought the rumor to Prince John, announcing that he feared its truth the more that they had set out with a small attendance, for the purpose of committing an assault on the Saxon Cedric and his attendants.

"What is to be done?" said the Prince, stopping short before Waldemar.

"I know nothing which can be done," answered his

counselor, "save that which I have already taken order for."

"Thou art ever my better angel, Waldemar," said the Prince. "What hast thou commanded?"

"I have ordered Louis Winkelbrand, De Bracy's lieutenant, to cause his trumpet sound to horse, and to display his banner, and to set presently forth towards the castle of Front de Bœuf, to do what yet may be done for the help of our friends."

Prince John's face flushed with the pride of a spoiled child, who has undergone what it conceives to be an insult.

"Much hast thou taken upon thee, Fitzurse," said the Prince, "—But whom have we here?—De Bracy himself, by the rood! —and in strange guise doth he come before us."

It was indeed De Bracy, "bloody with spurring, fiery red with speed." His armor bore all the marks of the late obstinate fray, being broken, defaced, and stained with blood in many places, and covered with clay and dust from the crest to the spur. Undoing his helmet, he placed it on the table, and stood a moment as if to collect himself before he told his news.

"De Bracy," said Prince John, "what means this?—Speak, I charge thee!—Are the Saxons in rebellion?"

"Speak, De Bracy," said Fitzurse, almost in the same moment with his master, "thou wert wont to be a man.—Where is the Templar?—where Front de Bœuf?"

"The Templar is fled," said De Bracy; "Front de Bœuf you will never see more. He has found a red grave among the blazing rafters of his own castle, and I alone am escaped to tell you."

"Cold[1] news," said Waldemar, "to us, though you speak of fire and flames."

"The worst news is not yet said," answered De Bracy; and, coming up to Prince John, he uttered in a low and emphatic tone: "Richard is in England—I have seen and spoken with him."

Prince John turned pale, tottered, and caught at the back of an oaken bench to support himself, much like to a man who receives an arrow in his bosom.

[1] Cold—Bad.

"Thou ravest, De Bracy," said Fitzurse, "it cannot be."

"It is as true as truth itself," said De Bracy; "I was his prisoner, and spoke with him."

"And thou wert his prisoner?" said Waldemar; "he is then at the head of a power?"

"No; only a few outlawed yeomen were around him, and to these his person is unknown. I heard him say he was about to depart from them. He joined them only to assist at the storming of Torquilstone."

"Ay," said Fitzurse, "such is indeed the fashion of Richard—a true knight-errant [2] he, and will wander in wild adventure, trusting the prowess of his single arm, while the weighty affairs of his kingdom slumber, and his own safety is endangered.—What dost thou propose to do, De Bracy?"

"I? I offered Richard the service of my Free Lances, and he refused them. I will lead them to Hull, seize on shipping, and embark for Flanders; thanks to the bustling times, a man of action will always find employment. And thou, Waldemar, wilt thou take lance and shield, and lay down thy policies, and wend along with me, and share the fate which God sends us?"

"Not so," answered Fitzurse; "I will take refuge in this church of St. Peter—the Archbishop is my sworn brother."

During this discourse, Prince John had gradually awakened from the stupor into which he had been thrown by the unexpected intelligence, and had been attentive to the conversation which passed betwixt his followers. "They fall off from me," he said to himself; "they hold no more by me than a withered leaf by the bough when a breeze blows it!" He at length broke in on their conversation, saying, "Ha, ha, ha! my good lords, I held ye wise men, bold men, ready-witted men, loving things which are costly to come by; yet ye throw down wealth, honor, pleasure, all that our noble game promised you, at the moment it might be won by one bold cast!"

[2] KNIGHT-ERRANT—A knight in quest of adventure.

"I understand you not," said De Bracy. "As soon as Richard's return is blown abroad, he will be at the head of an army, and all is then over with us. I would counsel you, my lord, either to fly to France or take the protection of the Queen Mother."[3]

"I seek no safety for myself," said Prince John, haughtily; "that I could secure by a word spoken to my brother. But although you, De Bracy, and you, Waldemar Fitzurse, are so ready to abandon me, I should not greatly delight to see your heads blackening on Clifford's Gate yonder. Thinkest thou, Waldemar, that the wily Archbishop will not suffer thee to be taken from the very horns of the altar, would it make his peace with King Richard? And forgettest thou, De Bracy, that Robert Estoteville[4] lies betwixt thee and Hull with all his forces, and that the Earl of Essex is gathering his followers? Trust me, Estoteville alone has strength enough to drive all thy Free Lances into the Humber."[5] Waldemar Fitzurse and De Bracy looked in each other's faces with blank dismay. "There is but one road to safety," continued the Prince, and his brow grew black as midnight. "This object of our terror journeys alone—he must be met withal."

"Not by me," said De Bracy hastily; "I was his prisoner, and he took me to mercy. I will not harm a feather in his crest."

"Who spoke of harming him?" said Prince John, with a hardened laugh; "the knave will say next that I meant he should slay him! No—a prison were better; and whether in Britain or Austria, what matters it?"

"Prison or tomb," said De Bracy, "I wash my hands of the whole matter. I tell you that he gave me my life. True, he sent me from his presence, and refused my homage—so far I owe him neither favor nor allegiance—but I will not lift hand against him."

"Come hither, Waldemar," said Prince John. "An unhappy

[3] Queen Mother—Eleanor, the widow of Henry II.
[4] Robert Estoteville—A friend of King Richard.
[5] Humber—An estuary at the mouth of the Trent River.

prince am I. My father, King Henry, had faithful servants, but although Reginald Fitzurse hath left a son, he hath fallen off from his father's fidelity and courage."

"He has fallen off from neither," said Waldemar Fitzurse; "and since it may not better be, I will take on me the conduct of this perilous enterprise.—Adieu, my Prince, till better times." Thus speaking, he left the apartment.

"He goes to make my brother prisoner," said Prince John to De Bracy. "I trust he will observe our orders, and use our dear Richard's person with all due respect."

De Bracy only answered by a smile and left the presence of the Prince. He had no sooner left the apartment than Prince John summoned his scout master who arrived after a brief delay, during which John traversed the apartment with unequal and disordered steps.

"Bardon," said he, "what did Waldemar desire of thee?"

"Two resolute men, well acquainted with these northern wilds, and skillful in tracking the tread of man and horse."

"'Tis well," said the Prince. "Goes Waldemar forth with them?"

"Instantly," said Bardon.

"With what attendance?" asked John, carelessly.

"Broad Thoresby goes with him, and Wetheral, whom they call, for his cruelty, Stephen Steel-Heart; and three northern men-at-arms that belonged to Ralph Middleton's gang; they are called the Spears of Spying-how."

"'Tis well," said Prince John; then added, after a moment's pause: "Bardon, it imports our service that thou keep a strict watch on Maurice de Bracy, so that he shall not observe it, however. And let us know of his motions from time to time, with whom he converses, what he proposeth. Fail not in this, as thou wilt be answerable."

Hugh Bardon bowed and retired.

CHAPTER XXXIV

ISAAC SEEKS REBECCA'S RELEASE

Our tale now returns to Isaac of York. Mounted upon a mule, with two tall yeomen to act as his guard and guides, the Jew had set out for the Preceptory of Templestowe, for the purpose of bargaining for his daughter's redemption. The Preceptory was but a day's journey from the demolished castle of Torquilstone, and the Jew had hoped to reach it before nightfall; accordingly, having dismissed his guides at the verge of the forest, and rewarded them with a piece of silver, he began to press on with such speed as his weariness permitted him to exert, and about an hour's riding brought him before the Preceptory of Templestowe.

This establishment of the Templars was seated amidst fair meadows and pastures. It was strong and well fortified, a point never neglected by these knights, and which the disordered state of England rendered peculiarly necessary. Two halberdiers,[1] clad in black, guarded the drawbridge, and others, in the same sad livery, glided to and fro upon the walls resembling specters more than soldiers. A knight was now and then seen to cross the court in his long white cloak, his head depressed on his breast, and his arms folded. They passed each other, if they chanced to meet, with a slow, solemn and mute greeting. In a word, the stern, ascetic rigor of the Temple discipline, which had been so long exchanged for prodigal and licentious indulgence seemed at once to have revived at Templestowe under the severe eye of Lucas Beaumanoir, chief of the Order who was now at Templestowe, having arrived unexpectedly to correct and to punish those who had departed from their vows.

Isaac paused at the gate, to consider how he might seek entrance in the manner most likely to bespeak favor.

[1] Halberdiers—Guards, armed with halberds.

Meantime, Lucas Beaumanoir walked in a small garden belonging to the Preceptory, included within the precincts of its exterior fortification, and held sad and confidential communication with a brother of his Order, who had come in his company from Palestine.

The Grand Master was a man advanced in age, as was testified by his long gray beard, and the shaggy gray eyebrows, overhanging eyes of which, however, years had been unable to quench the fire. His stature was tall, and his gait, undepressed by age and toil, was erect and stately. His white mantle was shaped with severe regularity, according to the rule of St. Bernard himself, exactly fitted to the size of the wearer, and bearing on the left shoulder the octangular cross peculiar to the Order, formed of red cloth. No ermine decked this garment; but in respect of his age, the Grand Master, as permitted by the rules, wore his doublet lined and trimmed with the softest lambskin, dressed with the wool outwards, which was the nearest approach he could regularly make to the use of fur, then the greatest luxury of dress. In his hand he bore that singular abacus, or staff of office, with which Templars are usually represented, having at the upper end a round plate, on which was engraved the cross of the Order, inscribed within a circle.

A squire, clothed in a threadbare vestment entered the garden, and, bowing profoundly before the Grand Master, stood silent, awaiting his permission ere he presumed to tell his errand.

"What is thine errand?" said the Grand Master.

"A Jew stands without the gate, noble and reverend father," said the squire, "who prays to speak with brother Brian de Bois Guilbert."

"Thou wert right to give me knowledge of it," said the Grand Master. "It imports us especially to know of this Bois Guilbert's proceedings," said he, turning to his companion.

"Report speaks him brave and valiant," said Conrade.

"And truly is he so spoken of," said the Grand Master; "in our valor only we are not degenerated from our predecessors, the

heroes of the Cross. But brother Brian came into our Order a moody and disappointed man, stirred, I doubt me, to take our vows and to renounce the world, not in sincerity of soul, but as one whom some touch of light discontent had driven into penitence.—Lead the Jew to our presence," he said to the squire.

The squire departed with a profound reverence, and in a few minutes returned, marshaling in Isaac of York. No naked slave, ushered into the presence of some mighty prince, could approach his judgment seat with more profound reverence and terror than that with which the Jew drew near to the presence of the Grand Master. When he had approached within the distance of three yards, Beaumanoir made a sign with his staff that he should come no further. The Jew kneeled down on the earth, which he kissed in token of reverence; then rising, stood before the Templars, his hands folded on his bosom, his head bowed on his breast, in all the submission of oriental slavery.

"Jew," said the haughty old man, "mark me. It suits not our condition to hold with thee long communication, nor do we waste words nor time upon anyone. Wherefore be brief in thy answers to what questions I shall ask thee, and let thy words be of truth. What is thy business with our brother Brian de Bois Guilbert?"

Isaac gasped with terror and uncertainty. "I am bearer of a letter," he stammered, "so please your reverend valor, to that good knight, from Prior Aymer of the Abbey of Jorvaulx." And he undid the folds of his cap, in which he had desposited the Prior's tablets for the greater security, and handed the paper to his grim questioner.

The Grand Master read the letter in haste, with an expression of surprise and horror; read it over again more slowly; then holding it out to Conrade with one hand, and slightly striking it with the other, exclaimed: "Here is goodly stuff for one Christian man to write to another!"

Mont Fitchet took the letter from his superior, and was about to read it. "Read it aloud, Conrade," said the Grand Master;

and do thou (to Isaac) attend to the purport of it, for we will question thee concerning it."

Conrade read the letter, which was in these words:

"Aymer, by divine grace, Prior of the Cistercian house of St. Mary's of Jorvaulx, to Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, a Knight of the Holy Order of the Temple, wisheth health, with the bounties of King Bacchus and my Lady Venus. Touching our present condition, dear Brother, we are captive in the hands of certain lawless and godless men, who have not feared to detain our person and put us to ransom; whereby we have also learned of Front de Bœuf's misfortune, and that thou hast escaped with that fair Jewish sorceress whose black eyes have bewitched thee. We are heartily rejoiced of thy safety; nevertheless, we pray thee to be on thy guard in the matter of this second Witch of Endor;[2] for we are privately assured that your Great Master, who careth not a bean for cherry cheeks and black eyes, comes from Normandy to diminish your mirth and amend your misdoings. Wherefore we pray you heartily to beware, and to be found watching, even as the Holy Text hath it, *Invenientur vigilantes*.[3] And the wealthy Jew her father, Isaac of York, having prayed of me letters in his behalf I gave him these, earnestly advising, and in a sort entreating, that you do hold the damsel to ransom, seeing he will pay you from his bags as much as may find fifty damsels upon safer terms, whereof I trust to have my part when we make merry together, as true brothers, not forgetting the wine cup.

"Till which merry meeting, we wish you farewell. Given from this den of thieves, about the hour of matins,

"AYMER, PR. S. M. JORVOLCIENCIS.

"*Postscriptum*.—Truly your golden chain[4] hath not long abidden with me and will now sustain, around the neck of an outlaw deer stealer, the whistle wherewith he calleth on his hounds."

"What sayest thou to this, Conrade?" said the Grand Master. "Den of thieves! and a fit residence is a den of thieves for such a Prior. No wonder that the hand of God is upon us, and that in the Holy Land we lose place by place, foot by foot, before the

[2] WITCH OF ENDOR—A female soothsayer in the Bible.

[3] INVENIENTUR VIGILANTES—Let them be found watching.

[4] YOUR GOLDEN CHAIN—This chain was the pledge which the Templar placed in the keeping of the Prior at Rotherwood when the Palmer gave his reliquary as security that Ivanhoe would some day meet the Templar in combat. Refer to Chapter V.

infidels, when we have such churchmen as this Aymer."

Then turning to Isaac, he said, "Thy daughter, then, is prisoner with Brian de Bois Guilbert?"

"Ay, reverend valorous sir," stammered poor Isaac, "and whatsoever ransom a poor man may pay for her deliverance—"

"Peace!" said the Grand Master. "This thy daughter hath practiced the art of healing, hath she not?"

"Ay, gracious sir," answered the Jew, with more confidence; "and knight and yeoman, squire and vassal, may bless the goodly gift which Heaven hath assigned to her. Many a one can testify that she hath recovered them by her art, when every other human aid hath proved vain; but the blessing of the God of Jacob was upon her."

"Thy daughter worketh the cures, I doubt not," continued Beaumanoir, "by words and signs, and charms, and other mystic signs."

"Nay, reverend and brave knight," answered Isaac, "but in chief measure by a balsam of marvelous virtue."

"Where had she that secret?" said Beaumanoir.

"It was delivered to her," answered Isaac, reluctantly, "by Miriam, a sage matron of our tribe."

"Ah, false Jew!" said the Grand Master; "was it not from that same witch Miriam, the abomination of whose enchantments have been heard of throughout every Christian land?" exclaimed the Grand Master, crossing himself. "Her body was burnt at a stake, and her ashes were scattered to the four winds; and so be it with me and mine Order, if I do not as much to her pupil, and more also! I will teach her to throw spell over the soldiers of the blessed Temple!—There, squire, spurn this Jew from the gate; strike him dead if he oppose or turn again. With his daughter we will deal as the Christian law and our own high office warrant."

Poor Isaac was hurried off accordingly, and expelled from the Preceptory, all his entreaties, and even his offers, unheard and disregarded. He had hitherto feared for his daughter's honor; he was now to tremble for her life. Meanwhile, the Grand Master ordered to his presence the Preceptor of Templestowe.

CHAPTER XXXV

REBECCA'S FATE IS DETERMINED

Albert Malvoisin, President, or, in the language of the Order, Preceptor of the establishment of Templestowe, was brother to that Philip Malvoisin who has been already occasionally mentioned in this history, and was, like that baron, in close league with Brian de Bois Guilbert.

When Albert appeared before the Grand Master he was regarded with unwonted sternness.

"There is in this mansion, dedicated to the purposes of the Holy Order of the Temple," said the Grand Master, in a severe tone, "a Jewish woman, brought hither by a brother of religion, by your consent, Sir Preceptor."

Albert Malvoisin was overwhelmed with confusion; for the unfortunate Rebecca had been confined in a remote and secret part of the building, and every precaution used to prevent her residence there from being known. He read in the looks of Beaumanoir ruin to Bois Guilbert and to himself, unless he should be able to avert the impending storm.

"How comes it, I demand of thee," said the Grand Master, "that thou hast suffered a brother to bring a Jewish sorceress into this holy place, to the stain and pollution thereof."

"A Jewish sorceress!" echoed Albert Malvoisin, "good angels guard us!"

"Ay, brother, a Jewish sorceress," said the Grand Master, sternly. "I have said it. Darest thou deny that this Rebecca, the daughter of that wretched usurer Isaac of York, and the pupil of the foul witch Miriam, is now—shame to be thought or spoken!—lodged within this thy Preceptory?"

"Your wisdom, reverend father," answered the Preceptor, "hath rolled away the darkness from my understanding. Much did I wonder that so good a knight as Brian de Bois Guilbert seemed so fondly set on the charms of this female. But since

your reverend wisdom hath discovered this Jewess to be a sorceress, perchance it may account fully for his folly."

"It doth!—it doth!" said Beaumanoir, "and this foul witch, who hath flung her enchantments over a brother of the Holy Temple, assuredly she shall die the death."

"But the laws of England—" said the Preceptor.

"The laws of England," interrupted Beaumanoir, "permit and enjoin each judge to execute justice within his own jurisdiction. The most petty baron may arrest, try, and condemn a witch found within his own domain. And shall that power be denied to the Grand Master of the Temple within the Preceptory of his Order? No! we will judge and condemn. The witch shall be taken out of the land, and the wickedness thereof shall be forgiven. Prepare the Castle hall for the trial of the sorceress."

Albert Malvoisin bowed and retired, not to give directions for preparing the hall, but to seek out Brian de Bois Guilbert, and communicate to him how matters were likely to end, and it was not long ere he found him.

"Are these your precautions, Malvoisin?" said Bois Guilbert, reproachfully. "Hast thou suffered Beaumanoir to learn that Rebecca is in the Preceptory?"

"How could I help it?" said the Preceptor. "I neglected nothing that could keep secret your mystery, but it is betrayed. But I have turned the matter as I could; you are safe if you renounce Rebecca. You are pitied—the victim of magical delusion. She is a sorceress, and must suffer as such."

"She shall not, by Heaven!" said Bois Guilbert.

"By Heaven, she must and will!" said Malvoisin. "Neither you nor anyone else can save her. Lucas Beaumanoir hath settled that the death of a Jewess will be a sin offering sufficient to atone for all the indulgences of the Knights Templars."

"I have it," said Bois Guilbert. "Albert, thou art my friend. Thou must aid her to escape, and I will transport her to some place of greater security and secrecy."

"I tell thee thou canst not save Rebecca," said the Preceptor. "I tell thee thou canst but perish with her. Go hie thee to

the Grand Master; throw thyself at his feet and tell him that you love this captive Jewess to distraction; and the more thou dost enlarge on thy passion, the greater will be his haste to end it by the death of the fair enchantress.—For the present we part, nor must we be seen to hold close conversation; I must order the hall for his judgment seat."

"What!" said Bois Guilbert, "so soon?"

"Ay," replied the Preceptor, "trial moves rapidly on when the judge has determined the sentence beforehand."

"Rebecca," said Bois Guilbert, when he was left alone, "thou art like to cost me dear. One effort will I make to save thee; but beware of ingratitude! for, if I am again repulsed, my vengeance shall equal my love. The life and honor of Bois Guilbert must not be hazarded, where contempt and reproaches are his only reward."

The ponderous castle bell had tolled the point of noon, when Rebecca heard a trampling of feet upon the private stair which led to her place of confinement. The noise announced the arrival of several persons, and the circumstance rather gave her joy; for she was more afraid of the solitary visits of the fierce and passionate Bois Guilbert than of any evil that could befall her besides. The door of the chamber was unlocked, and Conrade and the Preceptor Malvoisin entered, attended by four warders clothed in black, and bearing halberds.

"Daughter of an accursed race!" said the Preceptor, "arise and follow us."

"Whither," said Rebecca, "and for what purpose?"

"Damsel," answered Conrade, "it is not for thee to question, but to obey. Nevertheless, be it known to thee that thou art to be brought before the tribunal of the Grand Master of our Holy Order, there to answer for thine offenses."

"May the God of Abraham be praised!" said Rebecca, folding her hands devoutly; "the name of a judge, though an enemy to my people, is to me as the name of a protector. Most willingly do I follow thee; permit me only to wrap my veil around my head."

They descended the stair with slow and solemn step, traversed a long gallery, and, by a pair of folding doors placed at the end, entered the great hall in which the Grand Master had for the time established his court of justice.

The lower part of this ample apartment was filled with squires and yeomen, who made way, not without some difficulty, for Rebecca, attended by the Preceptor, and followed by the guard of halberdiers, to move forward to the seat appointed for her. As she passed through the crowd, her arms folded and her head bent, a scrap of paper was thrust into her hand, which she received almost unconsciously, and continued to hold without examining its contents. The assurance that she possessed some friend in this awful assembly gave her courage to look around, and to mark into whose presence she had been conducted.

CHAPTER XXXVI

REBECCA FACES TRIAL

The tribunal erected for the trial of the innocent and unhappy Rebecca occupied the dais or elevated part of the upper end of the great hall, destined to be occupied by the most distinguished inhabitants or guests of an ancient mansion.

On an elevated seat, directly before the accused, sat the Grand Master of the Temple, in full and ample robes of flowing white, holding in his hand the mystic staff which bore the symbol of the Order. At his feet was placed a table, occupied by two scribes, chaplains of the Order, whose duty it was to reduce to formal record the proceedings of the day. The black dresses, bare scalps, and demure looks of these churchmen formed a strong contrast to the warlike appearance of the knights who attended, either as residing in the Preceptory or as come thither to attend upon their Grand Master. The Preceptors of whom there were four present, occupied seats lower in height and

somewhat drawn back behind that of their superior; and the knights who enjoyed no such rank in the Order were placed on benches still lower, and preserving the same distance from the Preceptors as these from the Grand Master. Behind them, but still upon the dais or elevated portion of the hall, stood the esquires of the Order, in white dresses of an inferior quality.

A psalm, which the Grand Master accompanied with a deep mellow voice, which age had not deprived of its powers, commenced the proceedings of the day. The deep prolonged notes, raised by a hundred masculine voices accustomed to combine in the choral chant, arose to the vaulted roof of the hall, and rolled on amongst its arches with the pleasing yet solemn sound of the rushing of mighty waters.

When the sounds ceased, the Grand Master glanced his eye slowly around the circle, and observed that the seat of one of the Preceptors was vacant. Brian de Bois Guilbert, by whom it had been occupied, had left his place, and was now standing near the extreme corner of one of the benches occupied by the Knights Companions of the Temple, one hand extending his long mantle, so as in some degree to hide his face; while the other held his cross-handled sword, with the point of which, sheathed as it was, he was slowly drawing lines upon the oaken floor.

The Grand Master raised his voice and addressed the assembly.

"Reverend and valiant men, Knights, Preceptors, and Companions of this Holy Order, my brethren and my children!—be it known to you, that it is not defect of power in us which hath occasioned the assembling of this congregation; for, however unworthy in our person, yet to us is committed, with this baton, full power to judge, and to try all that regards the weal of this our Holy Order. We have therefore summoned to our presence a Jewish woman, by name Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York—a woman infamous for witcheries; whereby she hath maddened the blood, and besotted the brain of a Preceptor of our Order, first in honor as in place. Our brother, Brian de Bois

Guilbert, is well known to ourselves, and to all degrees who now hear me, as a true and zealous champion of the Cross, by whose arm many deeds of valor have been wrought in the Holy Land, and the holy places purified from pollution by the blood of those infidels who defiled them. If we were told that such a man, so honored, and so honorable, suddenly casting away regard for his character, his vows, his brethren, and his prospects, had associated to himself a Jewish damsel, wandered in her company through solitary places, defended her person in preference to his own, and, finally, was so utterly blinded and besotted by his folly, as to bring her even to one of our own Preceptories, what should we say but that the noble knight was possessed by some evil demon, or influenced by some wicked spell?—If we could suppose it otherwise, think not rank, valor, high repute, or any earthly consideration, should prevent us from visiting him with punishment, that the evil thing might be removed."

He paused. A low murmur went through the assembly. Some of the younger part, who had been inclined to smile, became now grave enough, and anxiously waited what the Grand Master was next to propose.

"Such," he said, "and so great should indeed be the punishment of a Knight Templar who willfully offended against the rules of his Order in such weighty points. But if, by means of charms and of spells, Satan had obtained dominion over the knight, perchance because he cast his eyes too lightly upon a damsel's beauty, we are then rather to lament than chastise his backsliding, and turn the full edge of our indignation upon the accursed instrument, which had so well-nigh occasioned his utter falling away.—Stand forth, therefore, and bear witness, ye who have witnessed these unhappy doings, and judge whether our justice may be satisfied with the punishment of this infidel woman, or if we must go on, with a bleeding heart, to the further proceeding against our brother."

Several witnesses were called upon to prove the risks to which Bois Guilbert exposed himself in endeavoring to save Rebecca from the blazing castle, and his neglect of his personal defense

in attending to her safety. The men gave these details with the exaggerations common to vulgar minds which have been strongly excited by any remarkable event, and their natural disposition to the marvelous was greatly increased by the satisfaction which their evidence seemed to afford to the Grand Master.

The Preceptor of Templestowe was then called on to describe the manner in which Bois Guilbert and the Jewess arrived at the Preceptory. The evidence of Malvoisin was skillfully guarded. But while he apparently studied to spare the feelings of Bois Guilbert, he threw in, from time to time, such hints as seemed to infer that he labored under some temporary insanity of mind, so deeply did he appear to be charmed with the damsel whom he brought along with him.

"Were it not well, brethren," said the Grand Master, "that we examine something into the former life and conversation of this woman, specially that we may discover whether she be one likely to use magical charms and spells?"

There was a bustle in the lower part of the hall, and when the Grand Master inquired the reason, it was replied, there was in the crowd a bedridden man, whom the prisoner had restored to the perfect use of his limbs, by a miraculous balsam.

The poor peasant, a Saxon by birth, was dragged forward to the bar, terrified at the penal consequences which he might have incurred by the guilt of having been cured of the palsy by a Jewish damsel. Perfectly cured he certainly was not, for he supported himself forward on crutches to give evidence. Most unwilling was his testimony, and given with many tears; but he admitted that two years since, when residing at York, he was suddenly afflicted with a sore disease, while laboring for Isaac the rich Jew, in his vocation of a joiner; that he had been unable to stir from his bed until the remedies applied by Rebecca's directions, and especially a warming and spicy-smelling balsam, had in some degree restored him to the use of his limbs. Moreover, he said, she had given him a pot of that precious ointment, and furnished him with a piece of money withal, to return to the house of his father, near to Templestowe. "And may it please

your gracious Reverence," said the man, "I cannot think the damsel meant harm by me, though she hath the ill hap to be a Jewess; for even when I used her remedy, I said the Pater[1] and the Creed, and it never operated a whit less kindly."

"Peace, slave," said the Grand Master. "Hast thou that balsam of which thou speakest?"

The peasant, fumbling in his bosom with a trembling hand, produced a small box, bearing some Hebrew characters on the lid, which was, with most of the audience, a sure proof that the devil had stood chemist. Beaumanoir, after crossing himself, took the box into his hand, and, learned in most of the Eastern tongues, read with ease the motto on the lid: "The Lion of the Tribe of Judah hath conquered."

Two mediciners, as they call themselves, the one a monk, the other a barber, appeared, and said they knew nothing of the materials, excepting that they savored of myrrh and camphire, which they took to be oriental herbs. But with the true professional hatred to a successful practitioner of their art, they hinted that, since the medicine was beyond their own knowledge, it must necessarily have been compounded from an unlawful and magical laboratory.

Higg, the peasant, now withdrew into the crowd, but, interested in the fate of his benefactress, lingered until he should learn her doom.

At this period of the trial, the Grand Master commanded Rebecca to unveil herself. Opening her lips for the first time, she replied patiently, but with dignity, that it was not the wont of the daughters of her people to uncover their faces when alone in an assembly of strangers. The sweet tones of her voice, and the softness of her reply, impressed on the audience a sentiment of pity and sympathy. But Beaumanoir repeated his commands that his victim should be unveiled. The guards were about to remove her veil accordingly, when she stood up before the Grand Master, and said, "I will obey you."

[1] Pater—Our Father, the Lord's Prayer.

She withdrew her veil, and looked on them with a countenance in which bashfulness contended with dignity. Her exceeding beauty excited a murmur of surprise, and the younger knights told each other with their eyes, in silent correspondence, that Brian's best apology was in the power of her real charms, rather than of her imaginary witchcraft. But Higg, the son of Snell, felt most deeply the effect produced by the sight of the countenance of his benefactress. "Let me go forth," he said to the warders at the door of the hall—"let me go forth! To look at her again will kill me, for I have had a share in murdering her."

"Peace, poor man," said Rebecca, when she heard this exclamation—"thou hast done me no harm by speaking the truth. Peace, I pray thee—go home and save thyself."

Higg was about to be thrust out by the compassion of the warders, but he promised to be silent, and was permitted to remain.

There was other testimony, which the belief of the assembly, or of the greater part, greedily swallowed, however unbelievable. One of the soldiers had seen her work a cure upon a wounded man brought with them to the castle of Torquilstone. She did, he said, make certain signs upon the wound, and repeated certain mysterious words, which he blessed God he understood not, when the iron head of a square crossbow bolt disengaged itself from the wound, the bleeding was stanched, the wound was closed, and the dying man was, within the quarter of an hour, walking among the ramparts, and assisting the witness in managing a mangonel, or machine for hurling stones. This legend was probably founded upon the fact that Rebecca had attended on the wounded Ivanhoe when in the castle of Torquilstone. But it was the more difficult to dispute the accuracy of the witness, as, in order to produce real evidence in support of his verbal testimony, he drew from his purse the very bolthead which, according to his story, had been miraculously extracted from the wound; and as the iron weighed a full ounce, it completely confirmed the tale, however marvelous.

His comrade had been a witness from a neighboring battlement of the scene betwixt Rebecca and Bois Guilbert, when she

was upon the point of throwing herself from the top of the tower. Not to be behind his companion, this fellow stated that he had seen Rebecca perch herself upon the parapet of the turret, and there take the form of a milk-white swan, under which appearance she flitted three times round the castle of Torquilstone; then again settle on the turret, and once more assume the female form.

The Grand Master now in a solemn tone demanded of Rebecca what she had to say against the sentence of condemnation which he was about to pronounce.

"To invoke your pity," said the lovely Jewess, with a voice somewhat tremulous with emotion, "would, I am aware, be as useless as I should hold it mean. To state, that to relieve the sick and wounded of another religion cannot be displeasing to the acknowledged Founder of both our faiths, were also unavailing; to plead, that many things which these men—whom may Heaven pardon!—have spoken against me are impossible, would avail me but little, since you believe in their possibility; and still less would it advantage me to explain that the peculiarities of my dress, language, and manners are those of my people—I had well-nigh said of my country, but, alas! we have no country. Nor will I even vindicate myself at the expense of my oppressor, who stands there listening to the fictions and surmises which seem to convert the tyrant into the victim.—God be judge between him and me! But he is of your own faith, and his lightest affirmance would weigh down the most solemn protestations of the distressed Jewess. I will not therefore return to himself the charge brought against me; but to himself—yes, Brian de Bois Guilbert, to thyself I appeal, whether these accusations are not false?"

There was a pause; all eyes turned to Brian de Bois Guilbert. He was silent.

"Speak," she said, "if thou art a man; if thou art a Christian, speak! I charge thee to say, are these things true?"

"Answer her, brother," said the Grand Master, "if the Enemy with whom thou dost wrestle will give thee power."

In fact, Bois Guilbert seemed agitated by contending passions, which almost convulsed his features, and it was with a constrained voice that at last he replied, looking to Rebecca: "The scroll!—the scroll!"

"Ay," said Beaumanoir, "this is indeed testimony! The victim of her witcheries can only name the fatal scroll, the spell inscribed on which is, doubtless, the cause of his silence."

But Rebecca put another interpretation on the words extorted as it were from Bois Guilbert, and glancing her eye upon the slip of parchment which she continued to hold in her hand, she read written thereupon in the Arabian character, *Demand a champion!* The murmuring commentary which ran through the assembly at the strange reply of Bois Guilbert gave Rebecca leisure to examine and instantly destroy the scroll unobserved. When the whisper had ceased, the Grand Master spoke.

"Rebecca, thou canst derive no benefit from the evidence of this unhappy knight, for whom, as we well perceive, the Enemy is yet too powerful. Hast thou aught else to say?"

"There is yet one chance of life left to me," said Rebecca, "even by your own fierce laws. Life has been miserable—miserable, at least, of late—but I will not cast away the gift of God while He affords me the means of defending it. I deny this charge—I maintain my innocence, and I declare the falsehood of this accusation—I challenge the privilege of trial by combat, and will appear by my champion."

"And who, Rebecca," replied the Grand Master, "will lay lance in rest for a sorceress? Who will be the champion of a Jewess?"

"God will raise me up a champion," said Rebecca. "It cannot be that in merry England—the hospitable, the generous, the free, where so many are ready to peril their lives for honor, there will not be found one to fight for justice. But it is enough that I challenge the trial by combat—there lies my gage."

She took her embroidered glove from her hand, and flung it down before the Grand Master with an air of mingled simplicity and dignity, which excited universal surprise and admiration.

CHAPTER XXXVII

REBECCA DEMANDS A CHAMPION

Even Lucas Beaumanoir himself was affected by the manner and appearance of Rebecca. He was not originally a cruel or even a severe man; but with passions by nature cold, and with a high, though mistaken, sense of duty, his heart had been gradually hardened by the ascetic life which he pursued and the supreme power which he enjoyed.

"Give me her glove," said Beaumanoir. "This is indeed," he continued, as he looked at the flimsy texture and slender fingers, "a slight and frail gage[1] for a purpose so deadly!—Seest thou, Rebecca, as this thin and light glove of thine is to one of our heavy steel gauntlets, so is thy cause to that of the Temple, for it is our Order which thou hast defied."

"Cast my innocence into the scale," answered Rebecca, "and the glove of silk will outweigh the glove of iron."

"Then thou dost persist in thy refusal to confess thy guilt, and in that bold challenge which thou hast made?"

"I do persist, noble sir," answered Rebecca.

"So be it then, in the name of Heaven," said the Grand Master; "and may God show the right!—To whom, reverend brethren, is it your opinion that we should deliver the gage of battle, naming him, at the same time, to be our champion on the field?"

"To Brian de Bois Guilbert, whom it chiefly concerns," said the Preceptor of Goodalricke, "and who, moreover, best knows how the truth stands in this matter."

"But if," said the Grand Master, "our brother Brian be under the influence of a charm or a spell!"

"Reverend father," answered the Preceptor of Goodalricke, "no spell can affect the champion who comes forward to fight for the judgment of God."

[1] Gage—Challenge.

"Thou sayest right, brother," said the Grand Master. "Albert Malvoisin, give this gage of battle to Brian de Bois Guilbert.—And do thou, Rebecca, attend, that we assign thee the third day from the present to find a champion."

"That is but brief space," answered Rebecca, "for a stranger who is also of another faith, to find one who will do battle, wagering life and honor for her cause, against a knight who is called an approved soldier."

"We may not extend it," answered the Grand Master; "the field must be fought in our presence, and many weighty causes call us on the fourth day from hence."

"God's will be done!" said Rebecca; "I put my trust in Him, to whom an instant is as effectual to save as a whole age."

Albert Malvoisin, still holding Rebecca's glove in his hand, was speaking to Bois Guilbert very earnestly, but in a low voice.

"How!" said the Grand Master, "will he not receive the gage?"

"He will—he doth, most reverend father," said Malvoisin, slipping the glove under his own mantle. "And for the place of combat, I hold the fittest to be the lists of St. George belonging to this Preceptory, and used by us for military exercise."

"It is well," said the Grand Master. "Rebecca, in those lists shalt thou produce thy champion; and if thou failest to do so, or if thy champion shall be overcome by the judgment of God, thou shalt then die the death of a sorceress, according to doom.—Let this our judgment be recorded, and the record read aloud that no one may pretend ignorance."

One of the chaplains who acted as clerks to the chapter immediately wrote the order in a huge volume, which contained the proceedings of the Templar Knights when solemnly assembled on such occasions; and when he had finished writing, the other read aloud the sentence of the Grand Master.

"Amen!" said the Grand Master; and the word was echoed by all around. Rebecca spoke not, but she looked up to Heaven, and, folding her hands, remained for a minute without change

of attitude. She then modestly reminded the Grand Master that she ought to be permitted some opportunity of free communication with her friends, for the purpose of making her condition known to them, and procuring, if possible, some champion to fight in her behalf.

"It is just and lawful," said the Grand Master; "choose what messenger thou shalt trust, and he shall have free communciation with thee in thy prison chamber."

"Is there," said Rebecca, "anyone here who, either for love of a good cause or for ample hire, will do the errand of a distressed being?"

All were silent; for none thought it safe, in the presence of the Grand Master, to avow any interest in the prisoner, lest he should be suspected of leaning toward Judaism. Not even the prospect of reward, far less any feelings of compassion alone, could surmount this apprehension.

Higg, the son of Snell, at length replied, "I am but a maimed man, but that I can at all stir or move was owing to her charitable assistance. I will do thine errand," he added, addressing Rebecca, "as well as a crippled object can, and happy were my limbs fleet enough to repair the mischief done by my tongue. Alas! when I boasted of thy charity, I little thought I was leading thee into danger!"

"God," said Rebecca, "is the disposer of all. To execute His message the snail is as sure a messenger as the falcon. Seek out Isaac of York—here is that will pay for horse and man—let him have this scroll. I know not if it be of Heaven the spirit which inspires me, but most truly do I judge that I am not to die this death, and that a champion will be raised up for me. Farewell! Life and death are in thy haste."

The peasant took the scroll, which contained only a few lines in Hebrew. Many of the crowd would have dissuaded him from touching a document so suspicious; but Higg was resolute in the service of his benefactress. She had saved his body, he said, and he was confident she did not mean to peril his soul.

"I will get me," he said, "my neighbor Buthan's good horse,

and I will be at York within as brief a space as man and beast may."

But, as it fortuned, he had no occasion to go so far, for within a quarter of a mile from the gate of the Preceptory he met with two riders whom, by their dress and their huge yellow caps, he knew to be Jews; and, on approaching more nearly, discovered that one of them was his ancient employer, Isaac of York. The other was a neighboring Rabbi, eminent in the medical profession, to whom Isaac was well known; and both had approached as near to the Preceptory as they dared, on hearing that the Grand Master had summoned a chapter for the trial of a sorceress.

"What poor wretch comes hither upon his crutches, desiring, as I think, some speech of me?" said the physician, addressing Higg.—"How now, brother?" he said to Isaac, who had but glanced at the scroll which Higg offered, when, uttering a deep groan, he fell from his mule like a dying man, and lay for a minute insensible.

The Rabbi now dismounted in great alarm, and hastily applied the remedies which his art suggested. Isaac suddenly revived; but it was to dash his cap from his head, and to throw dust on his gray hairs. "Child of my love!—child of my old age!—oh, Rebecca, daughter of Rachel! the darkness of the shadow of death hath encompassed thee."

"Yet read the scroll," said the Rabbi; "peradventure it may be that we may yet find out a way of deliverance."

"Do thou read, brother," answered Isaac, "for mine eyes are as a fountain of water."

The physician read, but in their native language, the following words:

"To Isaac, the son of Adonikam, whom the Gentiles call Isaac of York, peace and the blessing of the promise be multiplied unto thee!—My father, I am as one doomed to die for that which my soul knoweth not, even for the crime of witchcraft.—My father, if a strong man can be found to do battle for my cause with sword and spear, according to the custom of the Nazarenes, and that within the lists of Templestowe,

on the third day from this time, peradventure our father's God will give him strength to defend the innocent, and her who hath none to help her. Wherefore look now what thou doest, and whether there be any rescue. One Nazarene warrior might indeed bear arms in my behalf, even Wilfred, son of Cedric, whom the Gentiles call Ivanhoe. But he may not yet endure the weight of his armor. Nevertheless, send the tidings unto him, my father; for he hath favor among the strong men of his people, and as he was our companion in the house of bondage, he may find some one to do battle for my sake."

Isaac listened with tolerable composure while Ben Samuel read the letter, and then again resumed the gestures and exclamations of oriental sorrow, tearing his garments, besprinkling his head with dust, and ejaculating, "My daughter! my daughter! flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone!"

"Yet," said the Rabbi, "take courage, for this grief availeth nothing. Seek out this Wilfred, the son of Cedric. It may be he will help thee with counsel or with strength; for the youth hath favor in the eyes of Richard, called of the Nazarenes Cœur de Lion, and the tidings that he hath returned are constant in the land."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE TEMPLAR OFFERS REBECCA A MEANS OF ESCAPE

It was in the twilight of the day when her trial, if it could be called such, had taken place, that a low knock was heard at the door of Rebecca's prison chamber. "Enter," she said, "if thou art a friend; and if a foe, I have not the means of refusing thy entrance."

"I am," said Brian de Bois Guilbert, entering the apartment, "friend or foe, Rebecca, as the event of this interview shall make me."

Alarmed at the sight of this man, whose passion she considered as the root of her misfortunes, Rebecca drew backward into the farthest corner of the apartment.

"You have no reason to fear me, Rebecca," said the Templar; "or, if I must so qualify my speech, you have at least *now* no reason to fear me."

"I fear you not, Sir Knight," replied Rebecca, "my trust is strong, and I fear thee not."

"You have no cause," answered Bois Guilbert, gravely. "Within your call are guards over whom I have no authority. They are designed to conduct you to death, Rebecca, yet would not suffer you to be insulted by anyone, even by me, were my frenzy to urge me so far."

"May Heaven be praised!" said the Jewess; "death is the least of my fears in this den of evil.—What is thy purpose, then, Sir Knight? Speak it briefly."

"That scroll which warned thee to demand a champion, Rebecca," said the Templar, "from whom couldst thou think it came, if not from Bois Guilbert? In whom else couldst thou have excited such interest?"

"And what now avails this flattery?" answered Rebecca. "Thou hast made thy choice between causing to be shed the blood of an innocent woman, or of endangering thine own earthly state and earthly hopes.—What avails it to reckon together? Thy choice is made."

"No, Rebecca," said the knight, in a softer tone, and drawing nearer towards her, "my choice is NOT made; nay, mark, it is thine to make the choice. If I appear in the lists, I must maintain my name in arms; and if I do so, championed or unchampioned, thou diest by the stake and faggot, for there lives not the knight who hath coped with me in arms on equal issue or on terms of vantage, save Richard Cœur de Lion and his minion of Ivanhoe. Ivanhoe, as thou well knowest, is unable to bear his corselet, and Richard is in a foreign prison. If I appear, then thou diest, even although thy charms should cause some hot-headed youth to enter the lists in thy defense."

"And what avails repeating this so often?" said Rebecca.

"Much," replied the Templar; "for thou must learn to look at thy fate on every side."

"Well, then, turn the tapestry," said the Jewess, "and let me see the other side."

"If I appear," said Bois Guilbert, "in the fatal lists, thou diest by a slow and cruel death, in pain such as they say is destined to the guilty hereafter. But if I appear not, then am I a degraded and dishonored knight, accused of witchcraft and of communion with infidels. I lose fame—I lose honor—I lose the prospect of such greatness as scarce emperors attain to; I sacrifice mighty ambition—and yet, Rebecca," he added, throwing himself at her feet, "this greatness will I sacrifice—this fame will I renounce—this power will I forego, even now when it is half within my grasp, if thou wilt say, 'Bois Guilbert, I receive thee for my lover.'"

"Think not of such foolishness, Sir Knight," answered Rebecca, "but hasten to the Regent,[1] the Queen Mother, and to Prince John; they cannot, in honor to the English crown, allow of the proceedings of your Grand Master. So shall you give me protection without sacrifice on your part, or the excuse of requiring any repayment from me. Go to the throne of England; Richard will listen to my appeal from these cruel men."

"Never, Rebecca!" said the proud Templar, springing up. "If I renounce my Order, for thee alone will I renounce it. Stoop my crest to Richard? Never!—I may forsake the Order; I never will degrade or betray it."

"Now God be gracious to me," said Rebecca, "for the help of man is well-nigh hopeless!"

"It is indeed," said the Templar; "for, proud as thou art, thou hast in me found thy match.—We part then thus?" he continued, after a short pause; "would to Heaven we had never met, or that thou hadst been noble in birth and Christian in faith! Nay, by Heaven! when I gaze on thee, and think when and how we are next to meet, I could even wish myself one of thine own degraded nation!" And he left the apartment.

[1] The Regent—The Bishop to whom the kingdom had been intrusted in Richard's absence.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE BLACK KNIGHT SETS FORTH ON HIS JOURNEY

When the Black Knight—for it becomes necessary to resume the train of his adventures—left the trysting tree of the generous outlaw, he held his way straight to a neighboring religious house of small extent and revenue, called the Priory of St. Botolph, to which the wounded Ivanhoe had been removed when the castle was taken, under the guidance of the faithful Gurth and Wamba. It is unnecessary at present to mention what took place in the interim betwixt Wilfred and his deliverer; suffice it to say that, after long and grave communication, messengers were dispatched by the Prior in several directions, and that on the succeeding morning the Black Knight was about to set forth on his journey, accompanied by the jester, Wamba, who attended as his guide.

"We will meet," he said to Ivanhoe, "at Coningsburgh, the castle of the deceased Athelstane, since there thy father Cedric holds the funeral feast for his noble relation. I would see your Saxon kindred together, Sir Wilfred, and become better acquainted with them than heretofore. Thou also wilt meet me; and it shall be my task to reconcile thee to thy father."

So saying, he took an affectionate farewell of Ivanhoe, who expressed an anxious desire to attend upon his deliverer. But the Black Knight would not listen to the proposal.

"Rest this day; thou wilt have scarce strength enough to travel on the next. I will have no guide with me but honest Wamba, who can play priest or fool as I shall be most in the humor."

"And I," said Wamba, "will attend you with all my heart. I would fain see the feasting at the funeral of Athelstane; for, if it be not full and frequent he will rise from the dead to rebuke cook, sewer, and cupbearer; and that were a sight worth seeing."

"Sir Knight of the Fetterlock, since it is your pleasure so to

be distinguished," said Ivanhoe, "I fear me you have chosen a talkative and a troublesome fool to be your guide. But he knows every path and alley in the woods as well as e'er a hunter who frequents them; and the poor knave, as thou hast partly seen, is as faithful as steel."

"Nay," said the knight, "an he have the gift of showing my road, I shall not grumble with him that he desires to make it pleasant. Fare thee well, kind Wilfred—I charge thee not to attempt to travel to-morrow at earliest."

So saying he extended his hand to Ivanhoe, who pressed it to his lips, took leave of the Prior, mounted his horse, and departed, with Wamba for his companion. Ivanhoe followed them with his eyes until they were lost in the shades of the surrounding forest, and then returned into the convent.

But shortly after matin song he requested to see the Prior. The old man came in haste, and inquired anxiously after the state of his health.

"It is better," he said, "than my fondest hope could have anticipated; either my wound has been slighter than the effusion of blood led me to suppose, or this balsam hath wrought a wonderful cure upon it. I feel already as if I could bear my corselet; and so much the better, for thoughts pass in my mind which render me unwilling to remain here longer in inactivity."

"And what can have urged you to so sudden a departure?" said the Prior.

"Have you never, holy father," answered the knight, "felt a fear of approaching evil, for which you in vain attempted to assign a cause?"

"I may not deny," said the Prior, crossing himself, "that such things have been of Heaven. But thou, wounded as thou art, what avails it thou shouldst follow the steps of him whom thou couldst not aid, were he to be assaulted?"

"Prior," said Ivanhoe, "thou dost mistake—I am stout enough to exchange buffets with any who will challenge me to such a traffic.—But were it otherwise, may I not aid him, were he in danger, by other means than by force of arms? It is but too well known that the Saxons love not the Norman race, and who

knows what may be the result if he break in upon them when their hearts are irritated by the death of Athelstane, and their heads heated by the carousal in which they will indulge themselves? I hold his entrance among them at such a moment most perilous, and I am resolved to share or avert the danger; which, that I may the better do, I would crave of thee the use of some palfrey whose pace may be softer than that of my horse."

"Surely," said the worthy churchman; "you shall have mine own ambling jennet."

"I pray you, reverend father," said Ivanhoe, "let him be got ready instantly, and bid Gurth attend me with mine arms."

Ivanhoe descended the stairs more hastily and easily than his wound promised, and threw himself upon the jennet, eager to escape the Prior, who stuck as closely to his side as his age and fatness would permit. He lent but a deaf ear to the Prior's grave advices and commanding his squire (for such Gurth now called himself) to keep close by his side, he followed the track of the Black Knight into the forest.

CHAPTER XL

WAMBA AGAIN SAVES A LIFE

In the meantime, the Black Champion and his guide were pacing at their leisure through the recesses of the forest; the good knight whiles humming to himself the lay[1] of some love-lorn troubadour,[2] sometimes encouraging by questions the prating disposition of his attendant, so that their dialogue formed a whimsical mixture of song and jest.

"I would, Wamba," said the knight, "that our host of the trysting tree, or the jolly Friar, his chaplain, were here."

"So would not I," said Wamba, "but for the horn that hangs at your baldric."

[1] Lay—Song.
[2] Troubadour—A poet who sang his songs to his ladylove.

"Ay," said the knight, "this is a pledge of Locksley's good will, though I am not like to need it. Three notes on this bugle will, I am assured, bring round, at our need, a jolly band of yonder honest yeomen."

"I would say, Heaven forefend," said the Jester, "were it not that that fair gift is a pledge they would let us pass peaceably."

"Why, what meanest thou?" said the Knight; "thinkest thou that but for this pledge of fellowship they would assault us?"

"Nay, for me I say nothing," said Wamba; "for green trees have ears as well as stone walls. And yet," he continued, coming close up to the knight's side, "there be companions who are far more dangerous for travelers to meet than outlaws."

"And who may they be, for you have neither bears nor wolves, I trow?" said the knight.

"Marry, sir, but we have Malvoisin's men-at-arms," said Wamba; "and let me tell you that, in time of civil war, a half score of these is worth a band of wolves at any time. They are now expecting their harvest, and are reinforced with the soldiers that escaped from Torquilstone; so that, should we meet with a band of them, we are like to pay for our feats of arms.—Now, I pray you, Sir Knight, what would you do if we met two of them?"

"Pin the villains to the earth with my lance, Wamba, if they offered us any impediment."

"But what if there were four of them?"

"They should drink of the same cup," answered the knight.

"What if six," continued Wamba, "and we as we now are, barely two; would you not remember Locksley's horn?"

"What! sound for aid," exclaimed the knight, "against a score of such rascals as these, whom one good knight could drive before him, as the wind drives the withered leaves?"

"Nay, then," said Wamba, "I will pray you for a close sight of that same horn that hath so powerful a breath."

The knight undid the clasp of the baldric, and indulged his fellow traveler, who immediately hung the bugle round his own neck.

"Tra-lira-da," said he, whistling the notes; "nay, I know my scale as well as another."

"How mean you, knave?" said the knight; "restore me the bugle."

"Content you, Sir Knight, it is in safe keeping. When Valor and Folly travel, Folly should bear the horn, because she can blow the best.—And now that Folly wears the horn, let Valor rouse himself and shake his mane; for, if I mistake not, there are company in yonder brake [3] that are on the lookout for us."

"What makes thee judge so?" said the knight.

"Because I have twice or thrice noticed the glance of a helmet from amongst the green leaves. Had they been honest men, they had kept the path. But yonder thicket is a choice chapel for the clerks of St. Nicholas." [4]

"By my faith," said the knight, closing his visor, "I think thou be'st in the right on't."

And in good time did he close it, for three arrows flew at the same instant from the suspected spot against his head and breast, one of which would have penetrated to the brain, had it not been turned aside by the steel visor. The other two were averted by the collar and by the shield which hung around his neck.

"Thanks, trusty armorer," said the knight. "Wamba, let us close with them,"—and he rode straight to the thicket. He was met by six or seven men-at-arms, who ran against him with their lances at full career. Three of the weapons struck against him, and splintered with as little effect as if they had been driven against a tower of steel. The Black Knight's eyes seemed to flash fire even through the opening of his visor. He raised himself in his stirrups with an air of inexpressible dignity, and exclaimed, "What means this, my masters!"—The men made no other reply than by drawing their swords and attacking him on every side, crying, "Die, tyrant!"

"Ha! St. Edward! Ha! St. George!" said the Black Knight,

[3] Brake—Thicket.
[4] Clerks of St. Nicholas—Robbers.

striking down a man at every call; "have we traitors here?"

His opponents, desperate as they were, bore back from an arm which carried death in every blow, and it seemed as if the terror of his single strength was about to gain the battle against such odds, when a knight in blue armor, who had hitherto kept himself behind the other assailants, spurred forward with his lance and taking aim, not at the rider but at the steed, wounded the noble animal mortally.

"That was a felon[5] stroke!" exclaimed the Black Knight, as the steed fell to the earth, bearing his rider along with him.

And at this moment Wamba winded the bugle, for the whole had passed so speedily that he had not time to do so sooner. The sudden sound made the murderers bear back once more, and Wamba, though so imperfectly weaponed, did not hesitate to rush in and assist the Black Knight to rise.

"Shame on ye, false cowards!" exclaimed he in the blue harness, who seemed to lead the assailants, "do ye fly from the empty blast of a horn blown by a Jester?"

Animated by his words, they attacked the Black Knight anew, whose best refuge was now to place his back against an oak, and defend himself with his sword. The felon knight, who had taken another spear, watching the moment when his formidable antagonist was most closely pressed, galloped against him in hopes to nail him with his lance against the tree, when his purpose was again intercepted by Wamba. The Jester, making up by agility the want of strength, and little noticed by the men-at-arms, who were busied in their more important object, hovered on the skirts of the fight, and effectually checked the fatal career of the Blue Knight, by hamstringing[6] his horse with a stroke of his sword. Horse and man went to the ground; yet the situation of the Knight of the Fetterlock continued very precarious, as he was pressed close by several men completely

[5] FELON—Traitorous.

[6] HAMSTRINGING—The cutting of the large tendon above and behind the hock. The hock is the heel, which corresponds to a man's ankle.

armed, and began to be fatigued by the violent exertions necessary to defend himself on so many points at nearly the same moment, when a gray-goose shaft suddenly stretched on the earth one of the most formidable of his assailants, and a band of yeomen broke forth from the glade, headed by Locksley and the jovial Friar, who, taking ready and effectual part in the fray, soon disposed of the ruffians, all of whom lay on the spot dead or mortally wounded. The Black Knight thanked his deliverers with a dignity they had not observed in his former bearing, which hitherto had seemed rather that of a blunt, bold soldier than a person of exalted rank.

"It concerns me much," he said, "even before I express my full gratitude to my ready friends, to discover, if I may, who have been my unprovoked enemies.—Open the visor of that Blue Knight, Wamba, who seems the chief of these villains."

The Jester instantly made up to the leader of the assassins, who, bruised by his fall, and entangled under the wounded steed, lay incapable either of flight or resistance.

"Come, valiant sir," said Wamba, "I must be your armorer as well as your equerry.[1]—I have dismounted you, and now I will unhelm you."

So saying, with no very gentle hand he undid the helmet of the Blue Knight, which, rolling to a distance on the grass, displayed to the Knight of the Fetterlock grizzled locks, and a countenance he did not expect to have seen under such circumstances.

"Waldemar Fitzurse!" he said in astonishment; "what could urge one of thy rank and seeming worth to so foul an undertaking?"

"Richard," said the captive knight, looking up to him, "thou knowest little of mankind, if thou knowest not to what ambition can lead every child of Adam."

"Ambition!" replied the Black Knight. "A proper cause of enmity, and followed up to a bloody issue!—Stand back, my

[1] Equerry—Squire in charge of the horse.

They attacked the Black Knight anew, whose best refuge was to place his back against an oak, and defend himself with his sword.

masters, I would speak to him alone—And now, Waldemar Fitzurse, say me the truth; confess who set thee on this traitorous deed."

"Thy father's son," answered Waldemar, "who, in so doing, did but avenge on thee thy disobedience to thy father."

Richard's eyes sparkled with indignation, but his better nature overcame it. He pressed his hand against his brow, and remained an instant gazing on the face of the humbled baron, in whose features pride was contending with shame.

"Thou dost not ask thy life, Waldemar?" said the King.

"He that is in the lion's clutch," answered Fitzurse, "knows it were needless."

"Take it, then, unasked," said Richard; "the lion preys not on prostrate carcasses.—Take thy life, but with this condition, that in three days thou shalt leave England, and go to hide thine infamy in thy Norman castle, and that thou wilt never mention the name of John of Anjou as connected with thy felony. If thou art found on English soil after the space I have allotted thee, thou diest—or if thou breathest aught that can attaint the honor of my house, by St. George! not the altar itself shall be sanctuary. I will hang thee out to feed the ravens from the very pinnacle of thine own castle. Let this knight have a steed, Locksley, for I see your yeomen have caught those which were running loose, and let him depart unharmed."

"But that I judge I listen to a voice whose behests must not be disputed," answered the yeoman, "I would send a shaft after the skulking villain that should spare him the labor of a long journey."

"Thou bearest an English heart, Locksley," said the Black Knight, "and well dost judge thou art the more bound to obey my behest—I am Richard of England!"

At these words, pronounced in a tone of majesty suited to the high rank, and no less distinguished character, of Cœur de Lion, the yeomen at once kneeled down before him, and all the same time tendered their allegiance, and implored pardon for their offenses.

"Rise, my friends," said Richard, in a gracious tone, looking on them with a countenance in which his habitual good humor had already conquered the blaze of hasty resentment, and whose features retained no mark of the late desperate conflict, excepting the flush arising from exertion—"arise," he said, "my friends! Your misdemeanors, whether in forest or field, have been atoned by the loyal services you rendered my distressed subjects before the walls of Torquilstone, and the rescue you have this day afforded to your sovereign. Arise, my liegemen, and be good subjects in future.—And thou, brave Locksley—"

"Call me no longer Locksley, my Liege, but know me under the name which, I fear, fame hath blown too widely not to have reached even your royal ears—I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest."

"King of outlaws, and Prince of good fellows!" said the King, "who hath not heard a name that has been borne as far as Palestine? But be assured, brave outlaw, that no deed done in our absence, and in the turbulent times to which it hath given rise, shall be remembered to thy disadvantage."

"True says the proverb," said Wamba, interposing his word,

"'When the cat is away,
The mice will play.'"

"What, Wamba, art thou there?" said Richard; "I have been so long of hearing thy voice, I thought thou hadst taken flight."

"I take flight!" said Wamba; "when do you ever find Folly separated from Valor? If I fought not at sword's point, you will grant me that I sounded the onset."

"And to good purpose, honest Wamba," replied the King. "Thy good service shall not be forgotten."

"Confiteor! confiteor!"[8] exclaimed, in a submissive tone, a voice near the King's side; "my Latin will carry me no farther, but I confess my deadly treason, and pray leave to have absolution before I am led to execution."

Richard looked around, and beheld the jovial Friar on his knees, telling his rosary, while his quarterstaff, which had not

[8] CONFITEOR—I confess.

been idle during the skirmish, lay on the grass beside him. A ludicrous meaning lurked in his huge features, and seemed to pronounce his fear and repentance alike hypocritical.

"For what art thou cast down, mad priest?" said Richard; "art thou afraid thy diocesan[9] should learn how truly thou dost serve Our Lady and St. Dunstan? Tush, man! fear it not; Richard of England betrays no secrets that pass over the flagon."

"Nay, most gracious sovereign," answered the hermit (well known in the histories of Robin Hood by the name of Friar Tuck), "it is not the crosier[10] I fear, but the scepter. Alas! that my sacrilegious fist should ever have been applied to the ear of the Lord's anointed!"

"Ha! ha!" said Richard, "sits the wind there?—In truth, I had forgotten the buffet, though mine ear sung after it for a whole day. But if the cuff was fairly given, I will be judged by the good men around if it was not as well repaid—or, if thou thinkest I still owe thee aught, and will stand forth for another counter-buff—"

"By no means," replied Friar Tuck, "I had mine own returned, and with interest—may your Majesty ever pay your debts as fully!" and bowing profoundly, he fell into the rear.

At the same time, two additional personages appeared on the scene.

[9] Diocesan—Bishop.
[10] Crosier—A bishop's staff.

CHAPTER XLI

ROBIN HOOD ENTERTAINS HIS KING

The newcomers were Wilfred of Ivanhoe, on the Prior of Botolph's palfrey, and Gurth, who attended him, on the knight's own war horse. The astonishment of Ivanhoe was beyond bounds when he saw his master besprinkled with blood, and six or seven dead bodies lying around in the little glade in which

the battle had taken place. Nor was he less surprised to see Richard surrounded by so many silvan attendants, the outlaws, as they seemed to be, of the forest, and a perilous following therefore for a prince. He hesitated whether to address the King as the Black Knight-errant, or in what other manner to demean himself towards him. Richard saw his embarrassment.

"Fear not, Wilfred," he said, "to address Richard Plantagenet[1] as himself, since thou seest him in the company of true English hearts."

"Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe," said the gallant outlaw, stepping forward; "my assurances can add nothing to those of our sovereign; yet, let me say somewhat proudly, that of men who have suffered much, he hath no truer subjects than those who now stand around him."

"I cannot doubt it, brave man," said Wilfred, "since thou art of the number. But what mean these marks of death and danger—these slain men, and the bloody armor of my Prince?"

"Treason hath been with us, Ivanhoe," said the King; "but, thanks to these brave men, treason hath met its meed.[2] But, now I bethink me, thou too art a traitor," said Richard, smiling—"a most disobedient traitor; for were not our orders positive that thou shouldst repose thyself at St. Botolph's until thy wound was healed?"

"It is healed," said Ivanhoe—"it is not of more consequence than the scratch of a bodkin.[3] But why—oh why, noble prince, will you thus vex the hearts of your faithful servants, and expose your life by lonely journeys and rash adventures, as if it were of no more value than that of a mere knight-errant, who has no interest but what lance and sword may procure him?"

"Ho! ho!" answered Richard, impatiently; "I tell thee, Sir Wilfred, the time I have spent, and am yet to spend, in concealment is necessary to give my friends and faithful nobles time

[1] PLANTAGENET—The name of the royal family.
[2] MEED—Reward.
[3] BODKIN—Needle, or pin.

to assemble their forces, that, when Richard's return is announced, he should be at the head of such a force as enemies shall tremble to face, and thus subdue the meditated treason, without even unsheathing a sword."

Wilfred bowed in submission, well knowing how vain it was to contend with the wild spirit of chivalry which so often impelled his master upon dangers which he might easily have avoided, or, rather, which it was unpardonable in him to have sought out. The young knight sighed, therefore, and held his peace, while Richard rejoiced at having silenced his counselor, though his heart acknowledged the justice of the charge he had brought against him, went on in conversation with Robin Hood. "King of outlaws," he said, "have you no refreshment to offer to your brother sovereign?"

The outlaw led the way and beneath a huge oak tree a silvan repast was hastily prepared for the King of England, surrounded by men outlaws to his government, but who now formed his court and his guard. As the flagon went round, the rough foresters soon lost their awe for the presence of Majesty. The song and the jest were exchanged, the stories of former deeds were told with advantage; and at length, and while boasting of their successful infraction of the laws, no one recollected they were speaking in presence of their natural guardian. The merry King, nothing heeding his dignity any more than his company, laughed, quaffed, and jested among the jolly band. But the natural and rough sense of Robin Hood led him to be desirous that the scene should be closed ere anything should occur to disturb its harmony, the more especially that he observed Ivanhoe's brow clouded with anxiety.—"Here Scathlock," he said, "get thee behind yonder thicket, and wind me a Norman blast on thy bugle and without an instant's delay, on peril of your life."

Scathlock obeyed his captain, and in less than five minutes the revelers were startled by the sound of his horn.

"It is the bugle of Malvoisin," said the Miller, starting to his feet, and seizing his bow. The Friar dropped the flagon, and grasped his quarterstaff. Wamba stopped short in the midst

of a jest, and betook himself to sword and target. All the others stood to their weapons.

Men of their precarious course of life change readily from the banquet to the battle. To Richard the exchange seemed but a succession of pleasure, and he called for his helmet and the most cumbrous parts of his armor which he had laid aside.

In the meantime, Robin Hood had sent off several of his followers in different directions, as if to reconnoiter the enemy; and when he saw the company effectually broken up, he approached Richard, who was now completely armed, and, kneeling down on one knee, craved pardon of his sovereign.

"For what, good yeoman?" said Richard, somewhat impatiently. "Have we not already granted thee a full pardon for all transgressions?"

"Ay, but the bugle you have heard was not of Malvoisin's, but blown by my direction, to break off the banquet, lest it intruded upon hours of dearer importance than to be thus dallied with."

He then rose from his knee, folded his arms on his bosom, and, in a manner rather respectful than submissive, awaited the answer of the King. The blood rushed in anger to the countenance of Richard; but it was the first transient emotion, and his sense of justice instantly subdued it.

"The King of Sherwood," he said, "grudges his venison and his wine-flask to the King of England! It is well, bold Robin! but when you come to see me in merry London, I trust to be a less niggard[4] host. Thou art right, however, good fellow. Let us therefore to horse and away. Wilfred has been impatient this hour.—Let us on to Coningsburgh, and think no more on't."

Robin Hood assured them that he had detached a party in the direction of the road they were to pass, who would not fail to discover and apprise them of any secret ambuscade. The outlaw's opinion proved true; and the King, attended by Ivanhoe, Gurth, and Wamba, arrived without any interruption within

[4] NIGGARD—Stingy.

view of the castle of Coningsburgh, while the sun was yet in the horizon.

A huge black banner, which floated from the top of the tower, announced that the obsequies [5] of the late owner were still in the act of being solemnized. All around the castle was a scene of busy commotion; for such funeral banquets were times of general and profuse hospitality, which not only everyone who could claim the most distant connection with the deceased, but all passengers whatsoever were invited to partake. The wealth and consequence of the deceased Athelstane occasioned this custom to be observed in the fullest extent.

Numerous parties, therefore, were seen ascending and descending the hill on which the castle was situated; and when the King and his attendants entered the open and unguarded gates of the external barrier, the space within presented a scene not easily reconciled with the cause of the assemblage. In one place cooks were toiling to roast huge oxen and fat sheep; in another, hogsheads of ale were set abroach,[6] to be drained at the freedom of all comers. Groups of every description were to be seen devouring the food and swallowing the liquor thus abandoned to their discretion. Jesters and jugglers were not wanting, nor was the occasion of the assembly supposed to render the exercise of their profession indecorous or improper. Indeed, the ideas of the Saxons on these occasions were as natural as they were rude. If sorrow was thirsty, there was drink—if hungry, there was food—if it sunk down upon and saddened the heart, here were the means supplied of mirth, or at least of amusement.

Such was the scene in the castle yard at Coningsburgh when it was entered by Richard and his followers. The steward deigned not to take notice of the groups of inferior guests who were perpetually entering and withdrawing, unless so far as was necessary to preserve order; nevertheless, he was struck by the good mien [7] of the Monarch and Ivanhoe, more specially as he

[5] Obsequies—Funeral rites.
[6] Set abroach—Placed in position for draining.
[7] Mien—Appearance.

imagined the features of the latter were familiar to him. Besides, the approach of two knights, for such their dress bespoke them, was a rare event at a Saxon solemnity, and could not but be regarded as a sort of honor to the deceased and his family. And in his sable dress, and holding in his hand his white wand of office, this important personage made way through the miscellaneous assemblage of guests, thus conducting Richard and Ivanhoe to the entrance of the tower. Gurth and Wamba speedily found acquaintances in the courtyard, nor presumed to intrude themselves any further until their presence should be required.

CHAPTER XLII

THE "GHOST" OF ATHELSTANE APPEARS

The mode of entering the great tower of Coningsburgh Castle is very peculiar, and partakes of the rude simplicity of the early times in which it was erected. A flight of steps, so deep and narrow as to be almost precipitous, leads up to a low portal in the south side of the tower. The access to the upper apartments in the tower, which consist in all of four stories, is given by stairs which are carried up through the external buttresses.

By this difficult entrance, the good King Richard, followed by his faithful Ivanhoe, was ushered into the round apartment which occupies the whole of the third story from the ground. Wilfred, by the difficulties of the ascent, gained time to muffle his face in his mantle, as it had been held wise that he should not present himself to his father until the King should give him the signal.

There was assembled in this apartment, around a large oaken table, about a dozen of the most distinguished representatives of the Saxon families in the adjacent counties. These were all old, or at least elderly, men, and their downcast and sorrowful looks, their silence and their mournful posture, formed a strong

contrast to the levity of the revelers on the outside of the castle.

Cedric, seated in equal rank among his countrymen, seemed yet, by common consent, to act as chief of the assembly. Upon the entrance of Richard (only known to him as the valorous Knight of the Fetterlock) he arose gravely, and gave him welcome by the ordinary salutation, *Waes hael,* raising at the same time a goblet to his head. The King, no stranger to the customs of his English subjects, returned the greeting with the appropriate words, *Drinc hael,* and partook of a cup which was handed to him. The same courtesy was offered to Ivanhoe, who pledged his father in silence, supplying the usual speech by an inclination of his head, lest his voice should have been recognized.

When this introductory ceremony was performed, Cedric arose, and, extending his hand to Richard, conducted him into a small and very rude chapel, which was excavated, as it were, out of one of the external buttresses. As there was no opening, saving a very narrow loophole, the place would have been nearly quite dark but for two torches, which showed, by a red and smoky light, the arched roof and naked walls, the rude altar of stone, and the crucifix of the same material.

Before this altar was placed a bier, and on each side of this bier kneeled three priests, who told their beads, and muttered their prayers, with the greatest signs of external devotion. For this service a splendid *soul-scat* [1] was paid to the convent of St. Edmund's by the mother of the deceased; and, that it might be fully deserved, the whole brethren had transferred themselves to Coningsburgh, where, while six of their number were constantly on guard in the performance of divine rites by the bier of Athelstane, the others failed not to take their share of the refreshments and amusements which went on at the castle. If, in truth, these attentions could be of any use to the deceased, he had some right to expect them at the hands of the brethren of St. Edmund's since, besides a hundred mancuses [2] of gold paid down as the soul-ransom, the mother of Athelstane had an-

[1] SOUL-SCAT—Funeral payment, soul-ransom.
[2] MANCUSES—Saxon money, worth about 60¢.

nounced her intention of endowing that foundation with the better part of the lands of the deceased in order to maintain perpetual prayers for his soul and that of her departed husband.

Richard and Wilfred followed the Saxon Cedric into the apartment of death, where, as their guide pointed with solemn air to the untimely bier of Athelstane, they followed his example in devoutly crossing themselves, and muttering a brief prayer for the weal of the departed soul.

This act of pious charity performed, Cedric again motioned them to follow him, gliding over the stone floor with a noiseless tread; and, after ascending a few steps, opened with great caution the door of a small oratory,[3] which adjoined to the chapel. It was about eight feet square, hollowed, like the chapel itself, out of the thickness of the wall; and the loophole which enlightened it being to the west, and widening considerably as it sloped inward, a beam of the setting sun found its way into its dark recess, and showed a female of a dignified mien, and whose countenance retained the marked remains of majestic beauty. Her long mourning robes, and her flowing wimple of black cypress,[4] enhanced the whiteness of her skin, and the beauty of her light-colored and flowing tresses, which time had neither thinned nor mingled with silver. Her countenance expressed the deepest sorrow that is consistent with resignation. On the stone table before her stood a crucifix of ivory, beside which was laid a prayer book, having its pages richly illuminated, and its boards adorned with clasps of gold and bosses[5] of the same precious metal.

"Noble Edith," said Cedric, after having stood a moment silent, as if to give Richard and Wilfred time to look upon the lady of the mansion, "these are worthy strangers come to take a part in thy sorrows. And this, in especial, is the valiant knight who fought so bravely for the deliverance of him for whom we this day mourn."

[3] Oratory—A small chapel.
[4] Wimple of cypress—A thin crape-like covering of black for the head.
[5] Bosses—Studs or knobs.

"His bravery has my thanks," returned the lady; "although it be the will of Heaven that it should be displayed in vain. I thank, too, his courtesy, and that of his companion, which hath brought them hither to behold the widow of Adeling, the mother of Athelstane, in her deep hour of sorrow and lamentation. To your care, kind kinsman, I intrust them, satisfied that they will want no hospitality which these sad walls can yet afford."

The guests bowed deeply to the mourning parent, and withdrew with their hospitable guide.

Another winding stair conducted them to an apartment of the same size with that which they had first entered, occupying, indeed, the story immediately above. From this room, ere yet the door was opened, proceeded a low and melancholy strain of vocal music. When they entered, they found themselves in the presence of about twenty matrons and maidens of distinguished Saxon lineage. Four maidens, Rowena leading the choir, raised a hymn for the soul of the deceased. Rowena's manner was serious, but not dejected; and it may be doubted whether thoughts of Ivanhoe, and the uncertainty of his fate, did not claim as great a share in her gravity as the death of her kinsman.

To Cedric, who, however, as we have observed, was not remarkably clear-sighted on such occasions, the sorrow of his ward seemed so much deeper than any of the other maidens that he deemed it proper to whisper the explanation,—"She was the affianced bride of the noble Athelstane."—It may be doubted whether this communication went very far to increase Wilfred's disposition to sympathize with the mourners of Coningsburgh.

Having thus formally introduced the guests to the different chambers in which the obsequies of Athelstane were celebrated under different forms, Cedric conducted them into a small room, destined, as he informed them, for the exclusive accommodation of honorable guests. He was about to withdraw when the Black Knight took his hand.

"I crave to remind you, noble thane," he said, "that when we last parted you promised, for the service I had the fortune to render you, to grant me a boon."

"It is granted ere named, noble knight," said Cedric; "yet, at this sad moment—"

"Nor do I wish to intrude," said the King, mildly, "unless in so far as you will admit me to have an interest. As yet you have known me but as the Black Knight of the Fetterlock.—Know me now as Richard Plantagenet."

"Richard of Anjou!"[6] exclaimed Cedric, stepping backward with the utmost astonishment.

"No, noble Cedric—Richard of England! whose deepest interest—whose deepest wish, is to see her sons united with each other."

"Thou sayest well, Sir King—for King I own thou art, and wilt be, despite of my feeble opposition," said Cedric.

"And now to my boon," said the King, "which I ask not with one jot the less confidence. I require of thee, as a man of thy word to forgive and receive to thy paternal affection the good knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe. In this reconciliation thou wilt own I have an interest—the happiness of my friend, and the quelling of dissension among my faithful people."

"And this is Wilfred!" said Cedric, pointing to his son.

"My father!—my father!" said Ivanhoe, prostrating himself at Cedric's feet, "grant me thy forgiveness!"

"Thou hast it, my son," said Cedric, raising him up. "The son of Hereward knows how to keep his word, even when it has been passed to a Norman. But let me see thee use the dress and costume of thy English ancestry: no short cloaks, no gay bonnets, no fantastic plumage in my decent household. He that would be the son of Cedric must show himself of English ancestry. Thou art about to speak," he added, sternly, "and I guess the topic. The Lady Rowena must complete two years' mourning, as for a betrothed husband. The ghost of Athelstane himself would burst his bloody cerements,[7] and stand before us to forbid such dishonor to his memory."

It seemed as if Cedric's words had raised a specter; for scarce

[6] Of Anjou—This is a reference to Richard's Norman ancestry.
[7] Cerements—Grave clothes.

had he uttered them ere the door flew open, and Athelstane, arrayed in the garments of the grave, stood before them, pale, haggard, and like something arisen from the dead!

The effect of this apparition on the persons present was utterly appalling. Cedric started back as far as the wall of the apartment would permit, and, leaning against it as one unable to support himself, gazed on the figure of his friend with eyes that seemed fixed, and a mouth which he appeared incapable of shutting. Ivanhoe crossed himself, repeating prayers in Saxon, Latin, or Norman-French, as they occurred to his memory, while Richard alternately said, *Benedicite,*[8] and swore, *Mort de ma vie!*[9]

In the meantime a horrible noise was heard below stairs, some crying, "Secure the treacherous monks!"—others, "Down with them into the dungeon!"—others, "Pitch them from the highest battlements!"

"In the name of God!" said Cedric, addressing what seemed the specter of his departed friend, "if thou art mortal, speak!—if a departed spirit, say for what cause thou dost revisit us, or if I can do aught that can set thy spirit at repose.—Living or dead, noble Athelstane, speak to Cedric!"

"I will," said the specter, very composedly, "when I have collected breath, and when you give me time.—Alive, saidst thou? I am as much alive as he can be who has fed on bread and water for three days, which seem three ages.—Yes, bread and water, Father Cedric! By Heaven, and all saints in it, better food hath not passed my windpipe for three livelong days, and by God's providence it is that I am now here to tell it."

"Why, noble Athelstane," said the Black Knight, "I myself saw you struck down by the fierce Templar towards the end of the storm at Torquilstone, and, as I thought, and Wamba reported, your skull was cloven through the teeth."

"You thought amiss, Sir Knight," said Athelstane, "and

[8] BENEDICITE—Bless you.
[9] MORT DE MA VIE—Death of my life!

Wamba lied. My teeth are in good order, and that my supper shall presently find. No thanks to the Templar though, whose sword turned in his hand, so that the blade struck me flatlings,[10] being averted by the handle of the good mace with which I warded the blow. As it was, down I went, stunned, indeed, but unwounded. Others, of both sides, were beaten down and slaughtered above me, so that I never recovered my senses until I found myself in a coffin—an open one, by good luck!—placed before the altar of the church of St. Edmund's. I sneezed repeatedly—groaned—awakened, and would have arisen, when the Sacristan[11] and Abbot, full of terror, came running at the noise, surprised, doubtless, and no way pleased, to find the man alive whose heirs they had proposed themselves to be. I asked for wine—they gave me some, but it must have been highly medicated, for I slept yet more deeply than before, and wakened not for many hours. I found my arms swathed down, my feet tied so fast that mine ankles ache at the very remembrance; the place was utterly dark—the secret dungeon, as I suppose, of their accursed convent, and from the close, stifled, damp smell I conceive it is also used for a place of sepulture.[12] I had strange thoughts of what had befallen me, when the door of my dungeon creaked, and two villain monks entered. They would have persuaded me I was in purgatory, but I knew too well the pursy, short-breathed voice of the Father Abbot.—St. Jeremy! how different from that tone which he used to ask me for another slice of the haunch!—the dog has feasted with me from Christmas to Twelfth Night."[13]

"Have patience, noble Athelstane," said the King, "take breath—tell your story at leisure; beshrew me, but such a tale is as well worth listening to as a romance."

"Ay, but, there was no romance in the matter!" said Athelstane. "A barley loaf and a pitcher of water—that *they* gave me, the niggardly traitors, whom my father, and I myself, had

[10] Flatlings—Broadside.
[11] Sacristan—The monk in charge of the convent.
[12] Sepulture—Burial.
[13] Twelfth Night—Twelve days after Christmas.

enriched. The nest of foul, ungrateful vipers—barley bread and ditch water to such a patron as I had been! I will smoke them out of their nest, though I be excommunicated!" [14]

"But, in the name of Our Lady, noble Athelstane," said Cedric, grasping the hand of his friend, "how didst thou escape this danger? did their hearts relent?"

"Did their hearts relent!" echoed Athelstane. "Do rocks melt with the sun? I should have been there still, had not some stir in the convent, which I find was their procession hitherward to eat my funeral feast, when they well knew how and where I had been buried alive, summoned the swarm out of their hive. I heard them droning out their death-psalms, little judging they were sung in respect for my soul by those who were thus famishing my body. They went, however, and I waited long for food; no wonder—the gouty Sacristan was even too busy with his own food to mind mine. At length down he came, with an unstable step and a strong flavor of wine and spices about his person. Good cheer had opened his heart, for he left me a nook of pasty and a flask of wine instead of my former fare. I ate, drank, and was invigorated; when, to add to my good luck, the Sacristan, too unsteady to discharge his duty of turnkey [15] fitly, locked the door beside the staple, so that it fell ajar. The light, the food, the wine set my invention to work. The staple to which my chains were fixed was more rusted than I or the villain Abbot had supposed. Even iron could not remain without consuming in the damps of that infernal dungeon."

"Take breath, noble Athelstane," said Richard, "and partake of some refreshment, ere you proceed with a tale so dreadful."

"Partake!" quoth Athelstane. "I have been partaking five times to-day; and yet a morsel of that savory ham were not altogether foreign to the matter; and I pray you, fair sir, to do me reason in a cup of wine."

The guests, though still agape with astonishment, pledged their landlord, who tnus proceeded in his story. He had indeed

[14] Excommunicated—Cut off from church membership.
[15] Turnkey—Jailor.

now many more auditors than those to whom it was commenced, for Edith, having given certain necessary orders for arranging matters within the castle, had followed the dead-alive up to the strangers' apartment, attended by as many of the guests, male and female, as could squeeze into the small room, while others crowded the staircase. Athelstane, however, went on as follows with the history of his escape:

"Finding myself freed from the staple, I dragged myself upstairs as well as a man loaded with shackles and emaciated with fasting, might; and after much groping about, I was at length directed, by the sound of a jolly roundelay, to the apartment where the worthy Sacristan, an it please ye, was holding a devil's mass with a huge beetle-browed, broad-shouldered brother of the gray-frock and cowl, who looked much more like a thief than a clergyman. I burst in upon them, and the fashion of my graveclothes, as well as the clanking of my chains made me more resemble an inhabitant of the other world than of this. Both stood aghast; but when I knocked down the Sacristan with my fist, the other fellow, his pot-companion, fetched a blow at me with a huge quarterstaff."

"This must be our Friar Tuck, for a count's ransom," said Richard, looking at Ivanhoe.

"He may be the devil, an he will," said Athelstane. "Fortunately, he missed the aim; and on my approaching to grapple with him, took to his heels and ran for it. I failed not to set my own heels at liberty by means of the fetter-key which hung amongst others at the sexton's belt; and I had thoughts of beating out the knave's brains with the bunch of keys, but gratitude for the nook of pasty and the flask of wine which the rascal had imparted to my captivity came over my heart; so, with a brace of hearty kicks, I left him on the floor, pouched some baked meat and a leathern bottle of wine, with which the two venerable brethren had been regaling, went to the stable and found in a private stall mine own best palfrey, which, doubtless, had been set apart for the holy Father Abbot's particular use. Hither I came with all the speed the beast could compass—man

and mother's son flying before me wherever I came, taking me for a specter, the more especially as, to prevent my being recognized, I drew the corpse-hood over my face. I had not gained admittance into my own castle, had I not been supposed to be the attendant of a juggler who is making the people in the castle yard very merry, considering they are assembled to celebrate their lord's funeral. I say the sewer thought I was dressed to bear a part in the juggler's mummery, and so I got admission, and I did but disclose myself to my mother, and eat a hasty morsel, ere I came in quest of you, my noble friend."

"And you have found me," said Cedric, "ready to resume our brave projects of honor and liberty. I tell thee, never will dawn a morrow so fortunate as the next, for the deliverance of the noble Saxon race."

"Talk not to me of delivering anyone," said Athelstane; "it is well I am delivered myself. I am more intent on punishing that villain Abbot. He shall hang on the top of the Castle of Coningsburgh, in his cope and stole; and if the stairs be too strait to admit his fat carcass, I will have him craned up from without."

"But, my son," said Edith, "consider his sacred office."

"Consider my three days' fast," replied Athelstane; "I will have their blood everyone of them."

"For shame, noble Athelstane," said Cedric; "forget such wretches in the career of glory which lies open before thee. Tell this Norman prince, Richard of Anjou, that, lion-hearted as he is, he shall not hold undisputed the throne of Alfred, while a male descendant of the Holy Confessor lives to dispute it."

"How!" said Athelstane, "is this the noble King Richard?"

"It is Richard Plantagenet himself," said Cedric; "yet I need not remind thee that, coming hither a guest of free will, he may neither be injured nor detained prisoner—thou well knowest thy duty to him as his host."

"Ay, by my faith!" said Athelstane; "and my duty as a subject besides, for I here tender him my allegiance, heart and hand."

"My son," said Edith, "think on thy royal rights!"

"Think on the freedom of England, degenerate prince!" said Cedric.

"Mother and friend," said Athelstane, "a truce to your upbraidings! Bread and water and a dungeon are marvelous mortifiers of ambition, and I rise from the tomb a wiser man than I descended into it. One half of those vain follies were puffed into mine ear by that treacherous Abbot Wolfram, and you may now judge if he is a counselor to be trusted. I tell you, I will be king in my own domains, and nowhere else; and my first act of dominion shall be to hang the Abbot."

"And my ward Rowena," said Cedric—"I trust you intend not to desert her?"

"Father Cedric," said Athelstane, "be reasonable. The Lady Rowena cares not for me; she loves the little finger of my kinsman Wilfred's glove better than my whole person. There she stands to avouch it.—Nay, blush not, kinswoman; there is no shame in loving a courtly knight better than a country franklin; and do not laugh neither, Rowena, for graveclothes and a thin visage are, God knows, no matter of merriment.—Nay, an thou wilt needs laugh, I will find thee a better jest. Give me thy hand, or rather lend it me, for I but ask it in the way of friendship. Here, cousin Wilfred of Ivanhoe, in thy favor I renounce—Hey! by St. Dunstan, our cousin Wilfred hath vanished! Yet, unless my eyes are still dazzled with the fasting I have undergone, I saw him stand there but even now."

All now looked around and inquired for Ivanhoe; but he had vanished. It was at length discovered that a Jew had been to seek him; and that, after very brief conference, he had called for Gurth and his armor, and had left the castle.

"Fair cousin," said Athelstane to Rowena, "could I think that this sudden disappearance of Ivanhoe was occasioned by other than the weightiest reason, I would myself resume—"

But he had no sooner let go her hand, on first observing that Ivanhoe had disappeared, than Rowena, who had found her situation extremely embarrassing, had taken the first opportunity to escape from the apartment.

"Certainly," quoth Athelstane, "women are the least to be trusted of all animals, monks and abbots excepted. I am an infidel, if I expected not thanks from her, and perhaps a kiss to boot. These cursed graveclothes have surely a spell on them, everyone flies from me.—To you, I turn, noble King Richard, with the vows of allegiance, which, as a liege subject—"

But King Richard was gone also, and no one knew whither. At length it was learned that he had hastened to the courtyard, summoned to his presence the Jew who had spoken with Ivanhoe, and, after a moment's speech with him, had called vehemently to horse, thrown himself upon a steed, compelled the Jew to mount another, and set off at a rate which, according to Wamba, rendered the old Jew's neck not worth a penny's purchase.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE DEATH OF THE TEMPLAR

Our scene now returns to the exterior of the Castle of Templestowe, about the hour when the bloody die was to be cast for the life or death of Rebecca. It was a scene of bustle and life, as if the whole vicinity had poured forth its inhabitants to a village wake or rural feast. But the earnest desire to look on blood and death was not peculiar to those dark ages.

On the present occasion, a throne was erected for the Grand Master at the east end, surrounded with seats of distinction for the Preceptors and Knights of the Order. Over these floated the sacred standard, called *Le Beau-seant,* which was the ensign, as its name was the battle cry, of the Templars.

At the opposite end of the lists was a pile of faggots, so arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground, as to leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume to enter within the fatal circle, in order to be chained to the stake by the fetters which hung ready for that purpose. Beside this

deadly apparatus stood four black slaves, whose color and African features, then so little known in England, appalled the multitude, who gazed on them as on demons employed about their own diabolical exercises. These men stirred not, excepting now and then, under the direction of one who seemed their chief, to shift and replace the ready fuel. They looked not on the multitude. In fact, they seemed insensible of their presence, and of everything save the discharge of their own horrible duty.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, sallied from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights Preceptors, two and two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois Guilbert, armed cap-à-pie in bright armor, but without his lance, shield, and sword, which were borne by his two squires behind him. His face, though partly hidden by a long plume which floated down from his barret cap,[1] bore a strong and mingled expression of passion, in which pride seemed to contend with irresolution. He looked ghastly pale, as if he had not slept for several nights, yet reined his pawing war horse with the habitual ease and grade proper to the best lance of the Order of the Temple. His general appearance was grand and commanding; but, looking at him with attention, men read that in his dark features from which they willingly withdrew their eyes.

On either side rode Conrade of Mont Fitchet and Albert de Malvoisin, who acted as godfathers to the champion. They were in their robes of peace, the white dress of the Order. Behind them followed other companions of the Temple, with a long train of squires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honor of being one day knights of the Order. After these neophytes[2] came a guard of warders on foot, in the same sable livery, amidst whose staffs might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate.

[1] Barret Cap—Military cap.
[2] Neophytes—Converts.

She was stripped of all her ornaments, lest perchance there should be among them some of those amulets[3] which Satan was supposed to bestow upon his victims, to deprive them of the power of confession even when under the torture. A coarse white dress, of the simplest form, had been substituted for her oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind, and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally, doubtless, for her lips moved, though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master had assumed his seat; and when the chivalry of his Order was placed around and behind him, each in his due rank, a loud and long flourish of the trumpets announced that the court were seated for judgment. Malvoisin then, acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

"Valorous lord and reverend father," said he, "here standeth the good knight, Brian de Bois Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence's feet, hath become bound to do his duty in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a chapter of this most Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, condemning her to die as a sorceress."

The Grand Master commanded the herald to stand forth and do his duty. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald,

[3] Amulets—Charms.

stepping forward, proclaimed aloud: *"Oyez, oyez, oyez.*[4]—Here standeth the good knight, Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful excuse of her own body." The trumpets again sounded and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

"No champion appears for the appellant,"[5] said the Grand Master. "Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects anyone to do battle for her in this her cause."

The herald spoke to Rebecca in these terms: "Damsel, the honorable and reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?"

"Say to the Grand Master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned, lest I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to him, that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man's extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done!"

The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

"God forbid," said Lucas Beaumanoir, "that Jew or pagan should impeach us of injustice! Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death."

The herald communicated the words of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the voice of Bois Guilbert broke upon her ear: it was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

[4] OYEZ—Hear ye.
[5] APPELLANT—One who appeals to a judge or court.

"Rebecca," said the Templar, "dost thou hear me?—A better chance has thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed—on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. Mount, I say, behind me; in one short hour is pursuit and inquiry far behind—a new world of pleasure opens to thee—to me a new career of fame. Let them speak the doom which I despise, and erase the name of Bois Guilbert from their lists of monastic slaves! I will wash out with blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my shield!"

"Tempter," said Rebecca, "begone! Not in this last extremity can'st thou move me one hair's breadth from my resting place. Surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy; avoid thee, in the name of God!"

The judges had now been two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion. It was the general belief that no one could or would appear for a Jewess accused of sorcery; and the knights, urged by Malvoisin, whispered to each other that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited. At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion!—a champion!" And, despite the prepossessions and prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tiltyard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly: "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir

Brian de Bois Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar; as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of Our Lady, and of Monseigneur St. George,[6] the good knight."

"The stranger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is good knight, and of honorable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, provide thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravado."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre—remember the Passage of Arms at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honor thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe—in every Preceptory of thine Order—unless thou do battle without further delay."

Bois Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe: "Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honorably met with."

"Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it

[6] St. George—Patron saint of England.

is the judgment of God—to his keeping I commend myself. Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said—"I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce—"I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no—no—thy wounds are uncured.—Meet not that proud man—why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor, and assumed his lance. Bois Guilbert did the same; and his squire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice: *"Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers!"*[7] After the third cry, he withdrew on one side of the lists, and again proclaimed that none, on peril of instant death, should dare by word, cry, or action to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal words, *"Laissez aller."*

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, freeing himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois Guilbert returned no answer.

[7] Faites vos . . . etc.—Do your duty, brave knights.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "unshriven [8] and unabsolved [9]—kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed; the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened; but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards—"*Fiat voluntas tua!*" [10]

[8] UNSHRIVEN—Unconfessed.
[9] UNABSOLVED—Unforgiven.
[10] FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA—Thy will be done.

CHAPTER XLIV

WILFRED AND ROWENA

WHEN the first moments of surprise were over, Wilfred of Ivanhoe demanded of the Grand Master, as judge of the field, if he had manfully and rightfully done his duty in the combat.

"Manfully and rightfully hath it been done," said the Grand Master; "I pronounce the maiden free and guiltless. The arms and the body of the deceased knight are at the will of the victor."

"I will not despoil him of his weapons," said the Knight of Ivanhoe, "nor condemn his corpse to shame—he hath fought for Christendom. God's arm, no human hand, hath this day struck him down. But let his obsequies be private, as becomes those of a man who died in an unjust quarrel. And for the maiden—"

He was interrupted by a clattering of horses' feet, advancing in such numbers, and so rapidly, as to shake the ground before them; and the Black Knight galloped into the lists. He was

followed by a numerous band of men-at-arms, and several knights in complete armor.

"I am too late," he said, looking around him. "I had doomed Bois Guilbert for mine own property.—Ivanhoe, was this well, to take on thee such a venture, and thou scarce able to keep thy saddle?"

"Heaven, my Liege," answered Ivanhoe, "hath taken this proud man for its victim. He was not to be honored in dying as your will had designed."

"Peace be with him," said Richard, looking steadfastly on the corpse; "if it may be so; he was a gallant knight, and has died in his steel harness full knightly. But we must waste no time —Bohun, do thine office!"

A knight stepped forward from the King's attendants, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of Albert de Malvoisin, said, "I arrest thee of high treason."

The Grand Master had hitherto stood astonished at the appearance of so many warriors. He now spoke.

"Who dares to arrest a knight of the Temple of Zion, within the girth of his own Preceptory, and in the presence of the Grand Master? And by whose authority is this bold outrage offered?"

"I make the arrest," replied the Knight—"I, Henry Bohun, Earl of Essex, Lord High Constable of England."

"And he arrests Malvoisin," said the King, raising his visor, "by the order of Richard Plantagenet, here present. Conrade Mont Fitchet, it is well for thee thou art born no subject of mine. But for thee, Malvoisin, thou diest with thy brother Philip ere the world be a week older."

"I will resist thy doom," said the Grand Master.

"Proud Templar," said the King, "thou canst not—look up, and behold the royal standard of England floats over thy towers instead of thy Temple banner! Be wise, Beaumanoir, and make no bootless opposition. Thy hand is in the lion's mouth."

"Knights, squires, and followers of the Holy Temple, prepare to follow the banner of *Beau-seant!*" The Grand Master spoke

with a dignity which confronted even that of England's King himself, and inspired courage into his surprised and dismayed followers. They gathered around him like the sheep around the watchdog, when they hear the baying of the wolf.

With these words, and without waiting a reply, the Grand Master gave the signal of departure. Their trumpets sounded a wild march, of an oriental character, which formed the usual signal for the Templars to advance. They changed their array from a line to a column of march, and moved off as slowly as their horses could step, as if to show it was only the will of their Grand Master, and no fear of the opposing and superior force, which compelled them to withdraw.

During the tumult which attended the retreat of the Templars, Rebecca saw and heard nothing; she was locked in the arms of her aged father, giddy, and almost senseless, with the rapid change of circumstances around her. Isaac then conducted his daughter from the lists, and by means of conveyance which he had provided, transported her safely to the house of his friend, Rabbi Nathan.

The Jewess, whose fortunes had formed the principal interest of the day, having now retired unobserved, the attention of the populace was transferred to the Black Knight. They now filled the air with "Long life to Richard with the Lion's Heart, and down with the usurping Templars!"

From the judicial investigations which followed on this occasion, it appears that Maurice de Bracy escaped beyond seas, and went into the service of Philip of France, while Philip de Malvoisin and his brother Albert, the Preceptor of Templestowe, were executed, although Waldemar Fitzurse, the soul of the conspiracy, escaped with banishment, and Prince John, for whose behoof it was undertaken, was not even censured by his good-natured brother. No one, however, pitied the fate of the two Malvoisins, who only suffered the death which they had both well deserved, by many acts of falsehood, cruelty, and oppression.

Briefly after the judicial combat, Cedric, the Saxon, was summoned to the court of Richard, then held at York. Cedric

tushed and pshawed more than once at the message—but he refused not obedience. In fact, the return of Richard had quenched every hope that he had entertained of restoring a Saxon dynasty in England, and ere the noble Saxon had been a guest at court for seven days, he had given his consent to the marriage of his ward and his son Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

The nuptials of our hero, thus formally approved by his father, were celebrated in the most august of temples, the noble minster[1] of York. The King himself attended, and, from the countenance which he afforded on this and other occasions to the distressed and hitherto degraded Saxons, gave them a safer and more certain prospect of attaining their just rights than they could reasonably hope from the uncertain chance of a civil war. The Church gave her full solemnities, graced with all the splendor which she[2] of Rome knows how to apply with such brilliant effect.

Gurth, gallantly appareled, attended as squire upon his young master, whom he had served so faithfully, with the magnanimous Wamba, decorated with a new cap and a most gorgeous set of silver bells. Sharers of Wilfred's dangers and adversity, they remained, as they had a right to expect, the partakers of his more prosperous career.

It was upon the second morning after this happy bridal that the Lady Rowena was made acquainted by her handmaid Elgitha, that a damsel desired admission to her presence, and solicited that their interview might be without witness. Rowena wondered, hesitated, became curious, and ended by commanding the damsel to be admitted, and her attendants to withdraw.

She entered—a noble and commanding figure, the long white veil, in which she was shrouded, overshadowing rather than concealing the elegance and majesty of her shape. Her manner was that of respect, unmingled by the least shade either of fear or of a wish to gain favor. Rowena was ever ready to acknowledge the claims, and attend to the feelings, of others. She

[1] Minster—Church.
[2] She of Rome—Church of Rome.

arose, and would have conducted her lovely visitor to a seat; but the stranger looked at Elgitha, and again intimated a wish to discourse with the Lady Rowena alone. Elgitha had no sooner retired with unwilling steps than, to the surprise of the Lady of Ivanhoe, her fair visitant kneeled on one knee, pressed her hands to her forehead, and bending her head to the ground, in spite of Rowena's resistance, kissed the embroidered hem of her tunic.

"What means this, lady?" said the surprised bride; "or why do you offer to me a deference so unusual?"

"Because to you, Lady of Ivanhoe," said Rebecca, rising up and resuming the usual quiet dignity of her manner, "I may lawfully, and without rebuke, pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to Wilfred of Ivanhoe. I am—forgive the boldness which has offered to you the homage of my country—I am the unhappy Jewess for whom your husband risked his life against such fearful odds in the tiltyard of Templestowe."

"Damsel," said Rowena, "Wilfred of Ivanhoe on that day rendered back but in slight measure your unceasing charity towards him in his wounds and misfortunes. Speak, is there aught remains in which he or I can serve thee?"

"Nothing," said Rebecca, calmly, "unless you will transmit to him my grateful farewell."

"You leave England, then?" said Rowena, scarce recovering the surprise of this extraordinary visit.

"I leave it, lady, ere this moon again changes. My father hath a brother high in favor with Mohammed Boabdil, King of Grenada—thither we go, secure of peace and protection, for the payment of such ransom as the Moslem exact from our people."

"Are you not then as well protected in England?" said Rowena. "My husband has favor with the King; the King himself is just and generous."

"Thy speech is fair, lady," said Rebecca, "and thy purpose fairer; but it may not be—there is a gulf betwixt us. Our breeding, our faith, alike forbid either to pass over it.—Farewell—yet, ere I go, indulge me one request. The bridal veil hangs over thy

face; deign to raise it, and let me see the features of which fame speaks so highly."

"They are scarce worthy of being looked upon," said Rowena; "but, expecting the same from my visitant, I remove the veil."

She took it off accordingly; and, partly from the consciousness of beauty, partly from bashfulness, she blushed so intensely that cheek, brow, neck and bosom were suffused with crimson. Rebecca blushed also; but it was a momentary feeling, and, mastered by higher emotions, passed slowly from her features like the crimson cloud which changes color when the sun sinks beneath the horizon.

"Lady," she said, "the countenance you have deigned to show me will long dwell in my remembrance. There reigns in it gentleness and goodness; and if a tinge of the world's pride or vanities may mix with an expression so lovely, how should we chide that which is of earth for bearing some color of its original? Long, long will I remember your features, and bless God that I leave my noble deliverer united with—"

She stopped short—her eyes filled with tears. She hastily wiped them, and answered to the anxious inquiries of Rowena: "I am well, lady—well. But my heart swells when I think of Torquilstone and the lists of Templestowe.—Farewell. One, the most trifling, part of my duty remains undischarged. Accept this casket—startle not at its contents."

Rowena opened the small silver-chased casket, and perceived a carcanet, or necklace, with ear jewels, of diamonds, which were obviously of immense value.

"It is impossible," she said, tendering back the casket. "I dare not accept a gift of such consequence."

"Yet keep it, lady," returned Rebecca, "to me they are valueless. I will never wear jewels more."

"You are then unhappy!" said Rowena, struck with the manner in which Rebecca uttered the last words. "Oh, remain with us; the counsel of holymen will wean you from your erring law, and I will be a sister to you."

"No, lady," answered Rebecca, the same calm melancholy

. . . to the surprise of the Lady of Ivanhoe, her fair visitant kneeled . . . and kissed the embroidered hem of her tunic.

reigning in her soft voice and beautiful features—"that may not be. I may not change the faith of my fathers like a garment unsuited to the climate in which I seek to dwell; and unhappy, lady, I will not be. He to whom I dedicate my future life will be my comforter, if I do His will."

"Have you then convents, to one of which you mean to retire?" asked Rowena.

"No, lady," said the Jewess; "but among our people, since the time of Abraham downwards, have been women who have devoted their thoughts to Heaven, and their actions to works of kindness to men—tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and relieving the distressed. Among these will Rebecca be numbered. Say this to thy lord, should he chance to inquire after the fate of her whose life he saved."

There was an involuntary tremor in Rebecca's voice, and a tenderness of accent, which perhaps betrayed more than she would willingly have expressed. She hastened to bid Rowena adieu.

"Farewell," she said. "May He who made both Jew and Christian shower down on you His choicest blessings!"

She glided from the apartment, leaving Rowena surprised as if a vision had passed before her. The fair Saxon related the singular conference to her husband, on whose mind it made a deep impression. He lived long and happily with Rowena, for they were attached to each other by the bonds of early affection, and they loved each other the more from the recollection of the obstacles which had impeded their union. Yet it would be inquiring too curiously to ask whether the recollection of Rebecca's beauty and nobility did not recur to his mind more frequently than the fair descendant of Alfred might altogether have approved.

Ivanhoe distinguished himself in the service of Richard, and was graced with further marks of the royal favor, and he might have risen still higher but for the premature death of the heroic Cœur de Lion. With the life of a generous, but rash and romantic monarch, perished all the projects which his ambition

and his generosity had formed, to whom may be applied the lines:

> His fate was destined to a foreign strand,
> A petty fortress and an "humble" hand;
> He left the name at which the world grew pale
> To point a moral, or adorn a TALE.

THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1771–1832)

"TELL us a story, Walter!" was the constant demand of Walter Scott's playmates when he was a boy in school. It was more fun to tell stories than to work, and frequently Walter was idle himself and kept others idle, when all should have been busy. At these times, the bright-faced boy held his schoolmates crowding around him, listening eagerly to his stories of wild adventure, and of knights and ladies, and of battles and enchantments. None of the boys could tell stories like Walter—his were always the best.

It was more than one hundred and fifty years ago that Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, in Scotland. Before he was two years old, he lost the use of his right leg as the result of an illness. So that he might secure purer air and more sunshine, he was sent out to his grandfather's farm, Sandy Knowe, right on the Scottish Border. Here the "puir lame laddie" was tenderly watched over, and here he heard for the first time the stories of adventure which he never forgot.

For a few years he lived in the open air and his health was finally so improved that he was sent home, sturdy and strong, with only a slight limp which did not prevent his joining in sports with the other boys.

By the time Walter was fifteen, his more serious studies caused him to neglect the stories. Then a long illness kept him confined to his bed for many weeks. He was not allowed to speak above a whisper, nor to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, but he was allowed to read, and that became almost his only amusement. Books were brought him from the circulating library, and he plunged into a great ocean of reading, for unless some one took pity on him and played chess with him, he was allowed to do nothing but read from morning to night. He was permitted to choose his own books, so he read almost all the old romances, old plays and epic poetry that were in the library. Then he turned to histories, memoirs, voyages and travel.

For nearly two years, Walter remained at home, a semi-invalid, and then he was sent again to the country for a while. Here again he would have been very lonely except for the books which he found in an old-fashioned library. Time brought him full health and strength so that he was able to continue his study of law. This was to satisfy the ambition of his father who wanted him to become a lawyer.

As he grew older, Walter Scott enjoyed exploring as much as he had when a boy. Often he wandered away on foot or on horseback, until his father began to protest that he was becoming a strolling peddler. In all these times of wandering, he was storing in his mind romantic scenery and historical events, legends and folk-lore, ballads and songs. He saw Loch Katrine, and later made it dear to all readers in his *Lady of the Lake*. He became acquainted with men who had known Rob Roy. He shook hands with the man who had carried the fiery cross through Appin. Thus, he came to know the life of the Scotch Border better than perhaps anyone else has ever known it.

Walter Scott was not much interested in his law work, although he was now making his living in that way. His spare time was spent in translating some German ballads into English. This made him think that the songs of his own Scotland should be written, so when he was thirty-two years old, he published his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. People enjoyed this so much that two years later he gave them *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. This is a romance of the sixteenth century, told by an ancient minstrel, the last of the race. *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*, written soon after this, aroused the readers of England and Scotland to intense enthusiasm.

So fame came to Walter Scott, but it did not spoil him. By nature he was too happy and contented and lovable for that. But the income from his writings did give him the freedom to write as much as he wished, and he gave up his practice of law.

He was now able to buy a beautiful place on the river Tweed, which he had long admired. This land is in a region where the clans had their last great battle, so to Walter Scott it was a place full of stories. He bought the farm property on which was a small, tumbled-down house, and in thirteen years, the cottage had become a castle, and the farm an estate called Abbotsford. Here Walter Scott was very happy. He loved the country about him, and the house which he himself had planned; he reveled in the fine library where he regularly spent his mornings, studying and reading; he enjoyed rambling about his gardens and grounds during the long afternoons, accompanied always by his beloved dogs; he heartily welcomed his many guests who came very frequently to this beautiful place of hospitality; and he devotedly loved his wife

and children. Indeed, he was never happier than when the children were laughing and shouting near by. When he was forty-nine years old, he was made a baronet, and thus became *Sir* Walter Scott.

Up to this time, Sir Walter had written his stories in poetry form. One day, when rummaging through a cabinet, in search of some fishing tackle, he found the manuscript of a story which he had begun and laid aside nine years before. He read it eagerly, enjoying it as if it had been some one else's work. In three weeks' time, he had finished the story, and sent it out into the world, without signing his name.

This first novel, *Waverley* met with instant success. Everyone wanted to know the name of the author, and during the next four years everyone wondered and praised more than ever, for six more books appeared. For seventeen years, Sir Walter wrote about two books a year. It was a tremendous task, but you must remember that his brain was filled with stories of all kinds. At first he wrote entirely about his own land, and made Scotland and Scotchmen known and loved throughout the world. Then he began to write about England, and we have *Ivanhoe;* then about France and we have *Quentin Durward;* then about Palestine, and we have *The Talisman.* He put such magic in his writing, making the people of the past live and move again, that he was called "The Wizard of the North."

After twenty years of happy, rapid writing, during which time he spent large sums of money on his house and lands, the publishing firm in which he had been a secret partner, failed and sad to tell, he found himself in debt for over half a million dollars. He could have taken refuge under bankruptcy laws, but he nobly refused to do that, and set to work to repay every penny of the debt. He was not well at this time, or he would have been able to do as he wished. However, in two years, by constant work he had paid about two hundred thousand dollars of the debt. A few years later, he suddenly broke down under the strain.

The British Government esteemed Sir Walter so highly that it placed a naval vessel at his disposal, with the request that he go to Italy for his health. So he visited Malta, Naples, and Rome, but his heart longed for his own Scotland, and after a few months he was glad to return home.

In September of that same year, he died. His last words were those to Lockhart, his son-in-law and biographer. "Be a good man—be virtuous —be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." We shall never forget these words for they reflect his own bright, loyal life, just as his stanch heroism, courage and honor were reproduced in the characters in his stories.

THE BACKGROUND OF IVANHOE

I THE STORY AND HISTORY

After Sir Walter Scott had written nine of his Waverley novels about Scotland, he decided that his tenth book should be about England. He wished to choose people, and customs and times which would particularly interest his English friends, so King Richard, the Lion-Hearted, was selected as one of the main characters. By his generous daring and rash bravery in battle, Richard had endeared himself to his people, and indeed, Sir Walter himself so delighted in the King that he wrote of him again in *The Talisman,* a story of the Crusades.

Although Richard lived in the twelfth century, Sir Walter wished to have as a background for his story the bitterness in the hearts of the conquered Saxons and the scorn and contempt in the actions of the Norman conquerors. He therefore took this state of affairs from the eleventh century, directly following the famous Battle of Hastings in 1066. Then, because the age of chivalry has always held such interest and fascination for the reader, Sir Walter borrowed that from the fourteenth century. He used the Crusades to show off the splendid pageantry of the Knights Templars, and brought in the forest life and daring leadership of Robin Hood as often as he could. He borrowed his characters not only from history but also from tradition and from imagination—Richard, Prince John, Cedric and Athelstane are historical, Robin Hood and Friar Tuck are taken from ballads and legends, while Ivanhoe himself is purely fictitious.

The fact that he confused the people and the times of different centuries and trespassed upon absolute accuracy did not trouble him at all. He, himself, in the preface of the first edition of Ivanhoe wrote: "It is true that I neither do nor can pretend to the observation of complete accuracy, even in matters of outward costume, much less in the more important points of language and manners. . . . In this, I respectfully contend, I have in no respect exceeded the fair license due to the author of a fictitious composition." Yet, with all the liberties he took with historical records, he was in the main correct.—The feeling between the Saxon and Norman actually *had* existed; and the feudal customs, the allusions to the Crusades, the injustice towards the Jewish race, and the fact that the bands of outlaws infested the forests were all true of their time. But he wished to write a good story the people would enjoy reading, and whatever changes he made from the actual fact, were made only to improve the story.

II THE CRUSADES

DURING the lifetime of the Christ, Jerusalem was under Roman rule, but was governed by Jews. About 66 A.D., the Jews rebelled against the cruelty of the Romans and took full control of Jerusalem. Four years later, the Romans recaptured the city, destroyed it, and carried away a great number of the Jews into slavery.

Sixty years later, the city was rebuilt as a Roman colony, but the Jews were forbidden to enter it. Then, in the fourth century, A.D., Rome, under the Emperor Constantine became Christianized, and Jerusalem had a period of peace and prosperity.

This was cruelly broken, however, by its conquest by the Mohammedans, under an Arabian leader in 636. Finally the cruelties practiced upon Christians, and the outrages heaped upon the holy places aroused all Europe to come to the rescue, and a series of Crusades, or expeditions of Christians, was begun to recover the Holy Sepulcher. There were nine crusades in all, the first of which was begun in 1096. Jerusalem was taken by the Christians and endured as a Christian kingdom for fifty years when it was retaken by the Saracens under Saladin. The third Crusade, 1189–1192, was led by Richard of England, Frederick Barbarossa of Germany and Philip of France, but the outcome of this Crusade was only an unsatisfactory truce with Saladin. The failure of this third attempt to besiege Jerusalem was largely due to the long train of disputes which took place in Palestine between Philip of France and the Lion-Hearted King of England. Furthermore, the Knights of the Temple, and the Knights of the Hospitalers of St. John, two military orders founded in Jerusalem early in the twelfth century to protect the Holy Sepulcher, were accounted hostile to Richard, having adopted the side of Philip.

After the truce with Saladin in 1192, Richard started for home. He met with shipwreck, however, and later with captivity, as he was attempting to pass through Austria. At the beginning of the story of *Ivanhoe*, he was held a prisoner and in the power of the Duke of Austria and his fate was unknown. Prince John, in league with Philip of France, was using all his influence with the Duke of Austria to prolong the captivity of his brother and in the meantime was strengthening his own faction in the kingdom of which he proposed to dispute the succession in case of the King's death with the rightful heir, Arthur, Duke of Britain, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the elder brother of John. The Knights of the the Temple and of St. John attached themselves to the faction of Prince

John, having little reason to desire the return of Richard to England or the succession of Arthur, the legitimate heir. The payment of a heavy ransom freed Richard, however, who returned to England in 1194, the time of this story.

III THE FEUDAL SYSTEM

In 1066 the Norman-French under William the Conqueror defeated the Saxons at Hastings. As conquerors, and the upper class, they lived by the labor of the Saxons, and England, in the beginning of *Ivanhoe,* is pictured as a land with "Norman masters upon its back."

Before the conquest the Saxons had found it very convenient to live under a feudal system, and the Normans completed the system and made it very uniform. It required that a *fief,* which was usually land, might be given to a man who desired and needed help from some one more wealthy and powerful than he was. In return for this fief, the man who received it became the *vassal* of his lord. He knelt before him, and placing his hands within those of his lord's, promised him loyalty and service. If he were a good vassal, then he earned the right to own his fief, and might leave it to his heir, who would, in turn, be the servant, or vassal of the overlord. The king, of course, was the head landowner —he was supposed to hold the land from God. Under him were the nobles, sometimes called petty kings, then the freemen, or franklins, and then the serfs, or slaves. When the king wished to go into battle, he had only to summon the nobles. They would then call their freemen, and order them to join them in defending the king with their service and their substance. The serfs were usually left to continue the tilling of the soil.

At the time of *Ivanhoe,* the Saxons were resenting the fact that the nobles, who were placed over them, were strangers as well as oppressors. The restoration of the independence of their race was a subject dear to the hearts and much hoped for by many of the Saxons who refused to accept the Normans as their rulers, but failing of leadership and resources, no actual attempt could be made to secure the throne. Finally through the giving of favors, of positions and of grants of land, and by intermarriages, a better feeling came about between the Saxons and Normans, and the land was held in peace. The French language, spoken by the nobles and the people at court, gradually became mixed with the Saxon, until in about three hundred years, the speech of the common

people became the accepted language of England, during which time, it had been much changed and improved because of its mingling with the French.

DRAMATIZATIONS

Ivanhoe offers many possibilities for interesting class work. There are many questions for class discussion, suggestions for themes and questions for debates. Also, because the characters are so alive, and because there are so many vivid pictures, the story lends itself remarkably well to dramatizations. Some scenes may be given impromptu, and others may be worked out by committees on a more elaborate scale. Customs, dress, and other features may be handled by these committees and conversations worked out either as Scott gives them or in the pupils' own words.

Some scenes may be given in pantomime and the class guess what is being expressed. For example, two pupils could act out the scene in which De Bracy declares his love for Lady Rowena, when she is a captive in Front de Bœuf's castle. Some of the dress could be imitated, such as a long veil over the head of Lady Rowena, so that she might easily cover her face if she wished, and a long cape and plumed hat for De Bracy. Lady Rowena would refuse to be seated, and stand dignified and scornful as De Bracy bows before her and pleads his cause. Then finally, she acts exceedingly distressed when she is told the secret of Ivanhoe's being in the castle.

Other suggestions for scenes or pantomimes are The Unmasking of Ivanhoe, Cedric's Toast to Richard at Prince John's Banquet, Rebecca's Repulse of the Templar in Front de Bœuf's Castle, Rebecca's Account of the Siege to Ivanhoe, Wamba in a Friar's Disguise, The Freeing of Gurth, The Trial of Rebecca, The Combat and the Death of the Templar, The Reappearance of Athelstane, Rebecca's Visit to Rowena.

The pupils, in groups or individually will be able to suggest many other subjects and the progression of the plot of the story can be brought out by a series of scenes.

TOPICS FOR ORAL AND WRITTEN WORK

Besides the opportunities which *Ivanhoe* offers for dramatizations and thus unfolding the plot of the story, it also offers innumerable possibilities for oral and written work. Through informal discussions, and

one-minute talks, written compositions and debates, the progress of the story may be given from day to day. The train of incidents by which the story is carried forward should be picked out, and the characters discussed. Descriptions should be made of the leading characters such as Gurth, Wamba, Brian de Bois Guilbert, Cedric, The Palmer, Rowena, Isaac, Rebecca, Athelstane, Locksley, Friar Tuck and The Black Knight, and also of such scenes as Cedric's Dining Hall, Rowena's Apartment, The Lists at Ashby, The Castle of Torquilstone, and the scene of Rebecca's Trial.

It will be interesting for the pupils to watch how the threads of the story are interwoven—the conspiracy of John and the disguises and adventures of Richard, the affairs of Wilfred and Rowena, and the experiences of the Templar and Rebecca. These threads cannot be entirely separated for they are too closely and skillfully interwoven, but they can be followed through and discussed by themselves to a certain degree, and a much deeper appreciation of the whole story thus obtained.

The various plots of the story are here briefly given and they offer endless opportunities for discussion, either oral or written, and will also serve as an effective means of review. These topics should be elaborated upon and interwoven and the entire structure studied as a whole.

I The Conspiracy of John and the Disguises and Adventures of Richard

The relations between the Saxons and Normans.
Why Isaac was unwelcome at Cedric's home. The status of the Jews in England.
General conditions in England as the result of Richard's absence.
The popularity of the tournament.
Prince John's unpopularity as shown by incidents at the tournament.
Cedric's interest in the success of the Unknown Champion.
Why Prince John was disturbed when he discovered the identity of the Disinherited Knight.
Why the Prince was agitated by the news from France.
How he planned to meet the danger.
Why the Saxons were invited to the feast at Ashby.
How Cedric was insulted and how he retaliated.
Prince John's anger over the early departure of his guests.
What delayed the conspirators in their attempt to place Prince John upon the throne.
De Bracy's news of Richard's presence in England.

The infamous plan suggested by the Prince.
The plan undertaken by Fitzurse.
Locksley's gift to the Black Knight.
The adventure in the wood—how Wamba again saved a life.
The assailants of the Black Knight.
The Black Knight reveals his identity.

II Wilfred and Rowena

A *The Disinherited Knight*

The Palmer guides the Templar and the Prior to Rotherwood.
The challenge.
The Palmer befriends the Jew.
How Isaac supplies the Palmer's need.
The Disinherited Knight.
The presence of Gurth at Ashby.
The generosity of Rebecca.
Gurth's midnight adventure.
Why Athelstane fought on the side of the Templar.
The appearance of the Black Knight.
The Disinherited Knight's identity is revealed.

B *The Scene at Torquilstone*

De Bracy's plan to win his bride.
Cedric's party attacked.
Escape of Gurth and Wamba.
Locksley's plan for rescue.
The secret De Bracy revealed to Rowena.
How Wilfred happened to be in Rebecca's care.
The letter of defiance and its answer.
Wamba in a Friar's disguise.
How Cedric's escape was interrupted—why Ulrica desired revenge.
The attack on the castle—Ulrica's revenge—the fall of Torquilstone.

C *The Happy Ending*

The reconciliation of Cedric and his son.
The reappearance of Athelstane.
The marriage of Ivanhoe and Rowena.

III Rebecca and the Templar

Why Isaac refused ransom to Front de Bœuf at Torquilstone.
How Rebecca claimed the Templar's admiration at Torquilstone.
The Templar carries Rebecca to the Preceptory of Templestowe.
The ransoms of Isaac and the Prior.
Why the time of Isaac's coming to Templestowe was unfortunate.
Effect of the Prior's letter on the Grand Master.
How Isaac's attempt to save Rebecca only increased her danger.
Why the Grand Master chose to accuse Rebecca of being a sorceress.
The trial and the sentence.
How Isaac learned of Rebecca's danger.
How the Templar proposed to save Rebecca.
The combat, the coming of Ivanhoe, and the Templar's death.
Rebecca's visit to Rowena.

LIBRARY READINGS

Black Arrow	*Robert Louis Stevenson*
Cavalier Maid	*Mrs. Emilie Benson and Arthur Alden Knipe*
Lad of Kent	*Herbert Harrison*
Lorna Doone	*Richard Doddridge Blackmore*
Men of Iron	*Howard Pyle*
The Scamp	*Virgil Markham*
Tale of Two Cities	*Charles Dickens*
Twenty-five Swordsmen	*Escott Lynn*
Westward Ho	*Charles Kingsley*
The Talisman	*Sir Walter Scott*
The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood	*Howard Pyle*
Sherwood	*Alfred Noyes*

AS YOU LIKE IT

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SECTION VI

AS YOU LIKE IT

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAY

ACT I

Scene 1 Orchard of Oliver's House 853
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ACT II

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ACT III

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ACT IV

Scenes 1–3 The Forest of Arden 917

ACT V

Scenes 1–4 The Forest of Arden 930

THE PLAYERS

DUKE Senior, *living in banishment;* Duke Frederick, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions;* Amiens and Jaques, *lords attending on Duke Senior;* Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon Duke Frederick;* Charles, *a wrestler in Duke Frederick's court;* Oliver, Jaques and Orlando, *sons of Sir Rowland de Bois;* Adam and Dennis, *servants to Oliver;* Touchstone, *a clown;* Sir Oliver Martext, a *vicar;* Corin and Silvius, *shepherds;* William, *a country fellow in love with Audrey;* Hymen, *the god of marriage;* Rosalind, *daughter of Duke Senior;* Celia, *daughter of Duke Frederick;* Phebe, *a shepherdess;* Audrey, *a country maiden;* Lords, foresters, and other attendants.

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AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT I

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SCENE I

Orchard of Oliver's house

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,[1]— he bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand[2] crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques[3] he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit[4]; for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that

[1] UPON THIS FASHION—In this fashion.

[2] BUT POOR A THOUSAND—The changed position of the adjective and article is common in Shakespeare. Compare with such idioms as, "how honest a child," "so great a danger."

[3] JAQUES—Pronounced: Jāq-wēs.

[4] PROFIT—Proficiency.

they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage,[5] and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance[6] seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds,[7] bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines[8] my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orlando. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER

Oliver. Now, sir! what make[9] you here?

Orlando. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oliver. What mar you then, sir?

Orlando. Marry,[10] sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oliver. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.[11]

Orlando. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion[12] have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

[5] MANAGE—The training of a horse.
[6] COUNTENANCE—Treatment.
[7] HINDS—Servants.
[8] MINES—Undermines.
[9] WHAT MAKE YOU HERE?—What are you doing here? Note pun on the word "make." Oliver uses it in the sense of "do." Orlando puns on it in the sense of produce.
[10] MARRY—"By the Virgin Mary."
[11] BE NAUGHT AWHILE—A proverbial expression corresponding to "Go to the mischief" and "Go hang yourself."
[12] PRODIGAL PORTION—A reference to the parable of the Prodigal Son.

Oliver. Know you where you are, sir?

Orlando. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oliver. Know you before whom, sir?

Orlando. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations[13] allows you my better in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oliver. What, boy! [*Oliver strikes Orlando*

Orlando. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.[14] [*Orlando grabs Oliver by the throat*

Oliver. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orlando. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois: he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oliver. Let me go, I say.

Orlando. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery[15] my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

[13] Courtesy of Nations—The law of primogeniture provides that the eldest son should inherit the estate and rights of the father.

[14] You Are too Young in This—Oliver may be older than Orlando, but he is not superior to him in strength.

[15] Allottery—Portion.

Oliver. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orlando. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oliver. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoken such a word. [*Exeunt Orlando and Adam*

Oliver. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness,[16] and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Oliver. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Dennis. So please you, he is at the door and importunes access to you.

Oliver. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliver. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Charles. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news[17]: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother, the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

[16] PHYSIC YOUR RANKNESS—Curb your insolence.

[17] NO NEWS AT COURT BUT THE OLD NEWS—Charles gives this information for the instruction of the audience.

Oliver. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Charles. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or would have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oliver. Where will the old duke live?

Charles. They say he is already in the forest of Arden,[18] and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time[19] carelessly, as they did in the golden world.[20]

Oliver. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Charles. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment[21] or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Oliver. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of

[18] The Forest of Arden—There is a forest of Arden in Warwickshire, but Shakespeare probably had no definite place in mind. His forest of Arden was in the land of the imagination.

[19] Fleet the Time—Make the time pass quickly.

[20] The Golden World—According to mythology the golden age occurred under the government of Saturn. Men lived justly without laws; the earth yielded abundantly without cultivation; the season was perpetual spring.

[21] Intendment—Intention.

my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me, his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for, if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee,[22] he will practice[23] against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anatomize[24] him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Charles. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oliver. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles*] Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device,[25] of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised.[26] But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle[27] the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit*

[22] Grace Himself on Thee—Distinguish himself by overcoming you.
[23] Practice—Plot.
[24] Anatomize—Expose his real nature.
[25] Noble Device—High ideals.
[26] Misprised—Underestimated.
[27] Kindle—Incite.

Scene 2

Lawn before the Duke's palace

Enter Celia *and* Rosalind

Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet, my coz,[1] be merry.

Rosalind. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn[2] me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Celia. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered[3] as mine is to thee.

Rosalind. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate to rejoice in yours.

Celia. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor I will; and, when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Rosalind. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?[4]

Celia. Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayest in honor come off again.

Rosalind. What shall be our sport, then?

Celia. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife Fortune from

[1] Coz—Short for cousin.

[2] Learn—Common usage for teach in the Elizabethan period.

[3] So Righteously Tempered—As perfect.

[4] What Think You . . . etc.—Before the end of the scene Rosalind falls in love in earnest. This is an excellent example of dramatic irony.

her wheel,[5] that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Rosalind. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful, blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Celia. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest,[6] and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.[7]

Rosalind. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's; Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE

Celia. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she[8] not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Rosalind. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural[9] the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Celia. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touchstone. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Celia. Were you made the messenger?

Touchstone. No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

Rosalind. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touchstone. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was

[5] FROM HER WHEEL—Fortune was usually represented as standing blindfolded on a wheel. Celia proposes to cause her to leave her wheel and bring to an end the sudden changes that occur because of Fortune. Celia is the princess instead of Rosalind, merely because of a whim of Fortune.

[6] HONEST—Virtuous.

[7] ILL-FAVOREDLY—Ugly.

[8] SHE—The "fair creature" whom Nature made.

[9] NATURAL—Idiot.

naught[10]; now I'll stand to it the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Celia. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Rosalind. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touchstone. Stand you both forth now, stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Celia. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touchstone. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but, if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Celia. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touchstone. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Celia. My father's love is enough to honor him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation,[11] one of these days.

Touchstone. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Celia. By my troth, thou sayest true; for, since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Rosalind. With his mouth full of news.

Celia. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Rosalind. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Enter Le Beau

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Celia. Sport! of what color[12]?

Le Beau. What color, madam! how shall I answer you?

[10] Naught—Worthless.
[11] Taxation—Censure, satire.
[12] Color—Kind.

Celia. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Rosalind. As wit and fortune will.

Touchstone. Or as the destinies decree.

Celia. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Touchstone. Nay, if I keep not my rank,[13]—

Rosalind. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze[14] me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Rosalind. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Celia. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Celia. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper[15] young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Rosalind. With bills on their necks,[16] "Be it known unto all men by these presents."

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole[17] over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rosalind. Alas!

Touchstone. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

[13] Rank—Place, quality. Rosalind puns on the word.
[14] Amaze—Confuse, or perplex rather than astonish.
[15] Proper—Good-looking.
[16] Bills on Their Necks—Rosalind puns on the word "bills" and means legal documents which begin "Be it known, etc."
[17] Dole—Grieving, lamentations.

Touchstone. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Celia. Or I, I promise thee.

Rosalind. But is there any else longs to see this broken music[18] in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Celia. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants

Duke Frederick. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Rosalind. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Celia. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke Frederick. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Rosalind. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke Frederick. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man.[19] In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Celia. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke Frederick. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orlando. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Rosalind. Young man, have you challenged Charles, the wrestler?

[18] BROKEN MUSIC—Musical instruments were sometimes made in sets. If a set were broken, and instruments of one set combined with some from another set, the result was called "broken music." Rosalind puns on the word broken.

[19] SUCH ODDS IN THE MAN—Such superiority in Charles.

Orlando. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Celia. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise.[20] We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Rosalind. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised[21]: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orlando. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes to go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious[22]; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Rosalind. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Celia. And mine to eke out hers.

Rosalind. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you![23]

Celia. Your heart's desires be with you!

Charles. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orlando. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

[20] If You Saw Yourself With . . . etc.—If you use your senses, you will see how unequal is the struggle you are about to enter.

[21] Misprised—Undervalued.

[22] Gracious—Looked upon with favor.

[23] Pray Heaven I be Deceived in You!—Rosalind hopes Orlando has a better chance against Charles than he appears to have.

Duke Frederick. You shall try but one fall.

Charles. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orlando. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Rosalind. Now Hercules[24] be thy speed,[25] young man!

Celia. I would I were invisible to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle*

Rosalind. O excellent young man!

Celia. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown*

Duke Frederick. No more, no more.

Orlando. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke Frederick. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke Frederick. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orlando. Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke Frederick. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honorable,
But I did find him still[26] mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick, train, and Le Beau*

Celia. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orlando. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling

[24] HERCULES—A Greek hero famed for his feats of strength.
[25] BE THY SPEED—Speed you, help you.
[26] STILL—Always.

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Rosalind. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Celia. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved;
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Rosalind. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,[27]
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Celia. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orlando. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain,[28] a mere lifeless block.

Rosalind. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Celia. Will you go, coz?

Rosalind. Have with you.[29] Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia*

Orlando. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

[27] Out of Suits With Fortune—In misfortune.
[28] Quintain—A wooden dummy used for practice in jousting.
[29] Have With You—I'll be with you.

Reënter LE BEAU

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition [30]
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous [31]: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orlando. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument [32]
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world [33] than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orlando. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
[*Exit Le Beau*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit*

[30] CONDITION—Mood.
[31] HUMOROUS—Capricious.
[32] ARGUMENT—Cause.
[33] BETTER WORLD—Better days.

Scene 3

A Room in the Palace

Enter Celia *and* Rosalind

Celia. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Rosalind. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Celia. But is all this for your father?

Rosalind. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Celia. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Rosalind. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Celia. Hem[1] them away.

Rosalind. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Celia. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Rosalind. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Celia. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Rosalind. The duke my father loved his father dearly.[2]

Celia. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

[1] Hem—Cough.

[2] Dearly—Excessively. Dear is used in Shakespeare of whatever affects us greatly, either in love or hate, in joy or sorrow.

Rosclind. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Celia. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Rosalind. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords

Duke Frederick. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste[3]
And get you from our court.

Rosalind. Me, uncle?

Duke Frederick. You, cousin[4]:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Rosalind. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,[5]—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke Frederick. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation[6] did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Rosalind. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood[7] depends.

[3] SAFEST HASTE—The greater haste you make, the safer you will be.
[4] COUSIN—Used to express almost any degree of relationship.
[5] FRANTIC—Insane.
[6] PURGATION—Proof of innocence.
[7] LIKELIHOOD—Probability of my being a traitor.

Duke Frederick. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Rosalind. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Celia. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke Frederick. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Celia. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse [8]:
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,[9]
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke Frederick. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom [10]
Which I have passed upon her; she is banish'd.

Celia. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

[8] Remorse—Tenderness of heart.
[9] Juno's Swans—Mythologists tell us that Juno's car was drawn by peacocks and that the swan was sacred to Venus instead of to Juno.
[10] Doom—Judgment.

"Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste. And get you from our court."

Duke Frederick. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords*
Celia. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee be not thou more grieved than I am.
Rosalind. I have more cause.
Celia. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
Rosalind. That he hath not.
Celia. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Rosalind. Why, whither shall we go?
Celia. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Rosalind. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Celia. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber[11] smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Rosalind. Were it not better,

[11] UMBER—A brown pigment.

Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax [12] upon my thigh,
A boar spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden, woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing [13] and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Celia. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Rosalind. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.[14]
But what will you be call'd?

Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.[15]

Rosalind. But, cousin, what if we assay'd [16] to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Celia. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo [17] him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt*

[12] CURTLE-AX—A short sword.
[13] SWASHING—Swaggering.
[14] GANYMEDE—Cup bearer of the gods.
[15] ALIENA—From the Latin word meaning "stranger."
[16] ASSAY'D—Tried.
[17] WOO—Persuade.

ACT II

Scene I

The Forest of Arden

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, *and two or three* Lords, *like foresters*

Duke Senior. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom[1] made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,[2]
The seasons' difference, as[3] the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
"This is no flattery: these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head[4];
And this our life, exempt[5] from public haunt,

[1] Old Custom—Habit. The Duke is asking if, now that they are accustomed to it, they do not like the natural life in the forest better than the artificial life of the court.

[2] Penalty of Adam—According to Genesis the penalty is, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

[3] As—As for example.

[4] Jewel in His Head—A popular belief of olden times. The toad was supposed to have in its head a stone which would cure one who had been poisoned. The toad sometimes sucked up the stone before its death and thus deprived men of its benefits.

[5] Exempt—Free from the public eye.

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Senior. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks[6] me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers[7] of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[8]
Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,[9]
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

[6] IRKS—Grieves.
[7] BURGHERS—Citizens.
[8] FORKED HEADS—Arrows. A "forked arrow" was one with a double point like a swallow's tail.
[9] SEQUESTERED STAG—Separated from his companions.

Duke Senior. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream [10];
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:" then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,[11]
"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux [12] of company:" anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively [13] he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up [14]
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.
Duke Senior. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
Second Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke Senior. Show me the place;
I love to cope him [15] in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.[16]
First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt*

[10] Needless Stream—It already has enough water.
[11] Velvet friends—The other deer. Velvet refers to the outer covering of the horns.
[12] Flux—Flow.
[13] Invectively—Bitterly.
[14] Kill them up—To kill them completely. This use of "up" is shown in such expressions as to "burn up", to "wind up", etc.
[15] Cope Him—Meet him.
[16] Full of Matter—Full of ideas.

Scene 2

A Room in the Palace

Enter Duke Frederick, *with* Lords [1]

Duke Frederick. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance [2] in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a'bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Second Lord. My lord, the roynish [3] clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke Frederick. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition [4] quail [5]
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt*

[1] This scene in the palace offers a striking contrast to the preceding scene in the forest. Not only are surroundings contrasted but the brothers themselves.

[2] Are of Consent and Sufferance—Have been associates or companions in this plan.

[3] Roynish—Roguish.

[4] Inquisition—Inquiry.

[5] Quail—Fail, slacken.

Scene 3

Before Oliver's house

Enter Orlando *and* Adam, *meeting*

Orlando. Who's there?
Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to[1] overcome
The bonny priser[2] of the humorous[3] duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours:[4] your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms[5] him that bears it!
Orlando. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors! Within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,[6]
And you within it: if he fail of that,

[1] So Fond to—So foolish as to.
[2] Priser—Prize fighter.
[3] Humorous—Capricious.
[4] No More Do Yours—Since your graces make some people hate you, they serve you no more than if they were your enemies.
[5] Envenoms—Makes an object of hatred.
[6] Use to Lie—Are accustomed to sleep.

He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.[7]
This is no place; this house is but a butchery[8]:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orlando. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orlando. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood[9] and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire[10] I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,[11]
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

[7] PRACTICES—Plans.
[8] BUTCHERY—A slaughterhouse.
[9] DIVERTED BLOOD—Unnatural brother.
[10] THRIFTY HIRE—Wages saved by thrift.
[11] SPARROW—A reference to the familiar Bible quotation.

Orlando. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed![12]
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And, having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of[13] all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And, ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt*

Scene 4

The Forest of Arden

Enter Rosalind *for* Ganymede, Celia *for* Aliena, *and* Touchstone

Rosalind. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touchstone. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Rosalind. I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena!

[12] Meed—Reward.
[13] In Lieu of—In place of, in return for.

Celia. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touchstone. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross[1] if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Rosalind. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touchstone. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travelers must be content.

Rosalind. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk

Corin. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Silvius. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Corin. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Silvius. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy[2]?

Corin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Silvius. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or, if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
Wearing[3] thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

[1] CROSS—There is a pun on the word cross meaning burden, and cross, a coin so called because of a cross stamped on one side.

[2] FANTASY—Love, fancy.

[3] WEARING—Wearying.

Thou hast not loved:
Or, if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit*

Rosalind. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touchstone. And I mine. I remember when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet [4] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapped hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod [5] instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but, as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Rosalind. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touchstone. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Rosalind. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touchstone. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Celia. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touchstone. Holla, you clown!

Rosalind. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Corin. Who calls?

Touchstone. Your betters, sir.

Corin. Else are they very wretched.

Rosalind. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

[4] BATLET—An instrument with which washer women beat clothes.
[5] PEASCOD—A pea pod with nine peas was placed over the door by a kitchen-maid. She believed the first man who entered would be her lover. Touchstone uses peascod to refer to the whole plant.

Corin. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Rosalind. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succor.

Corin. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am a shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks[6] to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote,[7] his flocks, and bounds of feed[8]
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Rosalind. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Corin. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

Rosalind. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,[9]
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Celia. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Corin. Assuredly the thing is to be sold;
Go with me: if you like upon the report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder[10] be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt*

[6] Recks—Cares.
[7] Cote—Shepherd's cottage.
[8] Bounds of Feed—Pasture.
[9] Stand With Honesty—Be consistent with fair dealing.
[10] Feeder—Shepherd.

Scene 5

The Forest of Arden

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others*

Song

Amiens.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. More, more, I prithee, more.

Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Amiens. My voice is ragged[1]; I know I cannot please you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo; call you 'em stanzos?

Amiens. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, I care not for their names[2]; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Amiens. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaques. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog apes[3]; and, when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Amiens. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover[4] the while; the

[1] Ragged—Hoarse, rough.
[2] Names—The term is used in law as names of debts which are owed.
[3] Dog Apes—Baboons. Jaques means that there is no more sincerity in compliment than there is in the bowing of two monkeys when they meet.
[4] Cover—Lay the table, prepare for the banquet.

duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaques. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable[5] for my company; I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG

[*All together here*]

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.[6]

Amiens. And I'll sing it.

Jaques. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame,[7] ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Amiens. What's that "ducdame"?

Jaques. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle.[8] I'll go sleep if I can; If I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.[9]

Amiens. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared.

[*Exeunt severally*

[5] DISPUTABLE—Fond of argument.

[6] DESPITE OF MY INVENTION—As his imagination wouldn't work, Jaques made up this song without its help, out of spite.

[7] DUCDAME—Pronounced in three syllables. A nonsense refrain, probably coined by Jaques.

[8] INTO A CIRCLE—Remember they are in a circle.

[9] FIRST-BORN OF EGYPT—An old expression used to refer to highborn persons. The reference here is probably to Duke Senior.

Scene 6

The Forest of Arden

Enter Orlando *and* Adam

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orlando. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit[1] is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and, if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but, if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly,[2] and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt*

[1] Conceit—Imagination. You think you are nearer death than you are.
[2] Cheerly—Cheerfully.

Scene 7

The Forest of Arden

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, *and* Lords *like* outlaws

Duke Senior. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Senior. If he, compact of jars,[1] grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.[2]

[1] Compact of Jars—Made up of discords.
[2] Discord in the Spheres—A theory of the Greek philosopher, Pythagoras, that the heavenly bodies in their motion produce harmonious sounds.

Go seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES

First Lord. He saves my labor by his own approach.

Duke Senior. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

Jaques. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley[3] fool; a miserable world![4]
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool[5] till heaven hath sent me fortune."
And then he drew a dial[6] from his poke,[7]
And, looking on it with lack-luster eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags[8]:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral[9] on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,

[3] MOTLEY—The dress of the professional fool.

[4] A MISERABLE WORLD!—Jaques suddenly remembers his customary pose of misery and heaves a sigh.

[5] CALL ME NOT FOOL . . . —A reference to the proverb, "Fortune favors fools."

[6] DIAL—Small pocket sundials were common in Shakespeare's time.

[7] POKE—Pocket, pouch.

[8] WAGS—Moves along. Perhaps a pun in the word, *tale*.

[9] MORAL—Moralize.

And I did laugh sans[10] intermission.
O worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
Duke Senior. What fool is this?
Jaques. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit[11]
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Duke Senior. Thou shalt have one.
Jaques. It is my only suit:
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The "why" is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.[12]
Invest me in my motley: give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke Senior. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

[10] SANS—French for "without."
[11] DRY AS A REMAINDER BISCUIT—According to the science of Shakespeare's day a dry brain was supposed to denote a retentive memory.
[12] A wise man will appear ignorant of the biting jest of the fool; if he does notice the sarcasm of the jester, he will betray his weakness.

Jaques. What, for a counter,[13] would I do but good?
Duke Senior. Most mischievous foul sin,[14] in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed[15] sores and headed evils,[16]
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride
That can therein tax[17] any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name
When that I say the city woman[18] bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function[19]
That says his bravery is not of my cost,[20]
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

[13] For a Counter—On the wages of a counter, a metal disk used in counting.
[14] Most Mischievous Foul Sin—The Duke gives us a glimpse of Jaques' former life. The Duke thinks that a man who has led such a life as has Jaques should never teach men how to live.
[15] Embossed—Projecting, swollen.
[16] Headed evils—Sores grown to a head.
[17] Tax—Blame.
[18] City woman—The citizen's wife.
[19] Basest Function—Holding the lowest position.
[20] His Bravery is not of My Cost—His fine clothes are not at Jaques' expense. The idea is that those of humble position dress better than they should. They try to imitate those of higher rank.

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn*

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orlando. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke Senior. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orlando. You touch'd my vein [18] at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred [19]
And know some nurture.[20] But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaques. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.
Duke Senior. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force moves us to gentleness.
Orlando. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke Senior. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here:
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,

[18] VEIN—Disposition, humor.
[19] INLAND BRED—Born and bred in the center of civilization as opposed to the rustics brought up in the outlying districts.
[20] NURTURE—Good breeding.

If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke Senior. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;[21]
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command[22] what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils,[23] age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Senior. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste[24] till you return.

Orlando. I thank ye: and be blest for your good comfort!
[*Exit*

Duke Senior. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaques All the world's a stage,[25]
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;

[21] ENGENDER'D—Called forth.
[22] UPON COMMAND—In answer to your commands; hence, at your pleasure.
[23] WEAK EVILS—Evils causing weakness.
[24] WASTE—Use.
[25] ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE—The motto of the Globe Theater. A large wooden sign bore the Latin motto "Totus mundus agit histrionem" ("all the world plays the actor").

And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,[26]
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon[27] lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws[28] and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Reënter ORLANDO *with* ADAM

Duke Senior. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orlando. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need
I can scarce speak to thank you for myself.

[26] PARD—Leopard, with long pointed mustaches like a leopard's feelers.
[27] CAPON—Chicken.
[28] SAWS—Wise sayings, maxims.

Duke Senior. Welcome; fall to; I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG [29]

Amiens.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Duke Senior. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies [30] witness
Most truly limn'd [31] and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That loved your father. The residue of your fortune
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt*

[29] The songs found in this play are universally popular. Most of them have been set to music, and you will enjoy memorizing and singing them.
[30] EFFIGIES—Likeness.
[31] LIMNED—Drawn.

ACT III

Scene 1

A Room in the Palace

Enter Duke. Frederick, Lords, *and* Oliver

Duke Frederick. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oliver. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke Frederick. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature[1]
Make an extent[2] upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently[3] and turn him going. [*Exeunt*

Scene 2

The Forest of Arden

Enter Orlando, *with a paper*

Orlando. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:

[1] Of Such a Nature—Whose duty it is.
[2] Extent—Draw up a legal written order for the seizure of his property.
[3] Expediently—Promptly.

And thou, thrice-crownèd queen of night,[1] survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name,[2] that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character[3];
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive[4] she.

Enter Corin *and* Touchstone

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touchstone. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught.[5] In respect that is solitary, I like it very well; but, in respect that it is private,[6] it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but, in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but, as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Has any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Corin. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,[7] or comes of a very dull kindred.

[1] Thrice-crownèd Queen of Night—Luna, the goddess of the moon, was worshiped as Diana, goddess of the chase and chastity on earth, and as Proserpina in Hades.

[2] Thy Huntress' Name—Orlando says Rosalind is one of Diana's devotees.

[3] Character—Write.

[4] Unexpressive—Beyond description.

[5] Naught—Bad.

[6] Private—Solitary.

[7] Of Good Breeding—Of the want of good breeding.

Touchstone. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Corin. No, truly.

Touchstone. Then thou art damned.

Corin. Nay, I hope.

Touchstone. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touchstone. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous[8] state, shepherd.

Corin. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable[9] at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touchstone. Instance, briefly come, instance.

Corin. Why, we are still[10] handling our ewes, and their fells,[11] you know, are greasy.

Touchstone. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Corin. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touchstone. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Corin. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.[12]

Touchstone. Most shallow man; thou worms meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise and

[8] Parlous—Perilous.
[9] Mockable—Open to ridicule.
[10] Still—Constantly.
[11] Fells—Skins.
[12] Civet—A perfume derived from the civet cat.

perpend[13]: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Corin. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touchstone. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision[14] in thee! thou art raw.[15]

Corin. Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm,[16] and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *with a paper, reading*

Rosalind.

"From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lined,[17]
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind."

Touchstone. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.[18]

Rosalind. Out, fool!

Touchstone. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.

[13] PERPEND—Consider.

[14] MAKE INCISION—Curing disease by blood-letting was a common medical practice in Shakespeare's time.

[15] RAW—Ignorant, simple.

[16] CONTENT WITH MY HARM—Patient in time of misfortune.

[17] LINED—Drawn.

[18] BUTTERWOMEN'S RANK TO MARKET—The meter of these verses is like the jog trot of the butterwoman's horse.

They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.

This is a very false gallop [19] of verses: why do you infect [20] yourself with them?

Rosalind. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touchstone. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rosalind. I'll graff [21] it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar [22]: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touchstone. You have said; but, whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *with a writing*

Rosalind. Peace!
Here comes my sister reading; stand aside.

Celia. [*Reads*]

"Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings [23] show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But, upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,

[19] FALSE GALLOP—Term used to refer to a horse which lifts the wrong foot first.
[20] INFECT—Pollute.
[21] GRAFF—Graft.
[22] MEDLAR—A fruit resembling a pear. The fruit is not fit to be eaten until it is overripe. Rosalind is punning on meddler.
[23] CIVIL SAYINGS—Sayings of civilized life.

Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence[24] of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's[25] cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's[26] majesty,
Atalanta's[27] better part,
Sad Lucretia's[28] modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches[29] dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave."

Rosalind. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishoners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Celia. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touchstone. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip[30] and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone*

Celia. Didst thou hear these verses?

Rosalind. O, yes, I heard them all and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

[24] QUINTESSENCE—"The fifth essence." The alchemists of ancient times believed that in addition to the four elements—fire, earth, air, and water—there was a fifth essence, the spirit or soul of the world. They called it "quintessence."

[25] HELEN—Helen was considered the most beautiful woman of her time. She was a Greek, wife of Menelaus of Sparta. Her elopement with Paris, a Trojan prince, caused the Trojan War.

[26] CLEOPATRA—The queen of Egypt who fascinated the Roman Anthony. She is famed in history for her grace, her mentality, and her power of fascination.

[27] ATALANTA—A swift-footed huntress, daughter of a king of Scyros. The "better part" to which Orlando alludes is probably her grace and fleetness.

[28] LUCRETIA—A beautiful Roman lady who after having been dishonored by Sextus Tarquinius, stabbed herself.

[29] TOUCHES—Features, traits.

[30] SCRIP—Wallet.

Celia. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Celia. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Rosalind. I was seven of the nine days[31] out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras'[32] time, that I was an Irish rat,[33] which I can hardly remember.

Celia. Trow you who hath done this?

Rosalind. Is it a man?

Celia. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

Rosalind. I prithee, who?

Celia. O Lord, Lord! It is a hard matter for friends to meet,[34] but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Rosalind. Nay, but who is it?

Celia. Is it possible?

Rosalind. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Celia. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Rosalind. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a Southsea of discovery,[35]

[31] Seven of the Nine Days—A wonder is supposed to last nine days.

[32] Pythagoras—A Greek philosopher who believed in the transmigration of souls.

[33] Irish Rat—A common superstition in Ireland that rats could be rhymed to death. The effect of music upon rats is shown in the familiar *Pied Piper of Hamelin.*

[34] Friends to Meet . . .—An old proverb distorted: "Friends may meet but mountains never greet."

[35] One Inch . . . Discovery—If you delay in answering my questions I shall ask you so many more that you will be drowned with questions.

I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Celia. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind. Why, God will send more if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Celia. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Rosalind. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.[36]

Celia. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rosalind. Orlando?

Celia. Orlando.

Rosalind. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?[37] What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Celia. You must borrow me Gargantua's[38] mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Rosalind. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Celia. It is as easy to count atomies[39] as to resolve the prop-

[36] Sad Brow . . . True Maid—Speak without joking.
[37] Wherein Went He?—How was he dressed?
[38] Gargantua—A famous mythical giant described by Rabelais. He swallows five pilgrims in a salad.
[39] Atomies—Atoms.

ositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Rosalind. It may well be called Jove's tree,[40] when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia. Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind. Proceed.

Celia. There he lay, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Rosalind. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Celia. Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets[41] unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Rosalind. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Celia. I would sing my song without a burden,[42] thou bringest me out of tune.

Rosalind. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Celia. You bring me out.[43] Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES

Rosalind. 'Tis he; slink by and note him.

Jaques. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlando. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orlando. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love songs in their barks.

Orlando. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

[40] JOVE'S TREE—The oak was sacred to Jupiter.
[41] CURVETS—The pace of a spirited horse.
[42] BURDEN—Chorus.
[43] YOU BRING ME OUT—You put me out.

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlando. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

Orlando. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orlando. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmith's wives, and conned them out of rings?[44]

Orlando. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,[45] from whence you have studied your questions?

Jaques. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orlando. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orlando. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orlando. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love.

Orlando. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques*

Rosalind. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

[44] CONNED . . . RINGS—Studied the mottoes carved on lovers' rings.

[45] PAINTED CLOTH—Various mottoes were woven into the tapestries popular in Shakespeare's time.

Orlando. Very well: what would you?

Rosalind. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orlando. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orlando. And why not the swift foot of Time? had that not been as proper?

Rosalind. By no means, sir; Time travels in divers paces with divers persons.[46] I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Rosalind. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight,[47] Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orlando. Who ambles Time withal?

Rosalind. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury; these Time ambles withal.

Orlando. Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind. With a thief to the gallows; for, though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orlando. Who stays it still withal?

Rosalind. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

[46] Time Travels . . . Persons—One's idea of time depends upon what one is doing. Sometimes an hour seems a minute and a minute may seem an hour.

[47] Se'nnight—Seven nights; a week. Compare with fortnight.

Orlando. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rosalind. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like a fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando. Are you native of this place?

Rosalind. As the cony[48] that you see dwell where she is kindled.[49]

Orlando. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed[50] a dwelling.

Rosalind. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man: one that knew courtship[51] too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orlando. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orlando. I prithee, recount some of them.

Rosalind. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancymonger,[52] I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian[53] of love upon him.

Orlando. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

[48] CONY—Rabbit.
[49] KINDLED—Born.
[50] REMOVED—Remote.
[51] COURTSHIP—Note the pun.
[52] FANCYMONGER—One who deals in love.
[53] QUOTIDIAN—A kind of fever.

Rosalind. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orlando. What were his marks?

Rosalind. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye [54] and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable [55] spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having no beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device [56] in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it: which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orlando. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orlando. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip [57] as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

[54] Blue Eye—An eye with a dark circle under it.
[55] Unquestionable—Unsociable.
[56] Point-Device—Faultless.
[57] A Dark House and a Whip—The treatment of lunatics prevalent in Shakespeare's time.

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish[58] youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orlando. I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orlando. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Rosalind. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orlando. With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt*

[58] MOONISH—Changeable like the moon.

SCENE 3

The Forest of Arden

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind*

Touchstone. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Audrey. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touchstone. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the

most capricious poet, honest Ovid,[1] was among the Goths.[2]

Jaques. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited,[3] worse than Jove in a thatched house![4]

Touchstone. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.[5] Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Audrey. I do not know what "poetical" is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touchstone. No, truly for the truest poetry is the most feigning and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Audrey. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touchstone. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Audrey. Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored[6]; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques. [*Aside*] A material[7] fool!

Audrey. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touchstone. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul[8] slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touchstone. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But, be it as it may be, I will

[1] Ovid—A Roman poet.

[2] Goths—Pronounced: Gotes. Note pun. *Capricious* is derived from "caper," the Latin word for *goat*.

[3] Ill-inhabited—Poorly housed.

[4] Jove in a Thatched House—Jupiter and Mercury visited the earth in disguise. They were so well entertained by Baucis and Philemon that they changed their thatched cottage into a temple.

[5] A Great Reckoning . . .—A large bill for a small accommodation.

[6] Hard-favored—Homely.

[7] Material—Sensible.

[8] Foul—Ugly.

marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oliver. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touchstone. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oliver. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaques. [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touchstone. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you do, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you [9] for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.[10]

Jaques. Will you be married, motley?

Touchstone. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaques. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touchstone. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and, not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

[9] God 'Ild You—Reward you.
[10] Pray Be Covered—Put on your hat.

Jaques. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touchstone. Come, sweet Audrey:
Farewell, good master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:
but,—
Wind away,
Begone, I say
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey*

Sir Oliver. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit*

Scene 4

The Forest of Arden

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia

Rosalind. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Celia. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Rosalind. But have I not cause to weep?

Celia. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Rosalind. His very hair is of the dissembling color.[1]

Celia. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Rosalind. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

Celia. An excellent color: your chestnut was ever the only color.

Rosalind. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Celia. He hath bought a pair of cast[2] lips of Diana; a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Rosalind. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

[1] Dissembling Color—Judas is generally represented in pictures with red hair. Hence, a person with red hair was supposed to be deceitful.

[2] Cast—Cast off.

Celia. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rosalind. Do you think so?

Celia. Yes; I think he is not a pickpurse [3] nor a horse stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a wormeaten nut.

Rosalind. Not true in love?

Celia. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Rosalind. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Celia. "Was" is not "is": besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster [4]; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Rosalind. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Celia. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny [5] tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter CORIN

Corin. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Celia. Well, and what of him?

Corin. If you will see a pageant [6] truly play'd.
Between the pale complexion of true love

[3] PICKPURSE—Pickpocket.
[4] TAPSTER—A person employed to draw liquor. He had opportunity to give false measure.
[5] PUISNY—Inferior, unskillful.
[6] PAGEANT—Scene.

And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Rosalind. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt*

SCENE 5

Another Part of the Forest

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax[1] upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind*

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

[1] FALLS NOT THE AX—Lets not the ax fall.

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice [2] and capable impressure [3]
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Silvius. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,[4]
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phebe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Rosalind. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's salework.[5] 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle [6] eyeballs, nor cheek of cream,

[2] Cicatrice—Mark.
[3] Capable Impressure—An imprint that can be seen.
[4] Fancy—Love.
[5] Salework—Ready-made.
[6] Bugle—Like a black glass bead.

That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer[7] man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favored children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her,
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul,[8] being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phebe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together: I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Rosalind. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phebe. For no ill will I bear you.

Rosalind. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin*

[7] PROPERER—Handsomer.
[8] FOUL IS MOST FOUL—Ugly people seem more ugly when they become scoffers.

Phebe. Dead shepherd,[9] now I find thy saw of might,
"Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"[10]
Silvius. Sweet Phebe,—
Phebe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?
Silvius. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phebe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Silvius. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.
Phebe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighborly?
Silvius. I would have you.
Phebe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But, since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
Silvius. So holy and so perfect is my love
And I in such a poverty of grace[11]
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps; loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.
Phebe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Silvius. Not very well, but I have met him oft:
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot[12] once was master of.

[9] Dead Shepherd—Christopher Marlowe, a contemporary of Shakespeare's.
[10] "Whoever Loved . . ."—A quotation from a poem, *Hero and Leander*, by Marlowe.
[11] Grace—Favor.
[12] Carlot—Peasant.

Phebe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.[13]
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Silvius. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phebe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt*

[13] DAMASK—Name of a species of rose. Red and white.

ACT IV

SCENE I

The Forest of Arden

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES

Jaques. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Rosalind. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Rosalind. Those that are in extremity [1] of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure [2] worse than drunkards.

Jaques. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Rosalind. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation [3]; nor the musician's, which is fantastical [4]; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's which is politic [5]; nor the lady's, which is nice [6]; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry [7] contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous [8] sadness.

Rosalind. A traveler! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques. Yes, I have gained my experience.

[1] IN EXTREMITY—Extremely given to.
[2] MODERN CENSURE—Ordinary judgment.
[3] EMULATION—A striving to excel.
[4] FANTASTICAL—Imaginative.
[5] POLITIC—The lawyer pretends to be sympathetic with his clients in order that he may get business.
[6] NICE—Over-particular, fastidious.
[7] SUNDRY—Varied.
[8] HUMOROUS—Moody.

Rosalind. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO

Orlando. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaques. Nay, then God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit*

Rosalind. Farewell, Monsieur Traveler: look you lisp and wear strange suits,[9] disable[10] all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.[11] Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orlando. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Rosalind. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orlando. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Rosalind. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orlando. Of a snail?

Rosalind. Ay, of a snail; for, though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure,[12] I think, than you make a woman. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you

[9] LISP AND WEAR STRANGE SUITS—Be affected.

[10] DISABLE—Abuse.

[11] SWAM IN A GONDOLA—In the sixteenth century, Venice, built on small islands, with gondolas for transportation and pleasure, was a great resort. No one could call himself traveled who had not visited Venice.

[12] JOINTURE—Settlement.

say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orlando. I would kiss before I spoke.

Rosalind. Nay, you were better speak first; and, when you were graveled[13] for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out,[14] they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us[15]! matter, the cleanliest shift[16] is to kiss.

Orlando. How if the kiss be denied?

Rosalind. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orlando. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rosalind. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

Orlando. Then in mine own person I die.

Rosalind. No, faith, die by attorney.[17] The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person; *videlicet,*[18] in a love-cause. Troilus[19] had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander,[20] he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was "Hero of Sestos." But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

[13] GRAVELED—Literally, stuck in the sand.
[14] OUT—At a loss.
[15] GOD WARN US—God forbid.
[16] THE CLEANLIEST SHIFT—The best way.
[17] BY ATTORNEY—By substitute.
[18] VIDELICET—Namely.
[19] TROILUS—During the Trojan War, Troilus, a son of Priam, King of Troy, fell in love with Cressida. She did not return his love. Troilus was killed by Achilles during the siege.
[20] LEANDER—Leander who was in love with Hero, a priestess of Venus at Sestos, swam the Hellespont every night to see her. One stormy night he was drowned, and when Hero learned of it, she threw herself into the sea.

Orlando. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Rosalind. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orlando. Then love me, Rosalind.

Rosalind. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orlando. And wilt thou have me?

Rosalind. Ay, and twenty such.

Orlando. What sayest thou?

Rosalind. Are you not good?

Orlando. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orlando. Pray thee marry us.

Celia. I cannot say the words.

Rosalind. You must begin, "Will you, Orlando—"

Celia. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orlando. I will.

Rosalind. Ay, but when?

Orlando. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Rosalind. Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orlando. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Rosalind. I might ask you for your commission[21]; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orlando. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Rosalind. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orlando. For ever and a day.

[21] COMMISSION—Authority.

"Then love me, Rosalind."

Rosalind. Say "a day" without the "ever." No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they are wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled [22] than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,[23] and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orlando. But will my Rosalind do so?

Rosalind. By my life she will do as I do.

Orlando. O, but she is wise.

Rosalind. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder. Make [24] the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orlando. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Rosalind. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orlando. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Rosalind. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orlando. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Rosalind. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical [25] break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

[22] NEW-FANGLED—Changeable.

[23] DIANA IN THE FOUNTAIN—Statues of Diana were commonly used in fountain designs.

[24] MAKE—Shut.

[25] PATHETICAL—Shocking.

Orlando. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Rosalind. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando*

Celia. You have simply misused our sex in your love prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Rosalind. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.[26]

Celia. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rosalind. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus[27] that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind, rascally boy that abuses everyone's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Celia. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt*

[26] Bay of Portugal—Geography does not recognize such a bay, but sailors refer by the name to the very deep portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal near Oporto. The depth is given as 8500 feet.

[27] Bastard of Venus—Cupid.

Scene 2

The Forest of Arden

Enter Jaques, Lords, *and* Foresters

Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaques. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror[1]; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Forester. Yes, sir.

[1] Like a Roman Conqueror—In Rome a victorious general returned bearing branches of laurel to symbolize his victory.

Jaques. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in time, so it make noise enough.

SONG

Forester.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home;

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*[2]

Take thou no scorn[3] to wear the horn:
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[2] BURDEN—Chorus.
[3] TAKE THOU NO SCORN—Do not be ashamed.

SCENE 3

The Forest of Arden

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA

Rosalind. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Celia. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS

Silvius. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: [*Giving a letter*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing it,
It bears an angry tenor[1]: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Rosalind. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;

[1] TENOR—Tone.

She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were men as rare as phœnix.[2] 'Ods my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Silvius. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Rosalind. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colored[3] hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter:
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Silvius. Sure, it is hers.

Rosalind. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop[4] words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Silvius. So please you, for I never heard it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Rosalind. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads*] "Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"

Can a woman rail thus?

Silvius. Call you this railing?

Rosalind. [*Reads*]

"Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

[2] RARE AS PHŒNIX—According to fable only one phœnix exists at a time. It lives five hundred years, dies in fire, and the new phœnix rises from the ashes.

[3] FREESTONE-COLORED—A dirty brown.

[4] ETHIOP—Black.

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance [5] to me."

Meaning me a beast.

"If the scorn of your bright eyne [6]
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack in me that strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
While you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Silvius. Call you this chiding?

Celia. Alas, poor shepherd!

Rosalind. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that, if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius*

Enter OLIVER

Oliver. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus [7] of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenced about with olive trees?

Celia. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom:
The rank of osiers [8] by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.

[5] VENGEANCE—Harm.
[6] EYNE—Eyes.
[7] PURLIEUS—Edges of the forest.
[8] OSIERS—Willows.

But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.
Oliver. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe[9] sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?
Celia. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oliver. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin.[10] Are you he?
Rosalind. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oliver. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Celia. I pray you tell it.
Oliver. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade

[9] RIPE—Elder.
[10] NAPKIN—Handkerchief.

A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Celia. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

Oliver. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Rosalind. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oliver. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so,
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,[11]
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Celia. Are you his brother?

Rosalind. Was it you he rescued?

Celia. Was't you that did so often contrive to kill him?

Oliver. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Rosalind. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oliver. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments[12] had most kindly bathed,
As, how I came into that desert place:—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;

[11] HURTLING—Noise of the struggle.
[12] RECOUNTMENTS—Stories.

Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons*

Celia. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oliver. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Celia. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oliver. Look, he recovers.

Rosalind. I would I were at home.

Celia. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oliver. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Rosalind. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oliver. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Rosalind. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oliver. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Rosalind. So I do: but i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Celia. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oliver. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Rosalind. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt*

ACT V

Scene I

The Forest of Arden

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey

Touchstone. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Audrey. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touchstone. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Audrey. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touchstone. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting[1]; we cannot hold.[2]

Enter William

William. Good even, Audrey.

Audrey. God ye good even,[3] William.

William. And good even to you, sir.

Touchstone. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

William. Five and twenty, sir.

Touchstone. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

William. William, sir.

Touchstone. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

William. Ay, sir, I thank God.

[1] Flouting—Have our joke.

[2] Cannot Hold—Cannot restrain ourselves.

[3] God Ye Good Even—God give you good even. Our expression "good evening" comes from this.

Touchstone. "Thank God"; a good answer. Art rich?

William. Faith, sir, so so.

Touchstone. "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

William. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touchstone. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

William. I do, sir.

Touchstone. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

William. No, sir.

Touchstone. Then learn this of me: to have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse,* for I am he.

William. Which he, sir?

Touchstone. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee or in bastinado[4] or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction[5]; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Audrey. Do, good William.

William. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit*

[4] BASTINADO—Beat you with a cudgel.

[5] BANDY WITH THEE IN FACTION—Conspire against you.

Enter CORIN

Corin. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touchstone. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt*

SCENE 2

The Forest of Arden

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER

Orlando. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oliver. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orlando. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND

Rosalind. God save you, brother.

Oliver. And you, fair sister. [*Exit*

Rosalind. O my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orlando. It is my arm.

Rosalind. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orlando. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rosalind. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orlando. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosalind. O, I know where you are[1]: nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical[2] brag of "I came, saw, and overcame:" for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent[3]: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orlando. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Rosalind. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orlando. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rosalind. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not

[1] WHERE YOU ARE—What you mean.

[2] THRASONICAL—Boastful. Cæsar sent the famous message, "Veni, vidi, vici ("I came, I saw, I overcame") to the Roman senate after his defeat of Pharnaces, King of Pontus, at Zela.

[3] INCONTINENT—Immediately.

damnable.[4] If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture[5] cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orlando. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Rosalind. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly,[6] though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for, if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phebe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness[7]
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Rosalind. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Silvius. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.

Silvius. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

[4] DAMNABLE—In Shakespeare's time those caught practicing magic were punished with imprisonment. A second conviction meant death.
[5] GESTURE—Speech and action.
[6] TENDER DEARLY—Value highly.
[7] UNGENTLENESS—Unkindness.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.

Silvius. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and obedience,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance[8];
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And so am I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And so am I for no woman.

Phebe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Silvius. If this be so, why blame me to love you?

Orlando. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Rosalind. Who do you speak to, "Why blame me to love you?"

Orlando. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Rosalind. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves[9] against the moon. [*To Silvius*] I will help you if I can: [*To Phebe*] I would love you if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phebe*] I will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orlando*] I will satisfy you if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Silvius*] I will content you if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orlando*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Silvius*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

Silvius. I'll not fail if I live.

Phebe. Nor I.

Orlando. Nor I. [*Exeunt*

[8] OBSERVANCE—Service.

[9] IRISH WOLVES—There were wolves in Ireland long after they disappeared in England.

Scene 3

The Forest of Arden

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey

Touchstone. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey, to-morrow will we be married.

Audrey. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world.[1] Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages

First Page. Well met, honest gentlemen.

Touchstone. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Second Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.[2]

First Page. Shall we clap into 't[3] roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Second Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

Song

It was a lover and his lass,
  With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
  In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
  With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
  In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

[1] Woman of the World—Married woman.
[2] Sit i' the Middle—"Hey diddle diddle, fool in the middle."
[3] Clap into 't—Begin at once.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino;
For love is crownèd with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Touchstone. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter [4] in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touchstone. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you [5]; and God mend your voices. Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt*

[4] No Great Matter—No sense.
[5] God Be wi' You—"Good-by."

Scene 4

The Forest of Arden

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia

Duke Senior. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, *and* Phebe

Rosalind. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke Senior. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Rosalind. And you say you will have her, when I bring her?
Orlando. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Rosalind. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Rosalind. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phebe. So is the bargain.
Rosalind. You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?
Silvius. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Rosalind. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her
If she refuse me: and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia*
Duke Senior. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively[1] touches of my daughter's favor.
Orlando. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate[2] studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured[3] in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward,[4] and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts which in all tongues are called fools.

[1] LIVELY—Lifelike.
[2] DESPERATE—Dangerous, unlawful.
[3] OBSCURED—Concealed.
[4] TOWARD—At hand.

Touchstone. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier he swears.

Touchstone. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.[5] I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?[6]

Touchstone. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaques. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Senior. I like him very well.

Touchstone. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives,[7] to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will; rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poorhouse, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke Senior. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.[8]

Touchstone. According to the fool's bolt,[9] sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaques. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touchstone. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming,[10] Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called

[5] PUT ME TO MY PURGATION—Challenge me to prove it.
[6] TA'EN UP—Made up.
[7] COPULATIVES—Couples wishing to be joined.
[8] SWIFT AND SENTENTIOUS—Witty.
[9] FOOL'S BOLT—An old proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot." BOLT—A blunt arrow.
[10] SEEMING—Becomingly.

the Retort Courteous. If I send him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip [11] Modest. If again it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lied: this is called the Countercheck [12] Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaques. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touchstone. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touchstone. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book [13]; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that, too, with an *If.* I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but, when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If,* as, "If you said so, then I said so"; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If.*

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke Senior. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,[14] and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

[11] Quip—A sharp answer.

[12] Countercheck—As in a game of chess, a check.

[13] By the Book—There were books on the etiquette of quarreling. Touchstone's entire account is a satire on chivalry.

[14] Stalking-Horse—A real horse or the figure of a horse, behind which a sportsman approached his game.

Enter HYMEN,[15] ROSALIND, *and* CELIA

Still Music

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone[16] together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Rosalind. [To Duke] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[*To Orlando*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
Duke Senior. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
Orlando. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
Phebe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!
Rosalind. [*To Duke*] I'll have no father, if you be not he:
[*To Orlando*] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
[*To Phebe*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.
Hymen. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

[*To Orlando and Rosalind*] You and you no cross shall part:
[*To Oliver and Celia*] You and you are heart in heart:
[*To Phebe*] You to his love must accord,
Or have this woman to your lord:
[*To Touchstone and Audrey*] You and you are sure together

[15] HYMEN—God of marriage.
[16] ATONE—Reconcile.

As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG

Wedding is great Juno's crown
O blessèd bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honorèd:
Honor, high honor, and renown
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke Senior. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phebe. [*To Silvius*] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS

Jaques de Bois. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power[17]; which were on foot,
In his own conduct,[18] purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,[19]
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again

[17] ADDRESS'D A MIGHTY POWER—Made ready a large army.
[18] IN HIS OWN CONDUCT—Lead by him.
[19] RELIGIOUS MAN—Hermit.

That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage[20] my life.
Duke Senior. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd[21] days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returnèd fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaques. Sir, by your patience.[22] If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaques de Bois. He hath.
Jaques. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke*] You to your former honor I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To Orlando*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:
[*To Oliver*] You to your land and love and great allies:
[*To Silvius*] You to a long and well-deservèd bed:
[*To Touchstone*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victualed. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.
Duke Senior. Stay, Jaques, stay.

[20] ENGAGE—Pledge.
[21] SHREWD—Evil.
[22] BY YOUR PATIENCE—With your permission.

Jaques. To see no pastime I; what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit*

Duke Senior. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance*

EPILOGUE

Rosalind. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 't is true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that I am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt*

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564–1616)

If William Shakespeare were to return to-day to his boyhood home in Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, he would find the two-story cottage of timber and plaster with its dormer windows, in which he was born, the old Grammar School in which he was taught, the cottage in which he wooed his sweetheart, traces of the mansion in which he died, and the church in which he was baptized and in which he was buried.

When the poet lived in Stratford, it was a cozy, peaceful little town of about fourteen hundred inhabitants, lying along the shore of the river Avon, almost in the geographical center of England.

We are not certain of the date of Shakespeare's birth. Biographical writing did not become popular until fifty years after Shakespeare's time, and the first biography of the poet was written long after his death. There are a few records of facts in Shakespeare's life, but much that is said of him is traditional or inferred from his writings.

The register at Stratford church shows that he was baptized there April 26, 1564. As it was customary to baptize infants on the third day after birth, it has been generally agreed that Shakespeare was born on April 23, 1564.

About his boyhood we know very little. References in his plays to sports and games, to rambles through the woods and through the fields with their hawthorne hedges, and over the "banks where the wild thyme blows," and his later desire to return to Stratford seem to indicate that his boyhood was a happy one. His father, John Shakespeare, was an influential merchant, a dealer in malt, meal, corn, leather, and wool. He rose from one office to another until he became High Bailiff, or Mayor of Stratford. The boy's mother was Mary Arden, daughter of a prosperous farmer.

We know nothing of Shakespeare's education. In Statford there was a Free Grammar School, and it is natural to suppose that the son of an influential business man would attend. In these Grammer Schools boys studied chiefly Latin. A typical course consisted of the classics, particularly Plautus and Terence, the Latin comedy writers; Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, the Latin poets; Cicero, the orator; and Seneca, the moralist. In the course of one school of this period were twenty-five Latin books and four English books: the Catechism, Psalter, Book of Common Prayer, and the New Testament.

Records in Stratford show that John Shakespeare had financial difficulties in 1577, and it is generally believed that William, at the age of thirteen, left school to assist his father in the store.

The next record we have of Shakespeare is that of the baptism of his daughter, Susanna, on May 26, 1583. The year before, at the age of eighteen, he had married Anne Hathaway, daughter of a farmer in the neighboring hamlet of Shottery. The most famous lovers' lane in England is the footpath along the river leading from Stratford to the quaint, thatched-roof cottage of Anne Hathaway in Shottery.

Two years after the birth of Susanna, the twins, Hamnet and Judith, were born; and shortly after their birth, Shakespeare at the age of twenty-two went up to London.

Just when he left, why he left, and how he left Stratford, we do not know. There is a tradition that he was prosecuted by Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote for deer stealing. To get revenge Shakespeare composed a ballad in which Sir Lucy was ridiculed, and in order to avoid redoubled prosecution, the poet fled to London. Another tradition states that he joined a band of strolling players. He probably went to seek his fortune.

There are no records of his first six years in London. It is believed that he first became connected with the theater as a call boy. Perhaps he held the horses for people who attended the performances. Later he became an actor in minor rôles. Then he began to revise parts of plays and to adapt them, and finally he wrote entire plays of his own. Through managing theaters and investing his earnings in them, he amassed quite a fortune. During the twenty-five years he remained in London, he wrote thirty-six or more plays.

He left London in 1610 and lived the life of a rich country gentleman on the beautiful estate, New Place, in Stratford, which he had bought several years before.

There he died on the twenty-third of April, the day of his birth, in the year 1616, at the age of fifty-two. He was buried in the chancel of the parish church in Stratford. His grave was dug seventeen feet deep, and over it to frighten those who might think of moving his bones was placed the quaint inscription which tradition says he wrote himself:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE DRAMA

In Greece, centuries before Shakespeare was born, the drama had reached a high state of development. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides used the drama to give expression to the finest of Greek thought and wisdom. Greek drama had its origin in the ceremonies connected with the worship of the god Bacchus and groups of men marched, chanted, and danced about the altar, acting out legends connected with the life of the god. Gradually the drama lost its religious purpose and was used to give expression to the thought and life of the day.

The drama disappeared with all culture during the period of the Dark Ages. It came into being in England more than eighteen hundred years later, as in Greece, in connection with religion. In the medieval

church service, the priests and choir boys would take the various parts in the reading of the Bible lesson. You must remember that at this time very few people could read. The priests found that the use of tableaux, pictures, and action was very effective in teaching their congregations. Gradually they began to act out entire scenes such as the story of Eden, of the Flood, of the Manger, the Temptation, the Crucifixion and scenes from the lives of Abraham, Isaac, and Moses. Before long, little plays had grown up about most of the Bible characters.

Members of the congregation began to take part, and humor crept into the productions. People attended church to be amused rather than to worship. Gradually the plays became separated from the church and later were denounced by the priests as wicked.

Miracle plays, representing the lives of saints and the miracles connected with them, and Mystery plays, dramatizing the life of Christ, became very popular when taken over by the laymen. In the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, they were produced in nearly every part of England.

The trade guilds, organizations of workmen, became interested in the plays and developed quite an elaborate system of producing them. Each town had its Guild of Ship Carpenters, Guild of Butchers, Guild of Weavers, Guild of Bakers, and so on, representing each of the trades. Each Guild would take an assigned Bible story and spend months rehearsing. On feast days all of the Guilds would present their plays to large audiences of people from the surrounding country, who came up to town for a week of celebration.

The next step in the development of the drama was the Morality play. Abstract qualities such as Pleasure, Hate, Charity, Truth, Ambition, Slander, the World, the Seven Deadly Sins were personified and took the place of characters from the Bible. The purpose was still to instruct. Virtue was always shown victorious over Vice.

The stage on which the Miracle and Morality plays were produced was quite different from ours. Wooden platforms mounted on wheels were used. There were two stories to these movable stages. The lower part was enclosed and served as dressing rooms. Ladders or rough stairs led up to the top story or roof where the acting took place. The entrance to the lower story was made to represent a pair of dragon jaws painted red. From these jaws came smoke, fire, horrible yells, and red-coated devils with pitchforks who frequently jumped to the stage to get the wicked souls to throw them into the Mouth of Hell.

The plays were sometimes produced on crudely constructed platforms in courtyards of inns. The common people stood on the ground in front

of the stage to watch the performance. Hence they were called "groundlings." The upper classes watched the performance from balconies built out from the sides of the inn.

Expert amateur performers naturally developed into professionals, the religious element disappeared, and gradually plays written for the purpose of entertaining became popular.

Because of opposition on the part of the church and from the rapidly increasing Puritan sect, the players sought the patronage of nobles. Plays were given in the halls of their castles and at the court. Queen Elizabeth was a noted patron of the drama, and she greatly encouraged plays, the main object of which was to entertain.

In 1576 *The Theater,* the first building for acting purposes was erected in London. When Shakespeare arrived in London, there were three playhouses, and he became connected with *The Theater.* Later there was a lawsuit over the land on which it was built, and it was torn down. The materials of the old building were moved across the Thames, and a new theater, called the *Globe* was erected.

THE THEATER IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

Bands of strolling players had found the courtyards of inns very satisfactory for the production of their plays. Naturally the first theaters were modeled after them, and they were practically courtyards with the inns left off. Most of the theaters were round, or nearly round.

You would have one surprise after another were it possible for you to visit one of these theaters in Shakespeare's time. First you would have to watch for the flag flying from the tower of the theater, indicating that there was to be a performance. Then you would have to plan on going in the afternoon, for all the shows began between two and three o'clock.

Upon entering you would be very much surprised to find that the entire center had no roof. You see there was no danger of suffering from lack of ventilation. You would find yourself pushed and jostled by a good-natured crowd standing on the bare, flat earth in the pit before the stage, waiting impatiently for the performance to begin. Perhaps you might be interested in the refreshment sellers who pushed their carts loaded with apples, nuts, and ale through the crowd. You might think for a moment that you were at a modern circus or a baseball game.

If you had the price, you might have gained admission to one of the

three balconies. Here you would be more comfortable, for they were partly covered, and were provided with benches.

Your next surprise would be the stage. It was divided into three parts. On the outer stage, which was uncurtained, most of the outdoor scenes took place. Directly back of the outer stage and separated from it by curtains was an inner stage. This was used principally for indoor scenes. Over the inner stage was a curtained balcony, used to represent a hill, a wall, a window, or any high place. Under the stage was a cellar from which many a ghost came through the trapdoor to startle the audience. Spirits, demons, and witches were lowered from the hollow compartment over the stage, known as the "hut" or the "heavens."

As the performance began you would be surprised to see young gallants occupying the seats on the edges of the stage. Evidently they enjoyed displaying the newest styles to the wondering "groundlings." They had other interests. As the play proceeded, they criticized frequently aloud, and sometimes chased unsatisfactory actors from the stage and continued with the show themselves.

Your imagination would be kept quite busy at one of the plays. There was practically no scenery, and the costuming, although very elaborate, was not adapted to the characterizations. The women characters were not at all convincing. Yet this is not to be wondered at when we realize that the women's parts were played by young boys who had been trained to walk like women, talk like women, and act like women.

If you were fortunate enough to be at the theater on a day when Edward Alleyn or Richard Burbage was in the cast, you would feel richly compensated for all the crudities and inconveniences, since they were the leading actors of their time.

SOURCES OF *AS YOU LIKE IT*

THERE appeared in England in 1590 a novel by Thomas Lodge called *Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie.* It soon became very popular, for it dealt with a subject that had become a fad. The book is a pastoral story of courtiers, who, tired of the conventional life of the court, played at life in the country in the guise of shepherds and shepherdesses. Lodge probably found the story in a ballad-epic, *The Tale of Gamelyn.*

In *As You Like It* Shakespeare follows quite closely the main incidents of the novel by Lodge but he has made the dull, artificial story come to life. He changed the names of most of the characters, and created the characters of Jacques, Touchstone, Audrey, William, and Sir Oliver Martext. The title of Shakespeare's play was suggested by a line in the introduction to the novel "If you like it, so."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

SHAKESPEARE wrote his plays not to be read but to be acted. The only way then to study the play is to play it. Before playing it, you must catch the spirit of it and become as well acquainted with the characters as you are with your schoolmates and friends.

Let us stage "The Wrestling Scene," ACT I, Scene 2. In this scene we are on a lawn before the Duke's palace. Rosalind and Celia enter, talking. Rosalind evidently is in a sad or thoughtful mood. To-day we should probably say she has the "blues." Celia is trying to cheer her up. What changes take place in Rosalind's bearing, in her facial expression, in her voice, as she gradually responds to Celia's mood? Can you imagine two girls of to-day, suggesting as a means of having a good time, the mocking of Fortune from her wheel? You see they enjoyed the clash of wits. How would this be shown in playing the parts?

By his entrance, Touchstone cuts off the argument. The girls see him a long time before he announces himself to them. What do you imagine that he is doing all this time? Picking nothing out of the air, chuckling to himself, playing hide-and-seek with himself? Remember the jester is rarely still.

Can you picture the exchange of knowing glances as Rosalind and Celia listen to the fool's nonsense? Can you see them stand forth and stroke their chins as they pretend to take the oath?

Le Beau, the fop, out-of-breath, rushes to tell the news. Imagine his elaborate bow. What is the attitude of the girls toward him? Are they outwardly courteous and inwardly amused? Can you see their facial expression as he tells in superlatives the story of the wrestling? Touchstone probably mimics the actions of Le Beau when the courtier is not looking. Can you imagine his dramatic interpretation of Le Beau's story? The innocent expression on his face as he looks up at Le Beau and inquires, "But what is this sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?"

With a flourish the Duke, the champion, Orlando, and lords enter. Charles, the wrestler, shows his confidence in his face and in his bearing. Perhaps he stands with arms crossed on his inflated chest. Orlando looks rather pathetic in his "aloneness" and yet gallant in spite of it.

What are the lords doing? Perhaps conversing in undertones, wagering on the probable outcome of the match. Where do you see Touchstone? Here, there, and everywhere. Can you see him measure the opponents and shake his head dolefully in the direction of Orlando?

Can you see the gradual change in Rosalind as her friendly interest

in Orlando deepens into love? Can you hear the contemptuous tone of Charles as he thunders, "Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?" And Orlando's ready, firm tone as he turns quickly to meet the challenge, "You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before."

Describe the facial expression of the spectators as they watch the fight. Notice that Le Beau is in the thick of the excitement, ready with the news of the outcome. Note how quickly Duke Frederick turns from the defeated champion to the new hero, and how quickly his voice and bearing toward the new champion change when he learns of Orlando's parentage.

In what mood is Orlando when the girls come to congratulate him? How does he show his embarrassment? Celia feels they are too bold. How does she show her reluctance?

Does Touchstone notice that Rosalind and Orlando are falling in love with each other? What stage business should you use to show this to the audience?

What is Orlando's attitude toward Le Beau as he listens to the warning of danger? How does Orlando act when he realizes that he has fallen in love with Rosalind?

ORAL AND WRITTEN COMPOSITIONS

Give an account of the life of Shakespeare.

Describe the Shakespeare country.

Describe the Elizabethan theaters.

Give the sources of the plot of *As You Like It.*

What is the theme of the play? Show how it is worked out.

Name the four plots and give a summary of each.

What are the reasons for low-comedy plots in Shakespeare?

Show the part played in the drama by each of the following: Orlando, Rosalind, Celia, Duke Senior, Jaques, Touchstone.

Contrast the characters of: Rosalind and Celia, Oliver and Orlando, Jaques and Duke Senior, Jaques and Touchstone, Duke Senior and Duke Frederick, Audrey and Phebe, Corin and Silvius.

Select passages which seem worth while remembering and memorize them.

Imagine you are present at a performance of *As You Like It* in Shakespeare's time. Write an account.

Write an imaginary account of the childhood of Rosalind and Celia; of the boyhood of Orlando and Oliver.

Write an imaginary account of the banishment of Duke Senior.

Imagine you are a guest at Duke Frederick's court. Write an account of a day at court.

Imagine you are the guest of Duke Senior in the Forest of Arden. Write a story of a day in the forest with Duke Senior and his men.

We see Celia, Rosalind, and Touchstone leaving the court and we see them entering the forest. What happened on the way, do you think? Write an account of the trip to the Forest of Arden.

We have already appreciated the fact that the situations in *As You Like It* are very unreal and the characters very real. Can you imagine the characters in some real situations to-day? Picture Jaques at a football game, in a country store at election time, at a circus, in a railroad station, on a street car, at a formal dinner, at a ball, at the theater, and write your imaginings.

Can you see Touchstone in school? Write what you imagine.

In what situations can you see the other characters? Choose one and write the story.

Write a description of the Forest of Arden, or some similar forest where you might suppose this play could take place.

Write an essay on Shakespeare's humor, or Shakespeare's satire used in the play.

Explain the reasonableness of the reformation of Duke Frederick and Oliver.

Discuss the relation of Jaques to the main plot and to the subordinate plots.

Write what you imagine became of Adam.

Write an essay on one of the following topics, using the characters mentioned as examples: Girlhood Friendships (Celia and Rosalind); Devotion of Servants (Adam and Orlando); Melancholy and Cynicism (Jaques); Violent Crushes (Phebe and Rosalind); The Test of Love (Rosalind and Orlando); Changes Love Makes (Oliver); Humor in Life (Touchstone).

LIBRARY READINGS

Abraham Lincoln	*John Drinkwater*
Blue Bird	*Maurice Maeterlinck*
Pomander Walk	*Louis N. Parker*
Robert E. Lee	*John Drinkwater*
Scarecrow	*Percy Mackaye*

Odyssey

I Odysseus.

II

Chapter I -